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John Wesley's first hymn book had
licked in America, ^{in 1737} and, as it happened, the
and Sacred Poems of 1739 was reprinted ^{by the}
Philadelphia in 1740 ~~by the Bradfords.~~

This was ~~not~~ the year of Whitefield's work in the
but ~~that~~ ~~the~~ The book was not intended for ~~him~~
at his meetings. ~~but~~ It was published by S.
~~a~~ ~~by~~ Leach. ~~It~~ "For the Benefit of the Poor in Georgia"
Whitefield
he was carrying forward the Wesley's

(H) It could not have been much before 1765,
Strawbridge in Maryland and Embury in
York began to lay ~~the~~ ~~foundation~~ ~~the~~ ~~methodist~~ ~~mission~~ ~~the~~ ~~foundation~~

The West Church volume the 1st conf. in 1847
+ its union with West Port in 1876 laid
long time to compile a remarkable hymn
the of of 1053 hymns. The Voice of
Peace Recoll of 147, 1871, ^{notable for its moral} its character.

~~was~~ ~~unusual~~, at the range of the range of
the hymns such "current precedents" + maps

It was added by the Conf. of 1866, adopted
by that of 1871 to take the place of an
Earlier book, + was formerly compiled by
Alex. Clark. Samuel 217 222 228


Included Notes. see page

Alus Clark 90

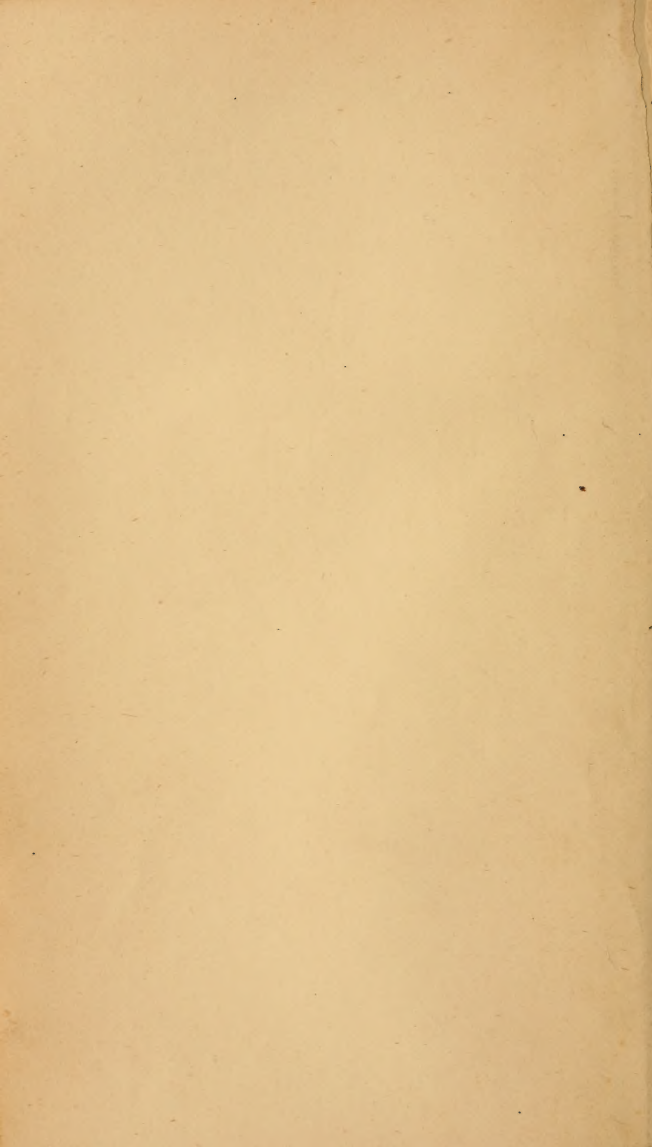
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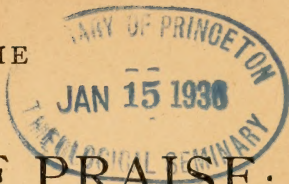
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THE



VOICE OF PRAISE:

A

COLLECTION OF HYMNS

FOR THE USE OF

THE METHODIST CHURCH.

COMPILED AND PUBLISHED BY
AUTHORITY OF THE GENERAL CONFERENCE.

PITTSBURGH:
JAMES ROBISON, PUBLISHING AGENT.
1873.

.....
Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1871,
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PRINTED BY CULBERTSON & BACHE.

PREFACE.

THE first General Conference of the Methodist (late Methodist Protestant) Church, which met in Cleveland, Ohio, in May, 1867, appointed the undersigned a committee to compile a Hymn Book for the denomination, to be entitled *THE VOICE OF PRAISE*. The work was thereafter undertaken, and prosecuted from time to time with diligence and prayer, until the subsequent General Conference, in May, 1871, in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, when the compilation was examined, endorsed, and ordered to be published for general use among the churches.

Bro. William Reeves, the honored Chairman of the Hymn Book Committee, after having assisted faithfully in the work of compilation for several weeks during the spring of 1869, was called home shortly before the General Conference of 1871, to join the Song of Moses and the Lamb. His last literary labors have record, in part, in the preparation and arrangement of the first divisions of this book of praise. His clear judgment and affectionate nature were rare qualifications for this department of Christian service.

One or two of the Committee, owing to remoteness from the place of meeting, were unable to contribute that degree of assistance which was anticipated by themselves and others; but as their views and tastes have been freely consulted by correspondence, and the completed work has passed under their review, their aid is gratefully recognized.

The plan of the book is, in some respects, different from that of any other Hymn Book extant. A large number of the hymns are classified under the following

significant heads: *The Christian System, The Christian Church, The Christian Life, The Christian Family, and The Christian Nation*. This gives the Doctrines, the Organization, the Duties, the Associations, and the Honors of our blessed religion in an order which is natural and suggestive, and one which affords ministers and leaders a plan by which almost any topic of discourse may be touched and consecrated by a song. We entertain the hope that this feature of the book, especially, will be both practical and pleasing.

We have gleaned from every available source, in our own and other languages. Ancient and modern authors have been carefully scanned, and their best productions appropriated. Charles Wesley, the immortal muse of Methodism, leads in the list of contributions to this book, while Watts, Montgomery, Newton, and other standard sacred poets, have prominent place. A few choice compositions we have culled from our own sainted and beloved T. H. Stockton; others from current periodicals of the day, and some from manuscripts furnished expressly for this work. While variety of theme and style has been kept in view, we have purposely enlarged in the departments of practical life and personal experience.

The action of the General Conference of 1871, in reference to this work, is the Church's authority and the people's due, and is herewith submitted. Our highly esteemed and competent brethren, Asa Mahan, of Michigan, T. B. Graham, of Ohio, and T. B. Carpenter, of Iowa, were appointed a special committee to examine the compilation, and, after a deliberate consultation over the manuscripts, reported as follows, which report was adopted by the General Conference with but one dissenting vote:

"The Committee to whom was referred the subject of the new Hymn Book which has been prepared by a committee appointed by the last General Conference, beg leave to report:

“First: The classification of the hymns under different topics, is, in our judgment, more thorough and satisfactory than obtains in any other hymn-book with which we are acquainted.

“Second: The arrangement of the hymns under these topics has been made with great care, and is characterized by much discrimination and good taste. In the two particulars above named, this collection, in our judgment, stands without a rival.

“Third: The poetic taste manifested in the selection of hymns is equally marked. Few hymns of an approved character are wanting in this collection, and very few are inserted which good taste would reject.*

“Fourth: No other hymn-book with which we are acquainted presents to the preacher such rich facilities for the election of hymns appropriate to any subject of which he may have occasion to treat. The same holds as an aid to readers in enabling them to contemplate and appreciate the subject-matter of our hymns.

“Fifth: In view of the above considerations, we recommend that this collection be published under the direction of this Conference, and by the Conference commended to our churches.”

With a hope that this VOICE OF PRAISE may meet the blessing of Almighty God, and find welcome among the people, we submit it to the churches, trusting that, after the scenes and songs of this world are past, we all may join in ceaseless praises to our gracious Redeemer and Lord, where

“Congregations ne’er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end.”

ALEXANDER CLARK,
I. W. McKEEVER,
WM. RINEHART,
J. A. DOHRMAN,

Committee of Compilation.

June 12, 1871.

N. B.—The General Conference has also authorized an edition of this Hymn Book with music to be published as soon as pastors and churches shall have furnished sufficient inducements to justify the undertaking. By our request, the General Conference of 1871 added the name of E. E. Rinehart, chorister of the First Methodist Church of Pittsburgh, to assist the Committee in the musical compilation as above ordered. — COM.

* In a few instances, universal favorites have been admitted, regardless of slight rhetorical or rhythmical defects. — COM.

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NOTE. — The Hymns in this book are so arranged as, in no instance, to cross over from the right-hand page to the next page forward. The foot of every right-hand page ends the hymn. Hence no rustling of leaves by turning during service.

HYMNS.

THE BIBLE.

1

C. M.

COWPER.

Glory of the Gospel.

THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun;
It gives a light to every age;—
It gives, but borrows none.

3 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
Its truths upon the nations rise;—
They rise, but never set.

4 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view,
In brighter worlds above.

2

S. M.

WATTS.

Power of God's Word.

- BEHOLD, the morning sun
 Begins his glorious way;
 His beams through all the nations run,
 And life and light convey.
- 2 But where the gospel comes,
 It spreads diviner light;
 It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
 And gives the blind their sight.
- 3 How perfect is thy word!
 And all thy judgments just!
 Forever sure thy promise, Lord,
 And we securely trust.
- 4 My gracious God, how plain
 Are thy directions given!
 Oh, may I never read in vain,
 But find the path to heaven.

3

L. M.

WATTS.

The Book above All.

- LET everlasting glories crown
 Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord!
 Thy hands have brought salvation down,
 And writ the blessings in thy word.
- 2 How well thy blessed truths agree!
 How wise and holy thy commands!
 Thy promises, how firm they be!
 How firm our hope and comfort stands!
- 3 Should all the forms that men devise,
 Assault my faith with treacherous art,
 I'd call them vanity and lies,
 And bind the gospel to my heart.

4

S. M. MONTGOMERY.

The Word of God quick and powerful.

THY word, almighty Lord,
 Where'er it enters in,
 Is sharper than a two-edged sword,
 To slay the man of sin.

2 Thy word is power and life ;
 It bids confusion cease,
 And changes envy, hatred, strife,
 To love, and joy, and peace.

3 Then let our hearts obey
 The gospel's glorious sound ;
 And all its fruits, from day to day,
 Be in us and abound.

5

L. M.

ANON.

Their Words to the End of the World.

UPON the gospel's sacred page,
 The gathered beams of ages shine ;
 And, as it hastens, every age
 But makes its brightness more divine.

2 On mightier wing, in loftier flight,
 From year to year does knowledge soar ;
 And, as it soars, the gospel light
 Becomes effulgent more and more.

3 More glorious still, as centuries roll,
 New regions blest, new powers unfurled,
 Expanding with the expanding soul,
 Its radiance shall o'erflow the world ; —

4 Flow to restore, but not destroy ;
 As when the cloudless lamp of day
 Pours out its floods of light and joy,
 And sweeps the lingering mist away.

6

L. M.

WATTS.

The Works and the Word of God.

THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord!
 In every star thy wisdom shines;
 But when our eyes behold thy word,
 We read thy name in fairer lines.

- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
 And nights and days, thy power confess;
 But the blest volume thou hast writ
 Reveals thy justice and thy grace.
- 3 Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise
 Round the whole earth, and never stand;
 So when thy truth began its race,
 It touched and glanced on every land.
- 4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
 Till through the world thy truth has run;
 Till Christ has all the nations blest
 That see the light, or feel the sun.
- 5 Great Sun of Righteousness! arise;
 Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
 Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
 Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.
- 6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
 In souls renewed, and sins forgiven;
 Lord! cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
 And make thy word my guide to heaven.

7

C. M.

ANON.

Value of the Bible.

THIS book of books I'd rather own,
 Than all the gold or gems
 That e'er in monarchs' coffers shone;—
 Than all their diadems.

- 2 Nay, were the seas one chrysolyte,
The earth a golden ball,
And diamonds all the stars of night,
This book were worth them all.
- 3 Without a doubt, this book is worth
All else to mortals given ;
For what are all the joys of earth,
Compared to joys in heaven ?
- 4 This is the guide our Father gave,
To lead to realms of day —
A star whose luster gilds the grave —
The life, the light, the way.

8

H. M. DODDRIDGE.

As Snow and Rain.

- M**ARK the soft-falling snow,
And the descending rain !
To heaven, from whence it fell,
It turns not back again ;
But waters earth through every pore,
And calls forth all her secret store.
- 2 Arrayed in beauteous green,
The hills and valleys shine,
And man and beast are fed
By providence divine :
The harvest bows its golden ears,
The copious seed of future years.
- 3 So, saith the God of grace,
My gospel shall descend,
Almighty to effect
The purpose I intend ;
Millions of souls shall feel its power,
And bear it down to millions more.

9

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Perfection of the Law and Testimony.

THY law is perfect, Lord of light;
 Thy testimonies sure;
 The statutes of thy realm are right,
 And thy commandments pure.

2 Let these, O God, my soul convert,
 And make thy servant wise;
 Let these be gladness to my ears,
 The dayspring to mine eyes.

3 By these may I be warned betimes:
 Who knows the guile within?
 Lord, save me from presumptuous crimes;
 Cleanse me from secret sin.

4 So may the words my lips express —
 The thoughts that throng my mind —
 O Lord, my strength and righteousness,
 With thee acceptance find.

10 *

L. P. M.

WATTS.

The Great Light.

I LOVE the volume of thy word;
 What light and joy those leaves afford
 To souls benighted and distressed!
 Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,
 Thy fear forbids my feet to stray,
 Thy promise leads my heart to rest.

2 From the discoveries of thy law,
 Thy perfect rules of life I draw:
 These are my study and delight;
 Not honey so invites the taste,
 Nor gold that has the furnace passed,
 Appears so pleasing to the sight.

* See No. 843 of this edition, for No. 10 of first 32mo. edition.

- 3 Who knows the errors of his thoughts?
My God! forgive my secret faults,
And from presumptuous sins restrain;
Accept my poor attempts of praise,
'That I have read thy book of grace,
And book of nature, not in vain.

11 L. M. BEDDOME.

Fullness of the Word.

- G OD, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known;
'Tis here his richest mercy shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.
- 2 Here sinners of an humble frame
May taste his grace and learn his name;
'Tis shown in characters of blood,
Severely just, immensely good.
- 3 Here Jesus, in ten thousand ways,
His soul-attracting charms displays;
Recounts his poverty and pains,
And tells his love in melting strains.
- 4 Wisdom its dictates here imparts,
To form our minds, to cheer our hearts;
Its influence makes the sinner live,
It bids the drooping saint revive.
- 5 Our raging passions it controls,
And comfort yields to contrite souls;
It brings a better world in view,
And guides us all our journey through.
- 6 May this blest volume ever lie
Close to my heart, and near mine eye,
Till life's last hour my soul engage,
And be my chosen heritage.

12

C. M.

STEELE.

The Saving Word.

FATHER of mercies, in thy Word
 What endless glory shines!
 Forever be thy name adored
 For these celestial lines.

- 2 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
 Spreads heavenly peace around;
 And life, and everlasting joys,
 Attend the blissful sound.
- 3 Oh, may these heavenly pages be
 Our ever dear delight;
 And still new beauties may we see,
 And still increasing light.
- 4 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord!
 Be thou forever near;
 Teach us to love thy sacred word,
 And view the Saviour there.

13

7s.

BURTON.

The Best Treasure.

HOLY Bible! book divine!
 Precious treasure! thou art mine;
 Mine to tell me whence I came;
 Mine to tell me what I am;—

- 2 Mine to chide me when I rove,
 Mine to show a Saviour's love;
 Mine thou art to guide and guard;
 Mine to punish or reward;—
- 3 Mine to comfort in distress,
 If the Holy Spirit bless;
 Mine to show, by living faith,
 Man can triumph over death;—
- 4 Mine to tell of joys to come,
 And the rebel sinner's doom;

BEING OF GOD.

17

C. M.

WATTS.

Creative Power of God.

REJOICE, ye righteous, in the Lord,
This work belongs to you ;
Sing of his name, his ways, his word,
How holy, just, and true.

- 2 His mercy and his righteousness
Let heaven and earth proclaim ;
His works of nature, and of grace,
Reveal his wondrous name.
- 3 His word, with energy divine,
Those heavenly arches spread,
Bade starry hosts around them shine,
And light the heavens pervade.
- 4 He taught the swelling waves to flow
To their appointed deep —
Bade raging seas their limits know,
And still their station keep.
- 5 Ye tenants of the spacious earth,
With fear before him stand ;
He spake, and nature took its birth
And rests on his command.
- 6 He scorns the angry nations' rage,
And breaks their vain designs ;
His counsel stands through every age,
And in full glory shines.

18

S. M.

WATTS.

God in his Works and Word.

- BEHOLD, the lofty sky
 Declares its Maker, God;
 And all the starry worlds on high,
 Proclaim his power abroad.
- 2 The darkness and the light
 Still keep their course the same;
 While night to day, and day to night,
 Divinely teach his name.
- 3 In every different land,
 Their general voice is known;
 They show the wonders of his hand,
 And orders of his throne.
- 4 While of thy works I sing,
 Thy glory to proclaim,
 Accept the praise, my God, my king,
 In my Redeemer's name.

19

L. M.

MRS. STEELE.

Being of God.

- THERE is a God — all nature speaks,
 Through earth and air and sea and skies:
 See, from the clouds his glory breaks,
 When first the beams of morning rise.
- 2 The rising sun, serenely bright,
 O'er the wide world's extended frame
 Inscribes, in characters of light,
 His mighty Maker's glorious name.
- 3 The flowery tribes, all blooming, rise
 Above the weak attempts of art;
 Their bright, inimitable dyes
 Speak sweet conviction to the heart.

O thou holy book divine !
Precious treasure, thou art mine !

14 C. M. FAWCETT.
The Bible a Guide.

HOW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given !
Bright as a lamp, its doctrines shine
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears ;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

15 C. M. C. WESLEY.
The Spirit's Enlightening Influences.

COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire ;
Let us thine influence prove ;
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of life and love.

2 Come, Holy Ghost, for moved by thee
The prophets wrote and spoke :
Unlock the truth, thyself the key ;
Unseal the sacred book.

3 Expand thy wings, Celestial Dove ;
Brood o'er our nature's night ;
On our disordered spirits move,
And let there now be light.

4 God, through himself, we then shall know,
If thou within us shine ;
And sound, with all thy saints below,
The depths of love divine.

16 8s & 7s. (Double.) PHEBE PALMER.

Thy Word have I hidden in my Heart.

BLESSED Bible! how I love it!
 How it doth my bosom cheer!
 What on earth like this to covet?
 Oh, what stores of wealth are here!
 Man was lost, and doomed to sorrow,
 Not one ray of light or bliss
 Could he from earth's treasures borrow,
 Till his way was cheered by this.

Blessed Bible!

Blessed Bible!

How thou dost my spirit cheer!

2 Yes, I'll to my bosom press thee;
 Precious word, I'll hide thee here;
 Sure my very heart will bless thee,
 For thou ever sayest, Good cheer!
 Speak, poor heart, and tell thy ponderings,
 Tell how far thy roving led,
 When this book brought back thy wanderings,
 Speaking life as from the dead.

Blessed Bible!

Blessed Bible!

How thou dost my spirit cheer!

3 Yes, sweet Bible! I will hide thee
 Deep—yes, deeper in this heart;
 Thou through all my life wilt guide me,
 And in death we will not part.
 Part in death? no, never! never!
 Through death's vale I'll lean on thee;
 Then in worlds above, forever,
 Sweeter still thy truths shall be.

Blessed Bible!

Blessed Bible!

How thou dost my spirit cheer!

- 4 Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,
And trace creation's wonders o'er,
Confess the footsteps of a God;
Come, bow before him, and adore.

20

C. M.

FABER.

Greatness of God.

MY God, how wonderful thou art,
Thy majesty how bright!
How beautiful thy mercy-seat,
In depths of burning light!

- 2 How dread are thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord;
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored.
- 3 How wonderful, how beautiful,
The sight of thee must be,—
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity.
- 4 Oh, how I fear thee, living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears.
- 5 Yet I may love thee, too, O Lord,
Almighty as thou art;
For thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.
- 6 No earthly father loves like thee;
No mother, e'er so mild,
Bears and forbears as thou hast done
With me, thy sinful child.

21

C. M.

WATTS.

Glory and Power.

- EARLY, my God, without delay,
 I haste to seek thy face;
 My thirsty spirit faints away,
 Without thy cheering grace.
- 2 I've seen thy glory and thy power
 Through all thy temple shine;
 My God, repeat that heavenly hour —
 That vision so divine.
- 3 Not all the blessings of a feast
 Can please my soul so well,
 As when thy richer grace I taste,
 And in thy presence dwell.
- 4 Not life itself, with all its joys,
 Can my best passions move;
 Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
 As thy forgiving love.
- 5 Thus till my last expiring day,
 I'll bless my God and King;
 Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
 And tune my lips to sing.

22

L. M.

ANON.

There is a God.

- NATURE, with solemn accent cries,
 There is a God, that built the skies,
 That formed the earth and spread the flood,
 A self-existent, mighty God.
- 2 Creation's wonders, vast and bright,
 Proclaim their Maker infinite;
 Her bounties show to every eye
 The goodness of the Deity.

- 3 But when we view each precious line,
Within the gospel all divine ;
Justice and mercy there we trace,
Eternal truth, transcendent grace.
- 4 Thanks for the light of nature given,
Thanks for the surer guide to heaven ;
For all the treasures of thy word,
We praise the great creation's Lord.

23 C. M. WALLACE.

God seen in his Works.

THERE'S not a tint that paints the rose,
Or decks the lily fair,
Or streaks the humblest flower that blows,
But God has placed it there.

- 2 There's not a star whose twinkling light
Illumes the distant earth,
And cheers the solemn gloom of night,
But goodness gave it birth.
- 3 There's not a cloud whose dew's distill
Upon the parching clod,
And clothe with verdure vale and hill,
That is not sent by God.
- 4 There's not a place in earth's vast round,
In ocean's deep, or air,
Where skill and wisdom are not found ;
For God is everywhere.
- 5 Around, beneath, below, above,
Wherever space extends,
There heaven displays its boundless love,
And power with goodness blends.

24

S. M.

WATTS.

Maker.

ALMIGHTY Maker, God,
 How wondrous is thy name!
 Thy glories how diffused abroad,
 Through the creation's frame.

- 2 Nature in every dress
 Her humble homage pays,
 And finds a thousand ways t' express
 Thine undissembled praise.
- 3 My soul would rise and sing
 To her Creator too;
 Fain would my tongue adore my King,
 And pay the worship due.
- 4 Create my soul anew,
 Else all my worship's vain;
 This wretched heart will ne'er be true,
 Until 't is formed again.
- 5 Descend, celestial fire,
 And seize me from above;
 Melt me in flames of pure desire,
 A sacrifice to love.
- 6 Let joy and worship spend
 The remnant of my days,
 And to my God, my soul, ascend
 In sweet perfumes of praise.

25

L. M. (Double.)

ADDISON.

God in Nature.

THE spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
 Their great Original proclaim:

The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display ;
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale ;
And nightly to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth ;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball —
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found —
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine.

26

C. P. M.

SMART.

There is a God.

I SING of God — the world he made,
The glorious light, the soothing shade ;
Dale, plain, and grove, and hill ;
The wide and fathomless abyss,
Where nature joys in secret bliss,
And wisdom hides her skill.

2 Tell them, I AM, Jehovah said :
The listening earth did hear in dread ;
And, smitten to the heart,
At once, above, beneath, around,
All nature, without voice or sound,
Replied, O Lord, THOU ART !

27

C. M. T. H. STOCKTON.

Existence of God,

WE need not soar above the skies,
 Leave suns and stars below,
 And seek thee, with unclouded eyes,
 In all that angels know ;
 The very breath we now inhale,
 The pulse in every heart,
 Attest with force that can not fail,
 Thou art — O God ! thou art !

- 2 If, 'midst the ever-during songs
 Of universal joy —
 The chime of worlds and chant of tongues —
 The praise that we employ
 May breathe its music in thine ear,
 Its meaning in thy heart,
 Our glad confession deign to hear,
 Thou art — O God ! thou art !

28

L. M.

FERGUSON.

God the Creator.

THE Spirit moved upon the waves
 That darkly rolled, a shoreless sea ;
 He spake the word, and light burst forth
 A glorious, bright immensity.

- 2 At his command, the mountains heaved
 Their rocky pinnacles on high,
 Island and continent displayed
 Their desert grandeur to the sky.
- 3 The voice of God was heard again,
 And lovely flowers and graceful trees
 Appeared on every vale and plain,
 And perfumes floated on the breeze.

- 4 The word went forth, and vast and high
 The heavenly orbs gave out their light,
 O'er all the earth and sea and sky —
 The rulers of the day and night.

29

C. M.

EPIS. COL.

God in the Universe.

- G**REAT First of beings! mighty Lord
 Of all this wondrous frame!
 Produced by thy creating word,
 The world from nothing came.
- 2 Thy voice sent forth the high command,
 'Twas instantly obeyed;
 And through thy goodness all things stand,
 Which by thy power were made.
- 3 Lord! for thy glory shine the whole;
 They all reflect thy light:
 For this in course the planets roll,
 And day succeeds the night.
- 4 For this the sun disperses heat,
 And beams of cheering day;
 And distant stars, in order set,
 By night thy power display.
- 5 For this the earth its produce yields,
 For this the waters flow;
 And blooming plants adorn the fields,
 And trees aspiring grow.
- 6 Inspired with praise, our minds pursue
 This wise and noble end —
 That all we think, and all we do,
 Shall to thine honor tend.

ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

UNITY.

30

L. M.

BROWNE.

Reigning Alone.

- ETERNAL God! almighty cause
Of earth and seas, and worlds unknown!
All things are subject to thy laws:
All things depend on thee alone.
- 2 Thy glorious being singly stands,
Of all within itself possessed;
By none controlled in thy commands,
And in thyself completely blessed.
- 3 To thee alone ourselves we owe;
Let heaven and earth due homage pay;
All other gods we disavow,
Deny their claims, renounce their sway.
- 4 In thee, O Lord, our hope shall rest,
Fountain of peace and joy and love!
Thy favor only makes us blest;
Without thee all would nothing prove.
- 5 Worship to thee alone belongs;
Worship to thee alone we give;
Thine be our hearts and thine our songs,
And to thy glory let us live.
- 6 Spread thy great name through heathen
lands;
Their idol deities dethrone;
Subdue the world to thy commands,
And reign, as thou art, God alone.

31

L. M. T. H. STOCKTON.

One God.

WHEN God — neglected or denied —
 From ancient tribes withdrew his
 grace,
 How soon the erring myriads strove
 With phantom forms to fill his place !

2 On every hill, by every stream,
 All homes within, all waysides near,
 The hallowed idols senseless stood —
 The helpless suppliants bowed with fear.

3 With gods for every foot of land,
 And every pause of passing time,
 In life no soothing peace they found,
 In death no heavenly hope sublime.

4 O Thou, the true and living God !
 Maker of all above — below,
 Eternal — self-existent One !
 How blest are we thy name to know !

5 One God — enlightened faith adores ;
 One God — harmonious nature cries ;
 One God — our common Sire and Lord,
 The brotherhood of mind replies.

6 To thee — Supreme ! — to thee alone,
 Be hymns of highest glory sung ;
 The source of joy to every heart,
 The theme of praise to every tongue.

32

C. M.

WATTS.

God Eternal.

SOME seraph, lend your heavenly tongue,
Or harp of golden string,
That I may raise a lofty song
To our eternal King.

- 2 Thy names, how infinite they be!
Great, Everlasting One!
Boundless thy might and majesty,
And unconfined thy throne.
- 3 Thy glory shines immensely bright;
Exhaustless is thy grace;
Immortal day breaks from thine eyes,
And Gabriel veils his face.
- 4 Thine essence is a vast abyss,
Which angels can not sound;
An ocean of infinities,
Where all our thoughts are drowned.

33

C. M.

WATTS.

The Same.

GREAT God! how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

- 2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made;
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

UNITY.

- 3 Eternity, with all its years,
 Stands present in thy view ;
To thee, there 's nothing old appears ;
 To thee there 's nothing new.
- 4 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
 And vexed with trifling cares,
While thine eternal thought moves on
 Thine undisturbed affairs.
- 5 Great God ! how infinite art thou !
 What worthless worms are we !
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
 And pay their praise to thee.

34

L. M.

H. AUBER.

Eternity of God.

- ERE mountains reared their forms sublime,
Or heaven and earth in order stood,
Before the birth of ancient time,
 From everlasting thou art God.
- 2 A thousand ages, in their flight,
 With thee are as a fleeting day ;
Past, present, future, to thy sight,
 At once their various scenes display.
- 3 But our brief life 's a shadowy dream,
 A passing thought that soon is o'er,
That fades with morning's earliest beam,
 And fills the musing mind no more.
- 4 To us, O Lord, the wisdom give,
 Each passing moment so to spend,
That we at length with thee may live,
 Where life and bliss shall never end.

ETERNITY.

35

L. M.

WATTS.

Eternity of God.

INFINITE leagues beyond the sky,
The great Eternal reigns alone,
Where neither wings nor souls can fly,
Nor angels climb the topless throne.

- 2 The Lord of glory builds his seat
Of gems insufferably bright,
And lays beneath his sacred feet
Substantial beams of gloomy night.
- 3 Yet, glorious Lord, thy gracious eyes
Look through and cheer us from above;
Beyond our praise thy grandeur flies;
Yet we adore, and yet we love.

36

C. M.

MRS. ROWE.

From Everlasting.

THOU didst, O mighty God, exist
Ere time began its race —
Before the ample elements
Filled up the void of space.

- 2 Before the ponderous earthly globe
In fluid air was stayed,
Before the ocean's mighty springs
Their liquid stores displayed —
- 3 Ere through the gloom of ancient night
The streaks of light appeared,
Before the high celestial arch
Or starry poles were reared —

IMMUTABILITY.

- 4 Ere man adored, or angels knew
Or praised thy wondrous name,
Thy bliss, O sacred Spring of life,
And glory, were the same.
- 5 And when the pillars of the world
With sudden ruin break,
And all this vast and goodly frame
Sinks in the mighty wreck —
- 6 When from her orb the moon shall start,
Th' astonished sun roll back,
While all the trembling starry lamps
Their ancient course forsake —
- 7 Forever permanent and fixed,
From agitation free,
Unchanged in everlasting years
Shall thy existence be.
-

IMMUTABILITY.

37

8s (Double.)

HART.

God Unchangeable.

THIS, this is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend,
Whose love is as great as his power,
And neither knows measure nor end:
'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

38

C. M. TATE & BRADY.

The Same.

THROUGH endless years thou art the
O thou eternal God; [same,
Each future age shall know thy name,
And tell thy works abroad.

- 2 The strong foundations of the earth
Of old by thee were laid;
By thee the beauteous arch of heaven
With matchless skill was made.
- 3 Soon may this goodly frame of things,
Created by thy hand,
Be, like a vesture, laid aside,
And changed at thy command.
- 4 But thy perfections, all divine,
Eternal as thy days,
Through everlasting ages shine,
With undiminished rays.

39

L. P. M. C. WESLEY.

Omnipotence and Immutability.

WHEN Israel out of Egypt came,
And left the proud oppressor's land,
Supported by the great I AM,
Safe in the hollow of his hand,
The Lord in Israel reigned alone,
And Judah was his favorite throne.

- 2 The sea beheld his power, and fled,
Disparted by the wondrous rod;
Jordan ran backward to its head,
And Sinai felt th' incumbent God;
The mountains skipped like frightened rams,
The hills leaped after them as lambs.
- 3 What ailed thee, O thou trembling sea?
What horror turned the river back?

Was nature's God displeased with thee?

And why should hills or mountains shake?

Ye mountains huge, that skipped like rams!

Ye hills, that leaped as frightened lambs!

4 Earth, tremble on, with all thy sons,

In presence of thy awful Lord,

Whose power inverted nature owns,

Her only law his sovereign word:

He shakes the center with his rod,

And heaven bows down to Jacob's God.

5 Creation, varied by his hand,

The Omnipotent Jehovah knows;

The sea is turned to solid land,

The rock into a fountain flows:

And all things, as they change, proclaim

The Lord eternally the same.

40 L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Immutability.

GREAT Former of this various frame!

Our souls adore thine awful name!

And bow and tremble, while they praise

The Ancient of eternal days.

2 Thou, Lord, with unsurprised survey,

Sawest nature rising yesterday;

And, as to-morrow, shall thine eye

See earth and stars in ruin lie.

3 Beyond an angel's vision bright,

Thou dwell'st in self-existent light,

Which shines with undiminished ray,

While suns and worlds in smoke decay.

4 Our days a transient period run,

And change with every circling sun;

And though in self or sect we trust,

A moth can crush us into dust.

41

L. M.

WATTS.

Greatness of God.

GOD is a name my soul adores —
 The Almighty Three, the Eternal One ;
 Nature and grace, with all their powers,
 Confess the Infinite Unknown.

- 2 Thy voice produced the seas and spheres,
 Bade the waves roar and planets shine :
 But nothing like thyself appears
 Through all these spacious works of thine.
- 3 Still restless nature dies and grows —
 From change to change the creatures run :
 Thy being no succession knows,
 And all thy vast designs are one.
- 4 How shall polluted mortals dare
 To sing thy glory or thy grace ?
 Beneath thy feet we lie afar,
 And see but shadows of thy face.
- 5 Who can behold the blazing light ?
 Who can approach consuming flame ?
 None but thy wisdom knows thy might,
 None but thy word can speak thy name.

SPIRITUALITY.

42

C. M.

WATTS.

God is a Spirit.

GOD is a Spirit, just and wise —
 He sees our inmost mind ;
 In vain to heaven we raise our cries,
 And leave our souls behind.

- 2 Nothing but truth before his throne
 With honor can appear;
 The painted hypocrites are known
 Through the disguise they wear.
- 3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
 Their bended knees the ground;
 But God abhors the sacrifice
 Where not the heart is found.
- 4 Lord, search my thoughts, and try my ways,
 And make my soul sincere;
 Then shall I stand before thy face,
 And find acceptance there.

43 L. M. RIPPON'S COL.

The Same.

- THOU art, O God! a Spirit pure,
 Invisible to mortal eyes;
 The immortal, and the eternal King,
 The great, the good, the only wise.
- 2 Whilst nature changes, and her works
 Corrupt, decay, dissolve, and die,
 Thy essence pure no change shall see,
 Secure of immortality.
- 3 Thou great Invisible! what hand
 Can draw thy image spotless fair?
 To what in heaven, to what on earth,
 Can men the immortal King compare?
- 4 Let stupid heathens frame their gods
 Of gold and silver, wood and stone;
 Ours is the God that made the heaven;
 Jehovah he, and God alone.
- 5 My soul, the purest homage pay,
 In truth and spirit him adore;
 More shall this please than sacrifice,
 Than outward forms delight him more.

INDEPENDENCY.

44

L. M.

ANON.

God Supreme and Independent.

- W**HAT is our God, or what his name,
Nor men can learn, nor angels teach;
He dwells concealed in radiant flame,
Where neither eyes nor thoughts can reach.
- 2 The spacious worlds of heavenly light,
Compared with him, how short they fall!
How dark are they, and he how bright!
Nothing are they, and God is all.
- 3 He spoke the wondrous word, and lo!
Creation rose at his command;
Whirlwinds and seas their limits know,
Bound in the hollow of his hand.
- 4 Then fly, my song, an endless round,
The lofty tune let Gabriel raise;
All nature dwell upon the sound,
But we can ne'er fulfill the praise.

45

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Wonderful Knowledge.

- S**HALL foolish, weak, short-sighted man,
Beyond the angels go —
The great Almighty God explain,
Or to perfection know?
- 2 His attributes divinely soar
Above the creature's sight,
And prostrate seraphim adore
The glorious Infinite.
- 3 The brightness of his glory leaves
Description far below;

Nor man's nor angel's heart conceives
How deep his mercies flow.

- 4 His grace is most unsearchable,
And dazzles all above;
They gaze, but can not count or tell
The treasures of his love.

46

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

The Author of every Good Gift.

FATHER, to thee my soul I lift;
My soul on thee depends;
Convinced that every perfect gift
From thee alone descends.

- 2 Mercy and grace are thine alone,
And power and wisdom too:
Without the Spirit of thy Son
We nothing good can do.
- 3 We can not speak one useful word,
One holy thought conceive,
Unless, in answer to our Lord,
Thyself the blessing give.
- 4 His blood demands the purchased grace;
His blood's availing plea
Obtained the help for all our race,
And sends it down to me.
- 5 Thou all our works in us hast wrought;
Our good is all divine:
The praise of every virtuous thought,
And righteous word, is thine.
- 6 From thee, through Jesus, we receive
The power on thee to call,
In whom we are, and move, and live;
Our God is all in all.

47

L. M.

WATTS.

Greatness of God.

GREAT is the Lord! what tongue can
frame

An honor equal to his name!

How awful are his glorious ways!

The Lord is dreadful in his praise.

2 The world's foundations by his hand
Were laid, and shall forever stand;
The swelling billows know their bound,
While to his praise they roll around.

3 Vast are thy works, Almighty Lord
All nature rests upon thy word;
And clouds, and storms, and fire obey
Thy wise and all-controlling sway.

4 Thy glory, fearless of decline,
Thy glory, Lord, shall ever shine;
Thy praise shall still our breath employ,
Till we shall rise to endless joy.

48

L. M.

J. WESLEY.

Perfection of God.

O GOD, thou bottomless abyss!
Thee to perfection who can know?
O height immense! what words suffice,
Thy countless attributes to show?

2 Greatness unspeakable is thine;
Greatness, whose undiminished ray,
When short-lived worlds are lost, shall shine,
When earth and heaven are fled away.

- 3 Unchangeable, all-perfect Lord,
 Essential life's unbounded sea,
 What lives and moves, lives by thy word,
 It lives, and moves, and is, from thee.
- 4 High is thy power above all height ;
 Whate'er thy will decrees is done ;
 Thy wisdom, equal to thy might,
 Only to thee, O God, is known !

49

C. M.

WATTS.

Grandeur and Glory of God.

- SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
 And in his strength rejoice ;
 When his salvation is our theme,
 Exalted be our voice.
- 2 With thanks approach his awful sight,
 And psalms of honor sing :
 The Lord's a God of boundless might,
 The whole creation's King.
- 3 Let princes hear, let angels know,
 How mean their natures seem,
 Those gods on high, and gods below,
 When once compared with him.
- 4 Earth, with its caverns dark and deep,
 Lies in his spacious hand ;
 He fixed the sea what bounds to keep,
 And where the hills must stand.
- 5 Come, and with humble souls adore,
 Come, kneel before his face ;
 Oh, may the creatures of his power
 Be children of his grace !

OMNIPOTENCE.

50

C. M.

MARTINEAU.

Omnipotence of God.

'T WAS God who fixed the rolling spheres,
And stretched the boundless skies,
Who formed the plain of endless years,
And bade the ages rise.

- 2 From everlasting is his might,
Immense and unconfined;
He pierces through the realms of light,
And rides upon the wind.
- 3 He darts along the burning sky,
Loud thunders round him roar;
Through worlds above, his terrors fly,
While worlds below adore.
- 4 He speaks — great nature's wheels stand still,
And leave their wonted round;
The mountains melt; each trembling hill
Forsakes its ancient bound.
- 5 Ye worlds, and every living thing,
Fulfill his high command;
Pay grateful homage to your King,
And own his ruling hand.

51

C. M.

WATTS.

Greatness of God.

THE Lord — how fearful is his name!
How wide is his command!
Nature, with all her moving frame,
Rests on his mighty hand.

- 2 Immortal glory forms his throne,
And light his awful robe;

OMNIPOTENCE.

While with a smile, or with a frown,
He manages the globe.

3 A word of his almighty breath
Can swell or sink the seas ;
Build the vast empires of the earth,
Or break them, as he please.

4 On angels, with unveiled face,
His glory beams above ;
On men he looks with softest grace,
And takes his title, Love.

5 Now let the Lord forever reign,
And sway us as he will ;
Sick or in health, in ease or pain,
We are his children still.

6 No more shall peevish passion rise,
The tongue no more complain ;
'Tis sovereign love that lends our joys,
And love resumes again.

52 H. M. MISS OPIE.

God universally Adored.

A VOICE in every gale,
A tongue in every flower,
Sets forth the wondrous tale
Of thy almighty power.

The birds that sing Proclaim thy praise ;
With voiceful Spring Their anthem raise.

2 Shall I be mute alone,
'Midst Nature's loud acclaim ?

My heart with answering tone
Breathes forth thy holy name.

Nature and time Shall cease to be ;
But God's own breath Still breathes in me.

53

L. M.

BLACKLOCK.

Omnipotence and Wisdom.

COME, O my soul, in sacred lays,
Attempt thy great Creator's praise :
But oh, what tongue can speak his fame?
What mortal verse can reach his name?

- 2 Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,
He glory like a garment wears ;
To form a robe of light divine,
Ten thousand suns around him shine.
- 3 In all our Maker's grand designs,
Omnipotence with wisdom shines ;
His works, through all this wondrous frame,
Declare the glory of his name.
- 4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul, his glories sing ;
And let his praise employ thy tongue,
Till listening worlds shall join the song.

OMNIPRESENCE.

54

L. M.

HOLMES.

Omnipresence.

LORD of all being, throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star ;
Center and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near !

- 2 Sun of our life, thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day ;
Star of our hope, thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

- 3 Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn ;
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn ;
Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign ;
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine.
- 4 Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no luster of our own.
- 5 Grant us thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,
Till all thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame !

55

7s.

ANON.

God is Present Everywhere.

- THEY who seek the throne of grace
Find that throne in every place ;
If we live a life of prayer,
God is present everywhere.
- 2 In our sickness and our health,
In our want, or in our wealth,
If we look to God in prayer,
God is present everywhere.
 - 3 When our earthly comforts fail,
When the woes of life prevail,
'Tis the time for earnest prayer ;
God is present everywhere.
 - 4 Then, my soul, in every strait
To thy Father come, and wait ;
He will answer every prayer ;
God is present everywhere.

56

C. M.

ANON.

God Omnipresent.

- THERE'S not a place in earth's vast round,
 In ocean deep, or air,
 Where skill and wisdom are not found,
 For God is everywhere.
- 2 Around, within, below, above,
 Wherever space extends,
 There heaven displays its boundless love,
 And power with mercy blends.
- 3 Then rise, my soul, and sing his name,
 And all his praise rehearse,
 Who spread abroad earth's wondrous frame,
 And built the universe.
- 4 Where'er thine earthly lot is cast,
 His power and love declare ;
 Nor think the mighty theme too vast,
 For God is everywhere.

57

S. M.

ANON.

The Creature's Tribute.

- GOD of almighty power,
 How glorious are thy ways !
 Angels thy majesty adore,
 All creatures speak thy praise.
- 2 Wherever earth is fair,
 Or brighter worlds extend,
 Almighty Sovereign ! thou art there,
 Creation's Lord and Friend.
- 3 And where the stars are not,
 Nor sun hath ever shone,
 Beyond the flight of human thought,
 There thou art God alone.

- 4 Heaven is thy glorious throne,
 Earth does thy footstool seem ;
 But souls redeemed thou lovest to own
 Thy richer diadem.
- 5 And while they bless thy name,
 Hell trembles at thy rod :
 Earth, heaven, and hell thy power proclaim ;
 All things proclaim thee God !

58

C. M.

WATTS.

Omnipresence.

- I N all my vast concerns with thee,
 In vain my soul would try
 To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
 The notice of thine eye.
- 2 Thine all-surrounding sight surveys
 My rising and my rest,
 My public walks, my private ways,
 And secrets of my breast.
- 3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
 Before they 're formed within ;
 And ere my lips pronounce the word,
 He knows the sense I mean.
- 4 Oh, wondrous knowledge, deep and high !
 Where can a creature hide ?
 Within thy circling arms I lie,
 Enclosed on every side.
- 5 So let thy grace surround me still,
 And like a bulwark prove,
 To guard my soul from every ill,
 Secured by sovereign love.

59

L. M.

ANON.

Omnipresence of God.

FATHER of spirits, nature's God,
Our inmost thoughts are known to thee;
Thou, Lord, canst hear each idle word,
And every private action see.

- 2 Could we, on morning's swiftest wings,
Pursue our flight through trackless air,
Or dive beneath deep ocean's springs,
Thy presence still would meet us there.
- 3 In vain may guilt attempt to fly,
Concealed beneath the pall of night;
One glance from thy all-piercing eye
Can kindle darkness into light.
- 4 Search thou our hearts, and there destroy
Each evil thought, each secret sin,
And fit us for those realms of joy,
Where nought impure shall enter in.

KNOWLEDGE AND WISDOM.

60

C. M.

WATTS.

Wisdom.

ETERNAL Wisdom, thee we praise,
Thee the creations sing:
With thy loved name, rocks, hills, and seas,
And heaven's high palace ring.

- 2 Thy hand, how wide it spreads the sky,
How glorious to behold!
Tinged with a blue of heavenly dye,
And starred with sparkling gold.

- 3 There thou hast bid the globes of light
Their endless circuits run ;
There the pale planet rules the night ;
The day obeys the sun.
- 4 If down I turn my wandering eyes
On clouds and storms below,
Those under-regions of the skies,
Thy numerous glories show.
- 5 The noisy winds stand ready there
Thy orders to obey ;
With sounding winds they sweep the air,
To make thy chariot way.
- 6 But the mild glories of thy grace,
Our softer passions move ;
Pity divine in Jesus' face
We see, adore, and love.

61 L. M. J. WESLEY.

Wisdom, Majesty, Goodness.

- FATHER of all, whose powerful voice
Called forth this universal frame !
Whose mercies over all rejoice,
Through endless ages still the same :
Thou by thy word upholdest all ;
Thy bounteous love to all is showed ;
Thou hearest thy every creature's call,
And fillest every mouth with good.
- 2 In heaven thou reign'st enthroned in light,
Nature's expanse before thee spread ;
Earth, air, and sea before thy sight,
And hell's deep gloom are open laid :
Wisdom and might and love are thine ;
Prostrate before thy face we fall,
Confess thine attributes divine,
And hail thee Sovereign Lord of all.

62

L. M.

NEEDHAM.

Wisdom of God.

AWAKE, my tongue! thy tribute bring
To Him who gave thee power to sing;
Praise him who is all praise above,
The Source of wisdom and of love.

- 2 How vast his knowledge — how profound!
A depth, where all our thoughts are drowned;
The stars he numbers; and their names
He gives to all those heavenly flames.
- 3 Through each bright world above, behold
Ten thousand thousand charms unfold;
Earth, air, and mighty seas combine
To speak his wisdom all-divine.
- 4 But in redemption — oh, what grace!
Its wonders — oh, what thought can trace!
Here wisdom shines for ever bright:
Praise him, my soul, with sweet delight.

63

8s & 7s.

BOWRING.

Wisdom and Love.

GOD is love; his mercy brightens
All the path in which we move;
Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens;
God is wisdom, God is love.

- 2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.
- 3 Even the hour that darkest seemeth,
Will his changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom his brightness streameth,
God is wisdom, God is love.

OMNISCIENCE.

- 4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above :
Everywhere his glory shineth ;
God is wisdom, God is love.
-

OMNISCIENCE.

64

C. M. (Double.)

MOIR.

Supreme and All-seeing.

- O**H, who is like the Mighty One,
Whose throne is in the sky ?
Who compasseth the universe
With his all-searching eye ;
At whose creative word appeared
The dry land and the sea :
My spirit thirsts for thee, O Lord,
My spirit thirsts for thee !
- 2 Around him suns and systems swim
In harmony and light ;
Before him, harps angelic hymn
His praises day and night.
Yet to the contrite, night and day,
In mercy turneth he :
My spirit thirsts for thee, O Lord,
My spirit thirsts for thee !
- 3 Yea! though his works are infinite,
His power upholds them all ;
He clothes the lilies of the field,
And marks the sparrow's fall.
Who listens to the raven's cry,
Will bend his ear to me :
My spirit thirsts for thee, O Lord,
My spirit thirsts for thee !

65

C. M.

E. SCOTT.

He trieth the Reins.

GR^EAT God! thy penetrating eye
Pervades my inmost powers;
With awe profound my wondering soul
Falls prostrate and adores.

2 To be encompassed round with God,
The Holy and the Just,
Armed with omnipotence to save
Or crush me to the dust—

3 Oh, how tremendous is the thought!
Deep may it be impressed;
And may thy Spirit firmly grave
This truth within my breast.

4 Begirt with thee, my fearless soul
The gloomy vale shall tread;
And thou wilt bind the immortal crown
Of glory on my head.

66

C. M.

WATTS.

Omniscience of God.

AL^MIGHTY God, thy piercing eye
Strikes through the shades of night,
And our most secret actions lie
All open to thy sight.

2 There's not a sin that we commit,
Nor wicked word we say,
But in thy dreadful book 't is writ
Against the judgment-day.

3 Lord, at thy foot ashamed I lie,
Upward I dare not look:
Pardon my sins before I die,
And blot them from thy book.

4 Remember all the dying pains,
 Thou, my Redeemer, felt,
 And let thy blood wash out my stains,
 And answer for my guilt.

5 Oh, may I now forever fear
 To indulge a sinful thought,
 Since the great God can see and hear,
 And writes down every fault.

67

L. M.

BLACKLOCK.

Omniscience of God.

FATHER of all, omniscient Mind,
 Thy wisdom who can comprehend?
 Its highest point what eye can find,
 Or to its lowest depths descend?

2 If up to heaven's ethereal height,
 Thy prospect to elude, I rise,
 In splendor there, supremely bright,
 Thy presence shall my sight surprise.

3 Thee, mighty God, my wondering soul,
 Thee, all her conscious powers adore,
 Whose being circumscribes the whole,
 Whose eyes the universe explore.

4 Thine essence fills this breathing frame;
 It glows in every vital part,
 Lights up our souls with livelier flame,
 And feeds with life each beating heart.

5 To thee, from whom our being came,
 Whose smile is all the heaven we know,
 Inspired with this exalted theme,
 To thee our grateful strains shall flow.

68

C. M.

WATTS.

Omniscience.

LORD, all I am is known to thee;
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, or to flee
The notice of thine eye.

- 2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
The secrets of my breast.
- 3 My thoughts lie open to thee, Lord,
Before they're formed within,
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
Thou knowest the sense I mean.
- 4 Oh, wondrous knowledge! deep and high;
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.
- 5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

FAITHFULNESS.

69

C. M.

BEDDOME.

Faithfulness of God.

THE truth of God shall still endure,
And firm his promise stand;
Believing souls may rest secure
In his almighty hand.

FAITHFULNESS.

2 Should earth and hell their forces join,
He would condemn their rage,
And render fruitless their design
Against his heritage.

3 The rainbow round about his throne
Proclaims his faithfulness ;
He will his purposes perform,
His promises of grace.

4 The hills and mountains melt away,
But he is still the same ;
Let saints to him their homage pay,
And magnify his name.

70

L. M.

ANON.

Power and Truth.

NOW let the feeble all be strong,
And make Jehovah's arm their song ;
His shield is spread o'er every saint ;
And, thus supported, who shall faint ?

2 What though the hosts of hell engage,
With mingled cruelty and rage !
A faithful God restrains their hands,
And chains them down in iron bands.

3 Bound by his word, he will display
A strength proportioned to our day.
And when united trials meet,
Will show a path of safe retreat.

4 Thus far we prove that promise good,
Which Jesus ratified with blood :
Still is he gracious, wise, and just ;
And still in him let Israel trust.

71

H. M.

DODDRIDGE.

God Faithful.

THE promises I sing,
Which love supreme once spoke ;
Nor will the eternal King
His words of grace revoke.

They stand secure And steadfast still :
Not Sion's hill Abides so sure.

2 The mountains melt away,
When once the Judge appears ;
And sun and moon decay,
That measure mortal years :

But still the same In radiant lines
His promise shines Through all the flame.

3 Their harmony shall sound
Through my attentive ears,
When thunders cleave the ground
And dissipate the spheres.

'Midst all the shock Of that dread scene
I'll stand serene, Thy word my rock.

72

C. M.

WATTS.

From Generation to Generation.

MY never-ceasing song shall show
The mercies of the Lord,
And make successive ages know
How faithful is his word.

2 The sacred truth his lips pronounce
Shall firm as heaven endure ;
And if he speaks a promise once,
The eternal grace is sure.

3 How long the race of David held
The promised Jewish throne !
But there 's a nobler covenant sealed
To David's greater Son.

FAITHFULNESS.

- 4 His seed forever shall possess
A throne above the skies ;
The meanest subject of his grace
Shall to that glory rise.
- 5 Lord God of hosts, thy wondrous ways
Are sung by saints above ;
And saints on earth their honors raise
To thy unchanging love.

73

C. M.

WATTS.

Faithfulness.

- BEGIN, my soul, some heavenly theme,
Awake, my voice, and sing
The mighty works, or mightier name,
Of our eternal King.
- 2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
And sound his power abroad,
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
And the performing God.
- 3 Proclaim salvation from the Lord,
For wretched, dying men :
His hand hath writ the sacred word
With an immortal pen.
- 4 Engraved as in eternal brass
The mighty promise shines ;
Nor can the powers of darkness 'raise
Those everlasting lines.
- 5 His every word of grace is strong,
As that which built the skies ;
The voice that rolls the stars along,
Speaks all the promises.
- 6 Now shall my fainting heart rejoice,
To know thy favor sure ;
I trust the all-creating voice,
And faith desires no more.

PRESERVER.

74

L. M. MONTGOMERY.

The Lord of Hosts is with us.

GOD is our refuge and defense,
In trouble our unfailing aid;
Secure in his omnipotence,
What foe can make our souls afraid?

- 2 There is a river, pure and bright,
Whose streams make glad the heavenly
plains;
There, in eternity of light,
The city of our God remains.
- 3 Not on a seraph's wing of fire —
But on the mightier wings of prayer,
We reach that home of pure desire,
And feel his cloudless presence there.
- 4 But soon, how soon! our spirits droop,
Unwont the air of heaven to breathe;
Yet God, in very deed, will stoop,
And dwell himself with men beneath.
- 5 Come to thy living temples, then;
As in the ancient times appear;
Let earth be Paradise again,
And man, O God, thine image here!

75

C. M. G. BURGESS.

Implicit Confidence.

WHEN forth from Egypt's trembling strand
The tribes of Israel sped,
And Jacob in the stranger's land
Departing banners spread; —

- 2 The sea beheld, and, struck with dread,
Rolled all its billows back ;
And Jordan, through his deepest bed,
Revealed their destined track.
- 3 What ailed thee, O thou mighty sea,
And rolled thy waves in dread ?
What bade thy tide, O Jordan, flee,
And bare its deepest bed ?
- 4 O earth, before the Lord, the God
Of Jacob, trembling still ;
Who makes the waste a watered sod,
The flint a gushing rill.

76

S. M.

E. SCOTT.

Day unto Day.

SEE how the mounting sun
Pursues his shining way ;
And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,
With every brightening ray.

- 2 Thus would my rising soul
Its heavenly Parent sing ;
And to its great Original
The humble tribute bring.
- 3 Serene, I laid me down
Beneath his guardian care ;
I slept, and I awoke and found
My kind Preserver there !
- 4 Dear Saviour, to thy cross
I bring my sacrifice ;
Cleansed by thy blood, it shall ascend
With fragrance to the skies.

77

C. M.

ADDISON.

Watchful Care.

HOW are thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defense!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help omnipotence.

- 2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.
- 3 When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.
- 4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.
- 5 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we'll adore;
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.
- 6 Our life, while thou preservest that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to thee.

78

C. M.

MRS. STEELE.

The Safe Retreat.

DEAR Father, to thy mercy-seat,
My soul for shelter flies;
'Tis here I find a safe retreat,
When storms and tempests rise.

TRUTHFULNESS.

- 2 My cheerful hope can never die,
If thou, my God, art near;
Thy grace can raise my comforts high,
And banish every fear.
 - 3 My great Protector and my Lord,
Thy constant aid impart;
Oh, let thy kind, thy gracious word,
Sustain my trembling heart!
 - 4 Oh, never let my soul remove
From this divine retreat!
Still let me trust thy power and love,
And dwell beneath thy feet.
-

TRUTHFULNESS.

79 L. M. T. H. STOCKTON.
Truth and Majesty.

CAN truth divine fulfillment fail?
Sooner shall star-crowned nature die!
Truth is the very breath of God —
Part of his own eternity.

- 2 Earth's every pulse may cease to flow,
And every voice be heard no more;
The forest crumble on the mount —
The sea corrupt upon the shore;—
- 3 The moon's supply of light expire,
The sun itself grow dense with gloom,
And fairer systems, sphered afar,
Dissolving, own the common doom.
- 4 But long as stands Jehovah's throne,
Long as his being shall endure,
So long the truth his lips proclaim
Remains inviolably sure.

80

8s & 7s.

MANT.

The Divine Majesty.

- R**OUND the Lord in glory seated,
 Cherubim and seraphim
 Filled his temple, and repeated
 Each to each the alternate hymn :
- 2 Lord, thy glory fills the heaven,
 Earth is with its fullness stored ;
 Unto thee be glory given,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord.
- 3 Heaven is still with glory ringing ;
 Earth takes up the angels' cry,
 Holy, holy, holy, singing,
 Lord of hosts, the Lord most high !
- 4 With his seraph train before him,
 With his holy church below,
 Thus conspire we to adore him,
 Bid we thus our anthem flow :
- 5 Lord, thy glory fills the heaven,
 Earth is with its fullness stored ;
 Unto thee be glory given,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord !

81

7s.

BRYANT.

Grandeur and Surety.

- M**IGHTY One, before whose face
 Wisdom had her glorious seat,
 When the orbs that people space,
 Sprang to birth beneath thy feet !
- 2 Source of truth, whose rays alone
 Light the mighty world of mind !
 God of love, who from thy throne
 Kindly watchest all mankind !

GOODNESS.

- 3 Shed on those who in thy name
Teach the way of truth and right,
Shed that love's undying flame,
Shed that wisdom's guiding light.
-

GOODNESS.

82 C. M. MONTGOMERY.

The Goodness of God.

GOD, in the high and holy place,
Looks down upon the spheres;
Yet in his providence and grace
To every eye appears.

- 2 He bows the heavens! the mountains stand
A highway for our God:
He walks amid the desert land;
'Tis Eden where he trod.
- 3 In every stream his bounty flows,
Diffusing joy and wealth;
In every breeze his Spirit blows,
The breath of life and health.
- 4 His blessings fall in plenteous showers
Upon the lap of earth,
That teems with foliage, fruits, and flowers,
And rings with infant mirth.
- 5 If God hath made this world so fair,
Where sin and death abound;
How beautiful, beyond compare,
Will paradise be found!

83

C. M.

WATTS.

Goodness and Mercy.

LET every tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sov'reign Lord of all;
Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.

- 2 When sorrows bow the spirit down,
When virtue lies distressed,
Beneath the proud oppressor's frown,
Thou giv'st the mourner rest.
- 3 Thou know'st the pains thy servants feel,
Thou hear'st thy children's cry;
And their best wishes to fulfill,
Thy grace is ever nigh.
- 4 Thy mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere;
Thou sav'st the souls whose humble love
Is joined with holy fear.
- 5 My lips shall dwell upon thy praise,
And spread thy fame abroad;
Let all the sons of Adam raise
The honors of their God.

84

C. M. T. H. STOCKTON.

The True Refuge.

THY goodness is my refuge, Lord!
Here let me ever rest:
I feel the Spirit of thy Word—
Thou wilt what is best.

- 2 Thy knowledge is my refuge, Lord!
Here let me ever rest:
I feel the Spirit of thy Word—
Thou knowest what is best.

- 3 Thy wisdom is my refuge, Lord!
 Here let me ever rest:
 I feel the Spirit of thy Word —
 Thou choosest what is best.
- 4 Thy power is my refuge, Lord!
 Here let me ever rest:
 I feel the Spirit of thy word —
 Thou doest what is best.
- 5 Thou art our perfect refuge, Lord!
 Here let creation rest:
 Charmed by the Spirit of thy Word —
 God's ways are always best!

85

C. M.

STEELE.

The Goodness of God.

YE humble souls, approach your God
 With songs of sacred praise;
 For he is good, supremely good,
 And kind are all his ways.

- 2 All nature owns his guardian care;
 In him we live and move;
 But nobler benefits declare
 The wonders of his love.
- 3 He gave his well-beloved Son
 To save our souls from sin;
 'Tis here he makes his goodness known,
 And proves it all divine.
- 4 To this sure refuge, Lord, we come,
 And here our hope relies;
 A safe defense, a peaceful home,
 When storms of trouble rise.

86

C. M.

BROWNE.

Universal Goodness of God.

- L**ORD! thou art good: all nature shows
 Its mighty Author kind:
 Thy bounty through creation flows,
 Full, free, and unconfined.
- 2 The whole and every part proclaims
 Thine infinite good-will;
 It shines in stars, and flows in streams,
 And blooms on every hill.
- 3 We view it o'er the spreading main,
 And heavens which spread more wide;
 It drops in gentle showers of rain,
 And rolls in every tide.
- 4 Through the vast whole it pours supplies,
 Spreads joy through every part:
 Oh, may such love attract my eyes,
 And captivate my heart!
- 5 My highest admiration raise,
 My best affections move!
 Employ my tongue in songs of praise,
 And fill my heart with love!

87

L. M.

WATTS.

Gratitude for God's Gifts.

- Y**E nations round the earth, rejoice
 Before the Lord, your sovereign King;
 Serve him with cheerful heart and voice;
 With all your tongues his glory sing.
- 2 The Lord is God; 't is he alone
 Doth life and breath and being give;
 We are his work, and not our own;
 The sheep that on his pastures live.

GOODNESS.

- 3 Enter his gates with songs of joy,
With praises to his courts repair;
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honors there.
- 4 The Lord is good, the Lord is kind,
Great is his grace, his mercy sure;
And the whole race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

88 C. M. C. WESLEY.

He Waiteth to be Gracious.

- THY ceaseless, unexhausted love,
Unmerited and free,
Delights our evil to remove,
And help our misery.
- 2 Thou waitest to be gracious still;
Thou dost with sinners bear;
That, saved, we may thy goodness feel,
And all thy grace declare.
- 3 Thy goodness and thy truth to me,
To every soul, abound;
A vast, unfathomable sea,
Where all our thoughts are drowned.
- 4 Its streams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the store;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough for evermore.
- 5 Faithful, O Lord, thy mercies are —
A rock that can not move;
A thousand promises declare
Thy constancy of love.
- 6 Throughout the universe it reigns,
Unalterably sure;
And while the truth of God remains,
His goodness must endure.

Wisdom and Goodness.

BLEST be our everlasting Lord,
Our Father, God, and King!
Thy sovereign goodness we record,
Thy glorious power we sing.

- 2 By thee the victory is given:
The majesty divine,
Wisdom and might, and earth and heaven,
And all therein, are thine.
- 3 The kingdom, Lord, is thine alone,
Who dost thy right maintain,
And, high on thy eternal throne,
O'er men and angels reign.
- 4 Riches, as seemeth good to thee,
Thou dost, and honor give;
And kings their power and dignity
Out of thy hand receive.
- 5 Thou hast on us the grace bestowed,
Thy greatness to proclaim;
And therefore now we thank our God,
And praise thy glorious name.
- 6 Thy glorious name, thy nature's powers,
Thou dost to us make known;
And all the deity is ours,
Through thy incarnate Son.

The Lord is Good.

THE rising light adorning,
 Each day with beams renewed,
 Announces every morning,
 The Lord is ever good!

The gentle, lute-like vespers,
 That murmur through the wood,
 In quiet breathings whisper,
 The Lord is ever good!

- 2 The fragrant Spring, displaying
 Her beauteous flowerhood
 Along the vales, is saying,
 The Lord is ever good!
 As Autumn strews before us
 Her plenteous stores of food,
 We all respond in chorus,
 The Lord is ever good!

- 3 Our sunny days of pleasure,
 When cares do not intrude,
 Speak sweetly this glad measure,
 The Lord is ever good!
 When clouds of sorrow near us,
 In hours of solitude,
 Still, still do these words cheer us,
 The Lord is ever good!

- 4 The child's light, merry laughter
 Proclaims in cheerful mood,
 As echo answers after,
 The Lord is good — is good!
 The man, whose frame is riven
 By age and servitude,
 May raise his eyes to heaven,
 And say, The Lord is good!

ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

LOVE.

91

8s & 7s.

F. S. KEY.

The Divine Affection.

LORD, with glowing heart I'd praise thee
For the bliss thy love bestows ;
For the pardoning grace that saves me,
And the peace that from it flows :
Help, O God, my weak endeavor ;
This dull soul to rapture raise ;
Thou must light the flame, or never
Can my love be warmed to praise.

- 2 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express :
Low before thy footstool kneeling,
Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless.
Let thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise ;
And, since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth thy praise.

92

C. M.

G. BURDER.

God is Love.

COME, ye that know and fear the Lord,
And lift your souls above ;
Let every heart and voice accord,
To sing that God is love.

- 2 This precious truth his word declares,
And all his mercies prove ;
Jesus, the gift of gifts, appears
To show that God is love.
- 3 Sinai, in clouds and smoke and fire,
Thunders his dreadful name ;

But Zion sings, in melting notes,
The honors of the Lamb.

- 4 In all his doctrines and commands,
His counsels and designs —
In every work his hands have framed
His love supremely shines.
- 5 Angels and men the news proclaim,
Through earth and heaven above —
The joyful and transporting news,
That God, the Lord, is love.

93

C. M.

FABER.

Wondrous Love of God.

THOU grace divine, encircling all,
A soundless, shoreless sea!
Wherein at last our souls shall fall,
O love of God, most free!

- 2 When over dizzy steeps we go,
One soft hand blinds our eyes,
The other leads us safe and slow,
O love of God, most wise!
- 3 And though we turn us from thy face,
And wander wide and long,
Thou hold'st us still in thine embrace,
O love of God, most strong!
- 4 But not alone thy care we claim,
Our wayward steps to win;
We know thee by a dearer name,
O love of God within!
- 5 And filled and quickened by thy breath,
Our souls are strong and free
To rise o'er sin and fear and death,
O love of God, to thee!

94

H. M.

YOUNG.

Love.

O H, for a shout of joy,
Worthy the theme we sing!
To this divine employ

Our hearts and voices bring:
Sound, sound through all the earth abroad,
The love, the eternal love of God.

2 Unnumbered myriads stand,
Of seraphs bright and fair,
Or bow at thy right hand,
And pay their homage there;
But strive in vain with loudest chord,
To sound thy wondrous love, O Lord.

3 Yet sinners saved by grace,
In songs of lower key,
In every age and place,
Have sung the mystery —
Have told in strains of sweet accord
Thy love, thy sovereign love, O Lord.

4 Though earth and hell assail,
And doubts and fears arise,
The weakest shall prevail,
And grasp the heavenly prize,
And through an endless age record
Thy love, thy changeless love, O Lord.

95

L. M.

ANON.

Love — that passeth knowledge.

O LOVE of God, how strong and true!
Eternal and yet ever new;
Above all price, and still unbought,
Beyond all knowledge and all thought.

- 2 O wide embracing, wondrous love,
We read thee in the sky above,
We read thee in the earth below,
In seas that swell and streams that flow.
- 3 We read thee best in him who came
To bear for us the cross of shame;
Sent by the Father from on high,
Our life to live, our death to die.
- 4 O love of God, our shield and stay,
Through all the perils of our way;
Eternal love, in thee we rest,
For ever safe, for ever blest.

96

7s (6 lines).

TAYLOR.

God's Goodness in the Material World.

EARTH, with her ten thousand flowers,
Air, with all its beams and showers,
Ocean's infinite expanse,
Heaven's resplendent countenance;
All around, and all above,
Hath this record — God is love.

- 2 Sounds among the vales and hills,
In the woods and by the rills,
Of the breeze and of the bird,
By the gentle murmur stirred;
All these songs, beneath, above,
Have one burden — God is love.
- 3 All the hopes and fears that start
From the fountain of the heart;
All the quiet bliss that lies
In our human sympathies;
These are voices from above,
Sweetly whispering — God is love.

MERCY.

97

7s (double).

MILTON.

Sure and Faithful.

- LET us with a joyful mind
 Praise the Lord, for he is kind,
 For his mercies shall endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.
 Let us sound his name abroad,
 For of gods he is the God,
 Who by wisdom did create
 Heaven's expanse and all its state;—
- 2 Did the solid earth ordain
 How to rise above the main;
 Who, by his commanding might,
 Filled the new-made world with light;
 Caused the golden-tress'd sun
 All the day his course to run;
 And the moon to shine by night,
 'Mid her spangled sisters bright.
- 3 All his creatures God doth feed,
 His full hand supplies their need;
 Let us, therefore, warble forth
 His high majesty and worth.
 He his mansion hath on high,
 'Bove the reach of mortal eye;
 And his mercies shall endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.

98

L. M.

BRADY.

God's Goodness and Mercy.

OH! render thanks to God above,
 The fountain of eternal love;
 Whose mercy firm, through ages past,
 Hath stood, and shall for ever last.

- 2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
So wise, so vast and numberless?
What human eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?
- 3 Extend to us that favor, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford;
When thou return'st to set them free,
Oh, let us thy salvation see.

99 7s. MONTGOMERY.

Mercy's Voice in Nature.

HERALDS of creation! cry —
Praise the Lord, the Lord most high;
Heaven and earth, obey the call,
Praise the Lord, the Lord of all.

- 2 For he spake, and forth from night
Sprang the universe to light;
He commanded, — nature heard,
And stood fast upon his word.
- 3 Praise him all ye hosts above,
Spirits perfected in love;
Sun and moon, your voices raise;
Sing, ye stars, your Maker's praise.
- 4 Earth from all thy depths below
Ocean's hallelujahs flow;
Lightning, vapor, wind, and storm,
Hail and snow, his will perform.
- 5 Birds on wings of rapture soar,
Warble at his temple-door;
Joyful sounds from herds and flocks,
Echo back, ye caves and rocks.
- 6 High above all height his throne;
Excellent his name alone;
Him let all his works confess,
Him let all his children bless.

100

L. M.

WATTS.

Praise for Manifold Works.

GIVE to our God immortal praise!
 Mercy and truth are all his ways,
 Wonders of grace to God belong:
 Repeat his mercies in your song.

- 2 Give to the Lord of lords renown;
 The King of kings with glory crown.
 His mercies ever shall endure,
 When lords and kings are known no more:
- 3 He built the earth, he spread the sky,
 And fixed the starry lights on high.
 Wonders of grace to God belong:
 Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 4 He fills the sun with morning light;
 He bids the moon direct the night.
 His mercies ever shall endure,
 When suns and moons shall shine no more.
- 5 He sent his Son with power to save
 From guilt and darkness and the grave.
 Wonders of grace to God belong:
 Repeat his mercies in your song.

HOLINESS.

101

S. M.

WATTS.

A Holy God.

EXALT the Lord our God,
 And worship at his feet;
 His nature is all holiness,
 And mercy is his seat.

- 2 When Israel was his church,
When Aaron was his priest,
When Moses cried, when Samuel prayed,
He gave his people rest.
- 3 Oft he forgave their sins,
Nor would destroy their race;
And oft he made his vengeance known,
When they abused his grace.
- 4 Exalt the Lord our God,
Whose grace is still the same;
Still he's a God of holiness,
And jealous for his name.

102

C. M.

NEEDHAM.

The Holiness of God.

HOLY and reverend is the name
Of our eternal King:
Thrice holy, Lord, the angels cry:
Thrice holy let us sing.

- 2 Holy is he in all his works,
And truth is his delight;
But sinners and their wicked ways
Shall perish from his sight.
- 3 The deepest reverence of the mind,
Pay, O my soul, to God;
Lift with thy hands a holy heart
To his sublime abode.
- 4 Thou holy God! preserve my soul
From all pollution free;
The pure in heart are thy delight,
And they thy face shall see.

103

8s & 7s. ANCIENT HYMNS.

Thrice Holy.

LORD, thy glory fills the heaven ;
 Earth is with its fullness stored ;
 Unto thee be glory given,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord !
 Heaven is still with anthems ringing :
 Earth takes up the angels' cry,
 Holy, holy, holy, singing,
 Lord of hosts, the Lord most high !

2 Ever thus in God's high praises,
 Brethren, let our tongues unite,
 While our thoughts his greatness raises,
 And our love his gifts excite.
 With his seraph train before him,
 With his holy church below,
 Thus unite we to adore him,
 Bid we thus our anthem flow :

3 Lord, thy glory fills the heaven ;
 Earth is with its fullness stored ;
 Unto thee be glory given,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord !
 Thus, thy glorious name confessing,
 We adopt the angels' cry,
 Holy, holy, holy, — blessing
 Thee, the Lord our God most High !

104

I IS.

R. GRANT.

Appellations of Majesty.

OH, worship the King all-glorious above,
 And gratefully sing his wonderful love ;
 Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
 Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with
 praise.

- 2 Oh, tell of his might, and sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds
form, [storm.
And dark is his path on the wings of the
- 3 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the
plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.
- 4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In thee we do trust, nor find thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the
end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer and Friend.

105

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

God Perfect in Holiness.

- HOLY as thou, O Lord, is none!
Thy holiness is all thy own;
A drop of that unbounded sea
Is ours, a drop derived from thee.
- 2 And when thy purity we share,
Thy only glory we declare;
And humbled into nothing, own,
Holy and pure is God alone.
- 3 Sole, self-existing God and Lord,
By all thy heavenly hosts adored;
Let all on earth bow down to thee,
And own thy peerless majesty;—
- 4 Thy power unparalleled confess,
Established on the Rock of peace;
That Rock that never shall remove,
The Rock of pure, almighty love.

106

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY.

The Holy One.

MEET and right it is to sing,
In every time and place,
Glory to our heavenly King,
The God of truth and grace.
Join we then with sweet accord,
All in one thanksgiving join!
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Eternal praise be thine!

2 Thee, the first-born sons of light,
In choral symphonies,
Praise by day, day without night,
And never, never cease;
Angels and archangels, all
Praise the mystic Three in One;
Sing, and stop, and gaze, and fall,
O'erwhelmed before thy throne!

3 Father, God, thy love we praise,
Which gave thy Son to die;
Jesus, full of truth and grace,
Alike we glorify;
Spirit, Comforter divine,
Praise by all to thee be given,
Till we in full chorus join,
And earth is turned to heaven.

SOVEREIGNTY.

107

L. M.

WATTS.

The Eternal and Sovereign God.

JEHOVAH reigns; he dwells in light,
Girded with majesty and might:
The world, created by his hands,
Still on its first foundation stands.

- 2 But, ere this spacious world was made,
Or had its first foundations laid,
Thy throne eternal ages stood —
Thyself, the ever-living God.
- 3 Like floods the angry nations rise,
And aim their rage against the skies:
Vain floods, that aim their rage so high!
At thy rebuke the billows die.
- 4 Forever shall thy throne endure,
Thy promise stands forever sure;
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwellings of thy grace.

108 L. M. MONTGOMERY.

The Lord of Hosts.

LIFT up your heads, ye gates! and wide
Your everlasting doors display;
Ye angel-guards, like flames divide,
And give the King of glory way.

Who is the King of glory? — He,
The Lord, omnipotent to save;
Whose own right arm, in victory,
Led captive Death, and spoiled the grave.

Lift up your heads, ye gates! and high
Your everlasting portals heave;
Welcome the King of glory nigh:
Him must the heaven of heavens receive.

4 Who is the King of glory — who?
The Lord of hosts; behold his name:
The kingdom, power, and honor due,
Yield him, ye saints, with glad acclaim!

109

C. M.

STERNHOLD.

Majesty of God.

THE Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens most high,
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.

2 On cherubim and seraphim
Full royally he rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.

3 He sat serene upon the floods,
Their fury to restrain,
And he, as sovereign Lord and King,
For evermore shall reign.

110

L. M.

WATTS.

Universal Adoration.

THEE we adore, eternal Lord!
We praise thy name with one accord;
Thy saints, who here thy goodness see,
Through all the world do worship thee.

2 To thee aloud all angels cry,
The heavens and all the powers on high:
Thee, holy, holy, holy King,
Lord God of Hosts, they ever sing.

3 The apostles join the glorious throng;
The prophets swell th' immortal song;
The martyrs' noble army raise
Eternal anthems to thy praise.

4 From day to day, O Lord, do we
Highly exalt and honor thee!
Thy name we worship and adore,
World without end, for evermore!

CONDESCENSION.

- 5 Vouchsafe, O Lord, we humbly pray,
To keep us safe from sin this day;
Have mercy, Lord! we trust in thee;
Oh, let us ne'er confounded be!
-

CONDESCENSION.

111

7s.

ANON.

Wonders of God's Condescension.

- H** ALLELUJAH! raise, oh, raise
To our God the song of praise:
All his servants join to sing,
God, our Saviour and our King.
- 2 Blessèd be for evermore
That dread name which we adore;
O'er all nations, God alone,
Higher than the heavens his throne.
- 3 Yet to view the heavens he bends;
Yea, to earth he condescends;
Passing by the rich and great,
For the low and desolate.
- 4 He can raise the poor to stand
With the mighty of the land;
Wealth upon the needy shower;
Set the lowliest high in power.
- 5 He the broken spirit cheers,
Turns to joy the mourner's tears,
Such the wonder of his ways:
Praise his name, forever praise.

112

C. M.

STEELE.

Condescension of God.

ETERNAL Power, Almighty God,
Who can approach thy throne?
Accessless light is thine abode,
To angel eyes unknown.

- 2 Before the radiance of thine eye,
The heavens no longer shine;
And all the glories of the sky
Are but the shade of thine.
- 3 Great God, and wilt thou condescend
To cast a look below?
To this dark world thy notice bend —
These seats of sin and woe?
- 4 How strange, how wondrous is thy love!
With trembling we adore:
Not all th' exalted minds above
Its wonders can explore.
- 5 While golden harps and angel tongues
Resound immortal lays,
Great God, permit our humble songs
To rise and speak thy praise.

113

C. M.

WATTS.

The Divine Character Exhibited.

FATHER, how wide thy glory shines!
How high thy wonders rise!
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousand through the skies.

- 2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power;
Their motions speak thy skill;
And on the wings of every hour
We read thy patience still.
- 3 But when we read thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,

JUSTICE.

- Where justice and compassion join
In their divinest forms —
- 4 Here the whole Deity is known ;
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice or the grace.
- 5 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains ;
Bright cherubs chant Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.
- 6 Oh may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song ;
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

JUSTICE.

114

L. M.

WATTS.

His Just Judgments.

- H**E reigns—the Lord, the Saviour reigns ;
Praise him in evangelic strains :
Let the whole earth in songs rejoice ;
And distant islands join their voice.
- 2 Deep are his counsels, and unknown ;
But grace and truth support his throne :
Though gloomy clouds his way surround,
Justice is their eternal ground.
- 3 In robes of judgment, lo ! he comes ;
Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the
Before him burns devouring fire ! [tombs ;
The mountains melt, the seas retire !
- 4 His enemies, with sore dismay,
Fly from the sight and shun the day :
Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,
And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

115

L. M.

CONDER.

Kingship of God.

THE Lord is King! lift up thy voice,
O earth, and all ye heavens, rejoice!
From world to world the joy shall ring:
The Lord omnipotent is King!

- 2 The Lord is King! child of the dust,
The Judge of all the world is just:
Holy and true are all his ways;
Let every creature speak his praise.
- 3 Come, make your wants, your burdens
known;
The contrite soul he'll ne'er disown;
And angel bands are waiting there,
His messages of love to bear.
- 4 Oh, when his wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, his love forsake —
Then may his children cease to sing,
The Lord omnipotent is King!

116

H. M.

WATTS.

God Reigns.

THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
His throne is built on high;
The garments he assumes
Are light and majesty;
His glories shine with beams so bright,
No mortal eye can bear the sight,

- 2 The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe;
His wrath and justice stand,
To guard his holy law;
And where his love resolves to bless,
His truth confirms and seals the grace.

JUSTICE.

- 3 Through all his perfect work,
Surprising wisdom shines;
Confounds the powers of hell,
And breaks their cursed designs:
Strong is his arm — and shall fulfill
His great decrees, his sovereign will.
- 4 And can this mighty King
Of glory condescend —
And will he write his name,
My Father and my Friend?
I love his name, I love his word;
Join, all my powers, and praise the Lord.

117 L. M. WATTS.

Perfections and Provisions of God.

- HIGH in the heavens, eternal God!
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils or darkens thy designs.
- 2 Forever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of thy hands,
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
- 3 My God! how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope, our comfort springs!
The sons of Adam, in distress,
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.
- 4 From the provisions of thy house,
We shall be fed with sweet repast:
There mercy like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.
- 5 Life, like a fountain, rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord;
And, in thy light, our souls shall see
The glories promised in thy word.

ATTRIBUTES OF GOD.

FATHERHOOD.

118

C. M. HIGINBOTHAM.

Our Father.

- FATHER of mercies! God of love!
My Father and my God!
I'll sing the honors of thy name,
And spread thy praise abroad.
- 2 In every period of my life
Thy thoughts of love appear;
Thy mercies gild each transient scene,
And crown each passing year.
- 3 In all thy mercies, may my soul
A Father's bounty see;
Nor let the gifts thy grace bestows
Estrange my heart from thee.
- 4 Teach me, in times of deep distress,
To own thy hand, O God!
And in submissive silence learn
The lessons of thy rod.
- 5 Through every period of my life,
Each bright, each clouded scene,
Give me a meek and humble mind,
Still equal and serene.
- 6 Then may I close my eyes in death,
Redeemed from anxious fear;
For death itself, my God, is life,
If thou art with me there.

119

L. P. M. SARAH F. ADAMS.

Thy Will be Done.

HE sendeth sun, he sendeth shower;
Alike they're needful for the flower;
And joys and tears alike are sent
To give the soul fit nourishment:

As comes to me, or cloud, or sun,
 Father, thy will, not mine, be done!

- 2 Can loving children e'er reprove
 With murmurs whom they trust and love?
 Creator, I would ever be
 A trusting, loving child to thee:
 As comes to me, or cloud, or sun,
 Father, thy will, not mine, be done!

- 3 Oh, ne'er will I at life repine!
 Enough that thou hast made it mine;
 When falls the shadow cold of death,
 I yet will sing, with parting breath,
 As comes to me, or shade, or sun,
 Father, thy will, not mine, be done!

120

S. M.

MRS. STEELE.

God our Father.

MY Father! cheering name!
 Oh, may I call thee mine?
 Give me the humble hope to claim
 A portion so divine.

- 2 Whate'er thy will denies,
 I calmly would resign;
 For thou art just, and good, and wise:
 Oh, bend my will to thine!

- 3 Whate'er thy will ordains,
 Oh, give me strength to bear;
 Still let me know a father reigns,
 And trust a father's care.

- 4 Thy ways are little known
 To my weak, erring sight;
 Yet shall my soul, believing, own
 That all thy ways are right.

- 5 My Father! blissful name!
 Above expression dear!
 If thou accept my humble claim,
 I bid adieu to fear.

121

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

A Loving Father.

MY Father, God! how sweet the sound,
How tender and how dear!
Not all the melody of heaven
Could so delight the ear.

2 Come, sacred Spirit, seal the name
On my expanding heart,
And show that in Jehovah's grace
I share a filial part.

3 Cheered by a signal so divine,
Unwavering I believe;
My spirit, Abba, Father, cries,
Nor can the sign deceive.

122

C. M.

ALICE CARY.

Infinite Mercies.

LEST the great glory from on high
Should make our senses swim,
Our bless'd Lord hath spread the sky
Between ourselves and him.

2 He made the Sabbath shine before
The workdays and the care,
And set about its golden door
The messengers of prayer.

3 He nearest comes when most his face
Is wrapped in clouds of gloom;
The firmest pillars of his grace
Are planted in the tomb.

4 Oh, shall we not the power of sin
And vanity withstand,
When thus our Father holds us in
The hollow of his hand?

123

C. M. HIGINBOTHAM.

Sacred Relationships.

COME, shout aloud the Father's grace,
And sing the Saviour's love;
Soon shall you join the glorious theme
In loftier strains above.

- 2 God, the eternal, mighty God,
To dearer names descends;
Calls you his treasure and his joy,
His children and his friends.
- 3 My Father, God! and may these lips
Pronounce a name so dear?
Not thus could heaven's sweet harmony
Delight my listening ear.
- 4 Thanks to my God for every gift
His bounteous hands bestow;
And thanks eternal for that love
Whence all those comforts flow.

PROVIDENCE.

124

C. M.

HERVEY.

Just and True are Thy Ways.

SINCE all the varying scenes of time
God's watchful eye surveys,
Oh, who so wise to choose our lot,
Or to appoint our ways!

- 2 Good when he gives — supremely good —
Nor less when he denies;
E'en crosses, from his sovereign hand,
Are blessings in disguise.
- 3 Why should we doubt a Father's love
So constant and so kind?
To his unerring, gracious will
Be every wish resigned.

125

C. P. M.

MOORE.

Boundless Majesty.

MY God, thy boundless love I praise;
 How bright on high its glories blaze!
 How sweetly bloom below!
 In streams from thy eternal throne;
 Through heaven its joys forever run,
 And o'er the earth they flow.

2 'T is love that paints the purple morn,
 And bids the clouds, in air upborne,
 Their genial drops distill!

In every vernal beam it glows,
 It breathes in every gale that blows,
 And glides in every rill.

3 It robes in cheerful green the ground,
 And pours its flowery beauties round,
 Whose sweets perfume the gale;
 Its bounties richly spread the plain,
 The blushing fruit, the golden grain,
 And smile in every vale.

4 But in thy word I see it shine
 With grace and glories more divine,
 Proclaiming sins forgiven;
 There Faith, bright cherub, points the way
 To realms of everlasting day,
 And opens all her heaven.

126

IOS & IIS.

NEWTON.

Jehovah-jireh.

THOUGH troubles assail, and dangers
 affright,
 Though friends should all fail, and foes all
 unite,

Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The Scripture assures us, The Lord will provide.

2 The birds without barn or storehouse are fed ;
From them let us learn to trust for our bread :
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 't is written, The Lord will provide.

3 We may, like the ships, by tempests be tossed
On perilous deeps, but can not be lost ;
Though Satan enrages the wind and the tide,
The promise engages, The Lord will provide.

4 His call we obey, like Abrah'm of old,
Not knowing our way, but faith makes us bold ;
For though we are strangers, we have a good guide,
And trust, in all dangers, The Lord will provide.

5 No strength of our own, or goodness, we claim ;
But since we have known the Saviour's great name,
In this our strong tower for safety we hide —
The Lord is our power — The Lord will provide.

6 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
The word of his grace shall comfort us through ;
Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting, The Lord will provide.

127

L. M.

ANON.

Bounty of God.

PEACE, troubled soul, thou need'st not
fear!

Thy great Provider still is near;
Who fed thee last, will feed thee still;
Be calm, and sink into his will.

- 2 The Lord, who built the earth and sky,
In mercy stoops to hear thy cry;
His promise all may freely claim,
Ask and receive in Jesus' name.
- 3 His stores are open all, and free
To such as truly upright be;
Water and bread he'll give for food,
With all things else which he sees good.
- 4 Your sacred hairs, which are so small,
By God himself are numbered all;
This truth he's published all abroad,
That men may learn to trust the Lord.
- 5 The ravens daily he doth feed,
And sends them food as they have need;
Although they nothing have in store,
Yet as they lack he gives them more.
- 6 Then do not seek, with anxious care,
What ye shall eat, or drink, or wear;
Your heavenly Father will you feed;
He knows that all these things you need.

128

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

God All in All.

O THOU, my light, my life, my joy,
My glory, and my all!
Unsent by thee no good can come,
No evil can befall.

- 2 Such are thy schemes of providence,
And methods of thy grace,
That I may safely trust in thee
Through all this wilderness.
- 3 'Tis thine outstretched and powerful arm
Upholds me in the way ;
And thy rich bounty well supplies
The wants of every day.
- 4 For such compassions, O my God,
Ten thousand thanks are due ;
For such compassions, I esteem
Ten thousand thanks too few.

129

C. M.

ANON.

Your Heavenly Father Feedeth Them.

- O**H, why despond in life's dark vale ?
Why sink to fears a prey ?
Th' almighty power can never fail,
His love can ne'er decay.
- 2 Behold, the birds that wing the air,
Nor sow nor reap the grain :
Yet God, with all a father's care,
Relieves when they complain.
 - 3 Behold the lilies of the field :
They toil nor labor know ;
Yet royal robes to theirs must yield,
In beauty's richest glow.
 - 4 That God who hears the raven's cry,
Who decks the lily's form,
Will surely all your wants supply,
And shield you in the storm.
 - 5 Seek first his kingdom's grace to share,
Its righteousness pursue :
And all that needs your earthly care
He will bestow on you.

130

L. M.

STERLING.

Source of All Good.

O SOURCE divine, and Life of all,
The Fount of being's wondrous sea!
Thy depth would every heart appall,
That saw not Love supreme in thee.

- 2 We shrink before thy vast abyss,
Where worlds on worlds eternal brood;
We know thee truly but in this —
That thou bestowest all our good.
- 3 And so, 'mid boundless time and space,
Oh, grant us still with thee to dwell,
And through the ceaseless web to trace
Thy presence working all things well!
- 4 Nor let thou life's delightful play
Thy truth's transcendent vision hide;
Nor strength and gladness lead astray
From thee, our nature's only guide.
- 5 Bestow on every joyous thrill
Thy deeper tone of reverent awe;
Make pure thy children's erring will,
And teach their hearts to love thy law!

131

C. M.

COWPER.

Light in Darkness.

GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread

Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain:
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

132

H. M.

WATTS.

God our Pleasure.

UPWARD I lift mine eyes,
From God is all mine aid:—
The God who built the skies,
And earth's foundations laid.
God is the tower to which I fly:
His grace is nigh in every hour.

2 My feet shall never slide
Or fall in fatal snares;
While God, my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears.
Those wakeful eyes that never sleep,
His children keep when dangers rise.

3 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air,
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there.
Thou art my sun, and thou my shade,
To guard my head by night or noon.

133

C. M.

WILLIAMS.

Habitual Devotion.

WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power!
 Be my vain wishes stilled;
 And may this consecrated hour
 With better hopes be filled.

2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed;
 To thee my thoughts would soar;
 Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed —
 That mercy I adore!

3 In each event of life, how clear
 Thy ruling hand I see!
 Each blessing to my soul more dear,
 Because conferred by thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
 In every pain I bear,
 My heart shall find delight in praise,
 Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favored hour,
 Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
 Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
 My soul shall meet thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
 The gathering storm shall see;
 My steadfast heart shall know no fear,
 That heart shall rest on thee!

134

C. M.

ALICE CARY.

Life of Life.

TO him who is the Life of life,
 My soul its vows would pay;
 He leads the flowery seasons on,
 And gives the storm its way.

2 The winds run backward to their caves
 At his divine command,

- And the great deep he holds within
The hollow of his hand.
- 3 He clothes the grass, he makes the rose
To wear her good attire ;
The moon he gives her patient grace,
And all the stars their fire.
- 4 He hears the hungry raven's cry,
And sends her young their food ;
And through our evil intimates
His purposes of good.
- 5 He stretches out the north ; he binds
The tempest in his care ;
The mountains can not strike their roots
So deep he is not there.
- 6 Hid in the garment of his works,
We feel his presence still
With us, and through us fashioning
The mystery of his will.

135

S. M.

FAWCETT.

God's Hidden Ways.

- THY way is in the sea ;
Thy paths we can not trace ;
Nor solve, O Lord, the mystery
Of thy unbounded grace.
- 2 Here the dark veils of sense
Our captive souls surround ;
Mysterious deeps of providence
Our wandering thoughts confound.
- 3 As through a glass we see
The wonders of thy love ;
How little do we know of thee,
Or of the joys above !

In the Seasons.

WITH songs and honors sounding loud,
Address the Lord on high ;
Over the heavens he spreads his cloud,
And waters veil the sky.

2 He sends his showers of blessings down,
To cheer the plains below ;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in valleys grow.

3 His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year ;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.

4 His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground ;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

5 He sends his word and melts the snow,
The fields no longer mourn ;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.

6 When from his dreadful stores on high
He pours the sounding hail,
The wretch that dares his God defy,
Shall find his courage fail.

7 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word :
With songs and honors sounding loud,
Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

For the Best.

O LORD! how happy should we be,
 If we could cast our care on Thee —
 If we from self could rest;
 And feel at heart that One above,
 In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
 Is working for the best.

- 2 How far from this our daily life!
 Ever disturbed by anxious strife,
 By sudden, wild alarms;
 Oh could we but relinquish all
 Our earthly props, and simply fall
 On thy Almighty arms!
- 3 Could we but kneel, and cast our load,
 E'en while we pray, upon our God,
 Then rise with lightened cheer —
 Sure that the Father, who is nigh
 To still the famished raven's cry,
 Will hear, in that we fear!
- 4 We can not trust him as we should,
 So chafes fall'n nature's restless mood
 To cast its peace away;
 Yet birds and flowerets round us preach,
 All, all the present evil teach,
 Sufficient for the day.
- 5 Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours
 Such lesson learn from birds and flowers;
 Make them from self to cease;
 Leave all things to a Father's will,
 And taste, before him lying still,
 E'en in affliction, peace.

CHRIST.

DIVINITY.

138

L. M.

ANON.

Behold the Man!

BEHOLD the Man! how glorious he!
Before his foes he stands unmoved,
And, without wrong or blasphemy,
He claims equality with God.

2 Behold the Man! by all condemned,
Assaulted by a host of foes;
His person and his claims contemned,
A Man of sufferings and of woes.

3 Behold the Man! he stands alone,
His foes are ready to devour;
Not one of all his friends will own
Their Master in this trying hour.

4 Behold the Man! though scorned below,
He bears the greatest name above;
The angels at his footstool bow,
And all his royal claims approve.

139

L. M.

GREGORY.

He Humbleth Himself.

O CHRIST! our King, Creator, Lord!
Saviour of all who trust thy word!
To them that seek thee, ever near,
Now to our praises bend thine ear.

2 In thy dear cross a grace is found —
It flows from every streaming wound —

Whose power our inbred sin controls,
Breaks the firm bond and frees our souls!

- 3 Thou didst create the stars of night :
Yet thou hast veiled in flesh thy light —
Hast deigned a mortal form to wear,
A mortal's painful lot to bear.
- 4 When thou didst hang upon the tree,
The quaking earth acknowledged thee ;
When thou didst there yield up thy breath,
The world grew dark as shades of death.
- 5 Now in the Father's glory high,
Great Conqueror, never more to die,
Us by thy mighty power defend,
And reign through ages without end!

140

8s & 7s.

ROBINSON.

Brightness of the Father's Glory.

- B**RIGHTNESS of the Father's glory,
Shall thy praise unuttered lie?
Break, my tongue, such guilty silence ;
Sing the Lord, who came to die.
- 2 Did the angels sing thy coming?
Did the shepherds learn their lays?
Shame would cover me, ungrateful,
Should my tongue refuse to praise.
- 3 From the highest throne in glory
To the cross of deepest woe,
All to ransom guilty captives!
Flow, my praise, forever flow.
- 4 Re-ascend, immortal Saviour ;
Leave thy footstool, take thy throne :
Thence return, and reign forever ;
Be the kingdom all thine own.

141

C. M.

ANON.

The Divinity of Christ.

THEE we adore, eternal Word!
 The Father's equal Son;
 By heaven's obedient hosts adored
 Ere time its course begun.

- 2 The first creation has displayed
 Thine energy divine;
 For not a single thing was made
 By other hands than thine.
- 3 But ransomed sinners, with delight,
 Sublimar facts survey,—
 The all-creating Word unites
 Himself to dust and clay.
- 4 Creation's Author now assumes
 A creature's humble form;
 A man of grief and woe becomes —
 Is trod on like a worm.
- 5 The Lord of glory bears the shame
 To vile transgressors due;
 Justice the Prince of life condemns
 To die in anguish too.
- 6 God over all, forever blest,
 The righteous curse endures;
 And thus, to souls with sin distressed,
 Eternal bliss insures.

142

L. M.

WATTS.

King of Glory.

BRIGHT king of glory, dreadful God!
 Our spirits bow before thy feet:
 To thee we lift an humble thought,
 And worship at thine awful seat.

2 A thousand seraphs strong and bright
Stand round the glorious Deity;
But who, among those sons of light,
Pretends comparison with thee?

3 Yet there is One of human frame,
Jesus, arrayed in flesh and blood,
Thinks it no robbery to claim
A full equality with God.

4 Then let the name of Christ our King
With equal honors be adored;
His praise let every angel sing,
And all the nations own the Lord.

143

C. M. MRS. STEELE.

The Name Above every Name.

THE Saviour! oh, what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound!
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads sweet peace around.

2 Here pardon, life, and joys divine,
In rich profusion flow;
For guilty rebels, lost in sin,
And doomed to endless woe.

3 The almighty Former of the skies
Stooped to our vile abode;
While angels viewed, with wondering eyes,
And hailed the incarnate God.

4 Oh, the rich depths of love divine!
Of bliss a boundless store!
Blest Saviour, let me call thee mine;
I can not wish for more.

5 On thee alone my hope relies;
Beneath thy cross I fall,
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my all.

144

7s.

ANON.

God with Us.

GOD with us! oh, glorious name!
 Let it shine in endless fame;
 God and man in Christ unite:
 Oh, mysterious depth and height!

2 God with us! the eternal Son
 Took our soul, our flesh and bone;
 Now, ye saints, his grace admire,
 Swell the song with holy fire.

3 God with us! but tainted not
 With the first transgressor's blot;
 Yet did he our sins sustain,
 Bear the guilt, the curse, the pain.

4 God with us! oh, wondrous grace!
 Let us see him face to face;
 That we may Immanuel sing,
 As we ought, our God and King!

145

S. M. D.

BONAR.

The Christ of God.

JESUS, the Christ of God,
 The Father's blessed Son;
 The Father's bosom thine abode,
 The Father's love thine own:
 Jesus, the Lamb of God,—
 Who us from hell to raise
 Hast shed thy reconciling blood,—
 We give thee endless praise!

2 God, and yet man thou art!
 True God, true man art thou;
 Of man, and of man's earth a part,
 One with us thou art now:

Great sacrifice for sin,
 Giver of life for life,
 Restorer of the peace within,
 True ender of the strife.

- 3 To thee, the Christ of God,
 Thy saints exulting sing;
 The bearer of our heavy load,
 Our own anointed King:
 Rest of the weary, thou,
 To thee, our rest, we come;
 In thee to find our dwelling now,
 Our everlasting home.

146

L. M.

WATTS.

Divinity and Humanity of Christ.

ERE the blue heavens were stretched
 abroad,

From everlasting was the Word;
 With God he was, the Word was God,
 And must divinely be adored.

- 2 By his own power were all things made;
 By him supported all things stand;
 He is the whole creation's head,
 And angels fly at his command.

- 3 But lo! he leaves those heavenly forms;
 The Word descends and dwells in clay,
 That he may converse hold with worms,
 Dressed in such feeble flesh as they.

- 4 Mortals with joy beheld his face,
 The eternal Father's only Son:
 How full of truth, how full of grace,
 The brightness of the Godhead shone!

- 5 The angels leave their high abode,
 To learn new mysteries here, and tell
 The love of our descending God,
 The glories of Immanuel.

INCARNATION.

147

7s.

C. WESLEY.

Christ is Born.

HARK! the herald angels sing,
 Glory to the new-born King!
 Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
 God and sinners reconciled.

- 2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise;
 Join the triumphs of the skies;
 With the angelic host proclaim,
 Christ is born in Bethlehem.
- 3 Mild he lays his glory by;
 Born that man no more may die;
 Born to raise the sons of earth;
 Born to give them second birth.
- 4 Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
 Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
 Light and life to all he brings,
 Risen with healing in his wings.
- 5 Let us then with angels sing,
 Glory to the new-born King!
 Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
 God and sinners reconciled!

148

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Object of Christ's Advent.

HARK, the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
 The Saviour promised long;
 Let every heart prepare a throne,
 And every voice a song.

- 2 He comes the prisoner to release,
 In Satan's bondage held;

The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes, from thickest films of vice,
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyes long closed in night
To pour celestial day.

4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And, with the treasures of his grace,
Enrich the humble poor.

5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

149

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

A Light to Lighten the Gentiles.

THE race that long in darkness pined
Have seen a glorious light;
The people dwell in day, who dwelt
In death's surrounding night.

2 To hail thy rise, thou better Sun,
The gathering nations come
With joy, as when the reapers bear
The harvest treasures home.

3 To us a child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
And him shall all the earth obey,
And all the hosts of heaven.

4 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore adored,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.

150

S. M.

WATTS.

The Gift of Gifts.

- R**AISE your triumphant songs
 To an immortal tune;
 Let the wide earth resound the deeds
 Celestial grace has done.
- 2 Sing how Eternal Love
 Its chief Beloved chose,
 And bade him raise our wretched race
 From their abyss of woes.
- 3 'Twas mercy filled the throne,
 And wrath stood silent by,
 When Christ was sent with pardons down
 To rebels doomed to die.
- 4 Now, sinners, dry your tears,
 Let hopeless sorrows cease;
 Bow to the scepter of his love,
 And take the offered peace.
- 5 Lord, we obey thy call;
 We lay an humble claim
 To the salvation thou hast brought,
 And love and praise thy name.

151

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

The Mighty God.

- R**EJOICE in Jesus' birth,—
 To us a Son is given;
 To us a child is born on earth,
 Who made both earth and heaven.
- 2 He reigns above the sky,—
 This universe sustains;—
 The God supreme, the Lord most high,
 The King Messiah reigns.

3 The mighty God is he,
 Author of heavenly bliss;
 The Father of eternity,
 The glorious Prince of Peace.

4 His government shall grow,
 From strength to strength proceed:
 His righteousness the church o'erflow,
 And all the earth o'erspread.

152

8s & 7s.

CAWOOD.

The Angels' Song.

HARK! what mean those holy voices,
 Sweetly sounding through the skies?
 Lo! the angelic host rejoices;
 Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

2 Hear them tell the wondrous story,
 Which they chant in hymns of joy:
 Glory in the highest, glory,
 Glory be to God most high!

3 Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
 Reaching far as man is found;
 Souls redeemed and sins forgiven! —
 Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 Christ is born, the great Anointed,
 Heaven and earth his praises sing;
 Oh, receive whom God appointed
 For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

5 Haste, ye mortals, to adore him;
 Learn his name and taste his joy;
 Till in heaven ye sing before him,
 Glory be to God most high!

153

IIS & IOS.

GRANT.

The Infant Saviour.

HITHER, ye faithful, haste in songs of triumph,

To Bethlehem go, the Lord of life to meet;
To you this day is born a Prince and Saviour:
Oh, come, and let us worship at his feet!

2 O Jesus, for such wondrous condescension,
Our praise and reverence are an offering
meet;

Now is the Word made flesh, and dwells
among us;

Oh, come, and let us worship at his feet!

3 Shout his almighty name, ye choirs of angels:
Let the celestial courts his praise repeat;
Unto our God be glory in the highest;
Oh, come, and let us worship at his feet!

154

H. M.

ANON.

The Glad Tidings.

HARK! hark!—the notes of joy
Roll o'er the heavenly plains,
And seraphs find employ
For their sublimest strains;
Some new delight in heaven is known;
Loud sound the harps around the throne.

2 Hark! hark! the sounds draw nigh,
The joyful hosts descend;
Jesus forsakes the sky,
To earth his footsteps bend:
He comes to bless our fallen race;
He comes with messages of grace.

3 Bear, bear the tidings round;
Let every mortal know

What love in God is found,
 What pity he can show :
 Ye winds that blow ! ye waves that roll !
 Bear the glad news from pole to pole.

- 4 Strike, strike the harps again,
 To great Immanuel's name ;
 Arise, ye sons of men !
 And all his grace proclaim :
 Angels and men ! wake every string,
 'Tis God the Saviour's praise we sing.

155

8s & 7s.

ANON.

Light of the Gentiles.

SHEPHERDS, hail the wondrous stranger !
 Now to Bethle'm speed your way ;
 Lo ! in yonder humble manger,
 Christ, the Lord, is born to-day.

- 2 Christ, by prophets long predicted,
 Joy of Israel's chosen race ;
 Light to Gentiles long afflicted,
 Lost in error's darkest maze.
- 3 Bright the star of your salvation,
 Pointing to his rude abode !
 Rapturous news for every nation :
 Mortals ! now behold your God !
- 4 Glad we trace the amazing story ;
 Angels leave their bliss to tell ;
 Theme sublime, replete with glory :
 Sinners saved from death and hell.
- 5 Love eternal moved the Saviour
 Thus to lay his radiance by ;
 Blessings on the Lamb forever ;
 Glory be to God on high !

156

C. M.

WATTS.

The Kingly Advent.

JOY to the world, the Lord is come,
 Let earth receive her King;
 Let every heart prepare him room,
 And heaven and nature sing.

- 2 Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns,
 Let men their songs employ; [plains,
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and
 Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
 Nor thorns infest the ground;
 He comes to make his blessings flow
 Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
 And makes the nations prove
 The glories of his righteousness
 And wonders of his love.

157

C. M.

MEDLEY.

Glory to God in the Highest.

MORTALS, awake, with angels join,
 And chant the solemn lay;
 Joy, love, and gratitude combine
 To hail the auspicious day.

- 2 In heaven the rapturous song began,
 And sweet seraphic fire
 Through all the shining legions ran,
 And strung and tuned the lyre.
- 3 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
 And loud the echo rolled;
 The theme, the song, the joy, was new —
 'Twas more than heaven could hold.

- 4 Down through the portals of the sky
The impetuous torrent ran ;
And angels flew, with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.
- 5 With joy the chorus we repeat,—
Glory to God on high !
Good-will and peace are now complete —
Jesus was born to die.
- 6 Hail, Prince of life, forever hail !
Redeemer, Brother, Friend !
Though earth, and time, and life shall fail,
Thy praise shall never end.
- 7 Hark ! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song :
Good-will and peace are heard throughout
The harmonious heavenly throng.

158

C. M.

LOGAN.

The Mighty Lord.

TO us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given ;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of heaven.

- 2 His Name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore adored,
The Wonderful, the Counselor,
The great and mighty Lord.
- 3 His power, increasing, still shall spread ;
His reign no end shall know ;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And Peace abound below.

159

L. M. KIRKE WHITE.

The Star of Bethlehem.

WHEN, marshaled on the nightly plain,
 The glittering hosts bestud the sky,
 One star alone, of all the train,
 Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

- 2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
 From every host, from every gem;
 But one alone the Saviour speaks,—
 It is the Star of Bethlehem.
- 3 Once on the raging seas I rode,
 The storm was loud, the night was dark—
 The ocean yawned—and rudely blowed
 The wind, that tossed my foundering bark.
- 4 Deep horror then my vitals froze,
 Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;—
 When suddenly a star arose,—
 It was the Star of Bethlehem.
- 5 It was my guide, my light, my all;
 It bade my dark forebodings cease;
 And, through the storm, and danger's thrall,
 It led me to the port of peace.
- 6 Now safely moored, my perils o'er,
 I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
 Forever and for evermore,
 The Star—the Star of Bethlehem!

160

L. M. CAMPBELL.

The Song of the Heavenly Host.

WHEN Jordan hushed his waters still,
 And silence slept on Zion's hill,
 When Bethlehem's shepherds, through the
 night,
 Watched o'er the flocks by starry light,—

- 2 Hark! from the midnight hills around,
A voice of more than mortal sound,
In distant hallelujahs stole,
Wild murmuring o'er the raptured soul.
- 3 On wheels of light, on wings of flame,
The glorious hosts of Zion came;
High heaven with songs of triumph rung,
While thus they struck their harps and sung:
- 4 O Zion, lift thy raptured eye;
The long-expected hour is nigh;
The joys of nature rise again;
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

161

S. M.

RYLAND.

Incarnate Saviour.

- YE saints, proclaim abroad
The honors of your King;
To Jesus, your incarnate God,
Your songs of praises sing.
- 2 Not angels round the throne
Of majesty above,
Are half so much obliged as we,
To our Immanuel's love.
 - 3 They never sunk so low;
They are not raised so high;
They never knew such depths of woe,
Such heights of majesty.
 - 4 The Saviour did not join
Their nature to his own;
For them he shed no blood divine,
Nor breathed a single groan.
 - 5 May we with angels vie
The Saviour to adore;
Our depths are greater far than theirs,
Oh, be our praises more.

162

8s, 7s & 4s. MONTGOMERY.

Worship of Christ.

ANGELS, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye, who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth.

Come and worship,—

Worship Christ, the new-born King.

- 2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night;
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant light.

Come and worship,—

Worship Christ, the new-born King.

- 3 Sages, leave your contemplations;
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations;
Ye have seen his natal star.

Come and worship,—

Worship Christ, the new-born King.

- 4 Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In his temple shall appear.

Come and worship,—

Worship Christ, the new-born King.

163

C. M.

TATE.

The Angelic Announcement.

WHILE shepherds watched their flocks
by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

LIFE, OFFICE, AND EXAMPLE.

- 2 Fear not, said he, — for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind ; —
Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.
- 3 To you, in David's town, this day
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord ;
And this shall be the sign : —
- 4 The heavenly babe you there shall find,
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing-bands,
And in a manger laid.
- 5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song : —
- 6 All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace ;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin and never cease !
-

LIFE, OFFICE, AND EXAMPLE.

164

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

The Inspiring Example.

WHEN at this distance, Lord, we trace
The various glories of thy face,
What transport pours o'er all our breast,
And charms our cares and woes to rest !

- 2 Yet still, O Lord, our waiting eyes
To nobler visions long to rise ;
That grand assembly would we join,
Where all thy saints around thee shine.

165

L. M.

BACHE.

The Love of Jesus.

SEE how he loved! exclaimed the Jews,
 As tender tears from Jesus fell:
 My grateful heart the theme pursues,
 And on his love delights to dwell.

- 2 See how he loved! who traveled on,
 Teaching the doctrine from the skies;
 He bade disease and pain begone,
 And called the sleeping dead to rise.
- 3 See how he loved! who, firm yet mild,
 With patience bore the scoffing tongue;
 Though oft provoked, he ne'er reviled,
 Nor did his enemies a wrong.
- 4 See how he loved! who never shrank
 From toil or danger, pain or death;
 He all the cup of sorrow drank,
 And meekly yielded up his breath.
- 5 Such love shall we unmoved survey?
 Oh, may our breasts with ardor glow,
 To tread his steps, his laws obey,
 And thus the love of Jesus show!

166

7s (Double). C. WESLEY.

Jesus the Refuge.

JESUS, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the billows near me roll,
 While the tempest still is high:
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past;
 Safe into the haven guide,
 Oh, receive my soul at last.

- 2 Other refuge have I none ;
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee :
 Leave, ah ! leave me not alone ;
 Still support and comfort me :
 All my trust on thee is stayed ;
 All my help from thee I bring ;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to pardon all my sin :
 Let the healing streams abound ;
 Make and keep me pure within.
 Thou of life the fountain art ;
 Freely let me take of thee :
 Spring thou up within my heart ;
 Rise to all eternity.

167

C. M. D. T. T. LYNCH.

Miracles of Christ.

OH, where is he that trod the sea ?
 Oh, where is he that spake,
 And lepers from their pains are free,
 And slaves their fetters break ?
 The lame and palsied freely rise,
 With joy the dumb do sing ;
 And on the darkened, blinded eyes,
 Glad beams of morning spring !

- 2 Oh, where is he that trod the sea ?
 Oh, where is he that spake,
 And demons from their victims flee,
 The dead from slumber wake ?
 Here, here art thou, almighty Lord !
 Oh, speak to us once more,
 And let thy healing, quickening word
 Our ruined souls restore !

168

C. M.

STENNETT.

Majesty and Pity.

MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
 Upon the Saviour's brow ;
 His head with radiant glories crowned,
 His lips with grace o'erflow.

- 2 No mortal can with him compare,
 Among the sons of men ;
 Fairer is he than all the fair
 That fill the heavenly train.
- 3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
 He flew to my relief ;
 For me he bore the shameful cross,
 And carried all my grief.
- 4 To him I owe my life and breath,
 And all the joys I have ;
 He makes me triumph over death,
 He saves me from the grave.
- 5 To heaven, the place of his abode,
 He brings my weary feet ;
 Shows me the glories of my God,
 And makes my joy complete.
- 6 Since from his bounty I receive
 Such proofs of love divine,
 Had I a thousand hearts to give,
 Lord, they should all be thine.

169

C. M.

BEADLEY,

Have Mercy.

JESUS, and didst thou condescend,
 When veiled in human clay,
 To heal the sick, the lame, the blind,
 And drive disease away ?

- 2 Didst thou regard the beggar's cry,
And give the blind to see?
Jesus, thou Son of David, hear —
Have mercy, too, on me!
- 3 And didst thou pity mortal woe,
And sight and health restore?
Then pity, Lord! and save my soul,
Which needs thy mercy more.
- 4 Didst thou regard thy servant's cry,
When sinking in the wave?
I perish, Lord! oh, save my soul!
For thou alone canst save.

170

C. M.

DENNY.

The Man of Sorrows.

A PILGRIM through this lonely world,
The blessèd Saviour passed:
A mourner all his life was he,
A dying Lamb at last.

- 2 That tender heart that felt for all,
For all its life-blood gave;
It found on earth no resting-place,
Save only in the grave.
- 3 Such was our Lord; and shall we fear
The cross, with all its scorn?
Or love a faithless, evil world,
That wreathed his brow with thorn?
- 4 No; facing all its frowns or smiles,
Like him, obedient still,
We homeward press, through storm or calm,
To Zion's blessèd hill.

171

L. M.

GIBBONS.

Christ our Example.

WHEN Jesus dwelt in mortal clay,
 What were his works from day to day
 But miracles of power and grace,
 That spread salvation through our race?

- 2 That man may last, but never lives,
 Who much receives, but nothing gives,
 Whom none can love, whom none can thank,
 Creation's blot, creation's blank.
- 3 But he, who marks from day to day,
 In generous acts his radiant way,
 Treads the same path his Saviour trod,—
 The path to glory and to God.

172

L. M.

MONTGOMERY.

The Miracle Worker.

WHEN, like a stranger on our sphere,
 The lowly Jesus wandered here,
 Where'er he went, affliction fled,
 And sickness reared her fainting head.

- 2 The eye that rolled in irksome night,
 Beheld his face, — for God is light;
 The opening ear, the loosened tongue,
 His precepts heard, his praises sung.
- 3 With bounding steps the halt and lame
 To hail their great Deliverer came;
 O'er the cold grave he bowed his head,
 He spake the word, and raised the dead.
- 4 Despairing madness, dark and wild,
 In his inspiring presence smiled;
 The storm of horror ceased to roll,
 And reason lightened through the soul.

- 5 Through paths of loving-kindness led,
Where Jesus triumphed we would tread;
To all, with willing hands dispense,
The gifts of our benevolence.

173

C. M.

BEDDOME.

Imitation of Christ.

- I N duties and in sufferings too,
Thy path, my Lord, I'd trace;
As thou hast done, so would I do,
Depending on thy grace.
- 2 Inflamed with zeal, 't was thy delight
To do thy Father's will;
Oh, may that zeal my soul excite
Thy precepts to fulfill.
- 3 Unsullied meekness, truth, and love,
Through all thy conduct shine;
Oh, may my whole deportment prove
A copy, Lord, of thine.

174

L. M.

WATTS.

Christ our Pattern.

- M Y dear Redeemer and my Lord!
I read my duty in thy Word;
But in thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.
- 2 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy victory too.
- 3 Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

175

L. M.

SMITH.

Be not Afraid.

WHEN power divine, in mortal form,
 Hushed with a word the raging storm,
 In soothing accents Jesus said —
 Lo! it is I; be not afraid.

- 2 Blest be the voice that breathes from heaven,
 To every heart in sunder riven,
 When love, and joy, and hope are fled —
 Lo! it is I; be not afraid.
- 3 And when the last dread hour is come,
 While shuddering nature waits her doom,
 This voice shall call the pious dead —
 Lo! it is I; be not afraid.

176

6 lines 7s. MONTGOMERY.

Christ an Example in Suffering.

GO to dark Gethsemane,
 Ye who feel the tempter's power,
 Your Redeemer's conflict see,
 Watch with him one bitter hour;
 Turn not from his griefs away,
 Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

- 2 Follow to the judgment-hall,
 View the Lord of life arraigned:
 Oh, the wormwood and the gall!
 Oh, the pangs his soul sustained!
 Shun not suffering, shame, or loss,
 Learn of him to bear the cross.
- 3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
 There, adoring at his feet,
 Mark that miracle of time —
 God's own sacrifice complete:

It is finished, hear him cry,
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

- 4 Early hasten to the tomb
Where they laid his lifeless clay ;
All is solitude and gloom —
Who hath taken him away ?
Christ hath risen — he meets our eyes ;
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

177

L. M.

ANON.

The Compassion and Love of Jesus.

BY shady mount and peaceful lake
In ancient time the Saviour came ;
The weary drank the words he spake,
The poor and feeble blessed his name.

- 2 He went where frenzy held its rule,
Where sickness breathed its spell of pain,
By famed Bethesda's mystic pool,
And by the darkened gate of Nain.
- 3 He soothed the mourner's troubled breast,
And raised the contrite sinner's head ;
Upon the loved one's lowly rest
The light of better life he shed.
- 4 Father, the spirit Jesus knew,
We humbly ask, in power and might,
That we may be disciples, too,
Of him whose way was love and light.
- 5 Bright be the places where we tread,
Amid earth's suffering and its poor,
Till we shall come where tears are shed,
And broken sighs are heard no more.

178

L. M.

BOWRING.

Invitation Home.

- H**OW sweetly flowed the gospel sound
 From lips of gentleness and grace,
 When listening thousands gathered round,
 And joy and gladness filled the place!
- 2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
 To heaven he led his followers' way;
 Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
 Unveiling an immortal day.
- 3 Come, wanderers, to my Father's home;
 Come, all ye weary ones, and rest:
 Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
 Obey thee, love thee, and be blest!
- 4 Decay then, tenements of dust;
 Pillars of earthly pride, decay:
 A nobler mansion waits the just,
 And Jesus has prepared the way.

179

C. M.

ENFIELD.

Divine Virtue in the Life of Jesus.

- B**EHOLD where, in a mortal form,
 Appears each grace divine!
 The virtues, all in Jesus met,
 With mildest radiance shine.
- 2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
 To give the mourner joy,
 To preach glad tidings to the poor,
 Was his divine employ.
- 3 Lowly in heart, to all his friends
 A friend and servant found;
 He washed their feet, he wiped their tears,
 And healed each bleeding wound.

SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

- 4 'Mid keen reproach and cruel scorn
Patient and meek he stood ;
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life :
He labored for their good.
- 5 In the last hour of deep distress,
Before his Father's throne,
With soul resigned, he bowed, and said,
Thy will, not mine, be done !
- 6 Be Christ our pattern and our guide ;
His image may we bear :
Oh, may we tread his holy steps,
His joy and glory share.

SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

180

L. M.

TAPPAN.

Gethsemane.

- 'TIS midnight — and on Olive's brow
The star is dimmed that lately shone :
'Tis midnight — in the garden now
The suffering Saviour prays alone.
- 2 'Tis midnight — and from all removed,
Immanuel wrestles lone, with fears ;
E'en the disciple that he loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.
- 3 'Tis midnight — and for others' guilt
The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood ;
Yet he that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by his God.
- 4 'Tis midnight — and from ether-plains
Is borne the song that angels know ;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

181

L. M.

WATTS.

Christ Mocked upon the Cross.

- NOW let our mournful songs record
 The sorrows of our dying Lord,
 When he complained in tears and blood,
 As one forsaken by his God.
- 2 The Jews beheld him thus forlorn,
 And shook their heads and laughed in scorn;
 He rescued others from the grave,
 Now let him try himself to save.
- 3 This is the man who did pretend
 God was his Father and his friend;
 If God the bless'd loved him so,
 Why does he fail his help to show?
- 4 O savage people! cruel priests!
 How they stood round like raging beasts!
 Like lions gaping to devour,
 When God had left him in their power!
- 5 They wound his head, his hands, his feet,
 Till streams of blood each other meet;
 By lot his garments they divide,
 And mock the pangs in which he died.

182

C. M.

WATTS.

Our Delivery.

- PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
 We wretched sinners lay,
 Without one cheerful beam of hope
 Or spark of glimmering day.
- 2 With pitying eyes the Prince of Grace
 Beheld our helpless grief;
 He saw, and — oh, amazing love! —
 He ran to our relief.

- 3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled,
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 Oh, for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.
- 5 Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

183

7s.

ANON.

Messiah.

WHO is it that comes from far,
Clad in garments dipped in blood?
Strong, triumphant traveler,
Is he man or is he God?

- 2 I that speak in righteousness,
Son of God and man I am;
Mighty to redeem your race,
Jesus is your Saviour's name.
- 3 Wherefore are thy garments red,
Dyed as in a crimson sea?
They that in a wine-vat tread
Are not stained so much as thee.
- 4 I, the Father's favorite Son,
Have the dreadful winepress trod;
Borne the vengeful wrath alone,
All the fiercest wrath of God.

184

L. M.

COLLIER.

The Saviour's Dying Love.

SOFT be the gently breathing notes,
That sing the Saviour's dying love;
Soft as the evening zephyr floats,
And soft as tuneful lyres above.

- 2 Pure as the breath of vernal skies,
So pure let our contrition be;
And purely let our sorrows rise
To him who bled upon the tree.

185

I I S. MARIE DE FLEURY.

In the Garden.

THOU sweet gliding Kedron, by thy silver
streams,
Our Saviour, at midnight, when moonlight's
pale beams
Shone bright on thy waters, would fre-
quently stray,
And lose, in thy murmurs, the toils of the
day.

- 2 How damp were the vapors that fell on his
head!
How hard was his pillow, how humble his
bed!
The angels, astonished, grew sad at the sight,
And followed their Master with solemn de-
light.
- 3 O Garden of Olivet, thou dear honored spot,
The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot;
The theme most transporting to seraphs
above;
The triumph of sorrow,—the triumph of
love!

4 Come, saints, and adore him ; come, bow at
his feet :

Oh, give him the glory, the praise that is meet ;
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the
skies.

186

C. P. M. S. F. SMITH.

The Suffering Son of God.

BEYOND where Kedron's waters flow,
Behold the suffering Saviour go,
To sad Gethsemane !

His countenance is all divine,
Yet grief appears in every line.

2 He bows beneath the sins of men,
He cries to God, and cries again,
In sad Gethsemane ;
He lifts his mournful eyes above —
My Father ! can this cup remove ?

3 With gentle resignation still,
He yielded to his Father's will,
In sad Gethsemane ; —
Behold me here, thine only Son,
And, Father ! let thy will be done.

4 The Father heard, — and angels there
Sustained the Son of God in prayer,
In sad Gethsemane ;
He drank the dreadful cup of pain ; —
Then rose to life and joy again.

5 When storms of sorrow round us sweep,
And scenes of anguish make us weep,
To sad Gethsemane
We'll look, and see the Saviour there ;
Then humbly bow, like him, in prayer.

187

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

The Cleansing Fountain.

- YE that pass by, behold the Man —
 The Man of griefs — condemned for you;
 The Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
 Weeping to Calvary pursue.
- 2 To us our own Barabbas give, —
 Away with him, they loudly cry;
 Away with him, not fit to live, —
 The vile seducer crucify!
- 3 His sacred limbs they stretch, they tear;
 With nails they fasten to the wood;
 His sacred limbs, exposed and bare,
 Or only covered with his blood.
- 4 Behold his temples crowned with thorn;
 His bleeding hands extended wide;
 His streaming feet transfixed and torn;
 The fountain gushing from his side!
- 5 O thou dear suff'ring Son of God,
 How doth thy heart to sinners move!
 Sprinkle on us thy precious blood,
 And melt us with thy dying love.

188

C. M.

WATTS.

On the Cross.

- ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed,
 And did my Sovereign die?
 Would he devote that sacred head
 For such a worm as I?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I had done
 He groaned upon the tree?
 Amazing pity! grace unknown!
 And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

189

L. M.

WATTS.

Glorying Only in the Cross.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride!

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my Lord:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See! from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love, so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all!

190

C. M.

NEWTON.

The Look of Compassion.

- IN evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopped my wild career.
- 2 I saw One hanging on a tree,
In agony and blood;
Who fixed his languid eyes on me,
As near the cross I stood.
- 3 Sure never, till my latest breath,
Can I forget that look;
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.
- 4 Alas! I knew not what I did,
But all my tears were vain;
Where could my trembling soul be hid?
For I the Lord had slain.
- 5 A second look he gave, that said,
I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid,—
I die that thou mayst live.

191

L. M.

STENNETT.

The Accomplished Death.

- 'TIS finished! so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed his head, and died.
'Tis finished! yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.
- 2 'Tis finished! this thy dying groan
Shall sins of every kind atone;
Millions shall be redeemed from death
By this thy last expiring breath.

- 3 'Tis finished! Heaven is reconciled,
And all the powers of darkness spoiled;
Peace, love, and happiness again
Return and dwell with sinful men.
- 4 'Tis finished! let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round;
'Tis finished! let the echo fly
Through heaven and hell, through earth and
sky.

192

8s, 7s & 4s.

FRANCIS.

It is Finished.

HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky.

It is finished!

Hear the dying Saviour cry.

- 2 It is finished! oh, what pleasure
Do these charming words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord.

It is finished!

Saints, the dying words record.

- 3 Finished, all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law;
Finished, all that God had promised;
Death and hell no more shall awe.

It is finished!

Saints, from hence your comforts draw.

- 4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name.

Hallelujah!

Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

193

7s.

ANON.

The Two Malefactors.

WHEN the Lord was crucified,
Two transgressors with him died:
One, with vile blaspheming tongue,
Scoffed at Jesus as he hung.

2 But the other, touched with grace,
Humbly looked on Jesus' face,
Boldly owned his blessed Lord,
Whom the scribes and priests abhorred.

3 Lord! he prayed, remember me,
When in glory thou shalt be.
Soon with me, the Lord replies,
Thou shalt rest in Paradise.

4 This was wondrous faith indeed!
Wondrous grace in time of need!
Sinners, trust in Jesus' name:
You shall find him still the same.

194

C. M.

STENNETT.

The Amazing Sight.

YONDER amazing sight! — I see
Th' incarnate Son of God
Expiring on th' accursed tree,
And writhing in his blood!

2 Behold the purple torrents run
Down from his hands and head!
The crimson tide puts out the sun;
His groans awake the dead!

3 The trembling earth, the darkened sky,
Proclaim the truth aloud,
And, with th' amazed centurion, cry,
This is the Son of God!

- 4 So great, so vast a sacrifice
 May well my hope revive;
 If God's own Son thus bleeds and dies,
 The sinner sure may live.
- 5 Oh, that these cords of love divine
 Might draw me, Lord, to thee!
 Thou hast my heart—it shall be thine—
 Thine shall it ever be!

195

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

Love which passeth Knowledge.

- OF Him who did salvation bring,
 I could forever think and sing;
 Arise, ye needy,—he'll relieve;
 Arise, ye guilty,—he'll forgive.
- 2 Ask but his grace, and lo, 'tis given;
 Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven:
 Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
 Jesus, thy balm, will make it whole.
- 3 To shame our sins he blushed in blood;
 He closed his eyes to show us God:
 Let all the world fall down, and know
 That none but God such love can show.
- 4 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone
 I shed my tears and make my moan;
 Where'er I am, where'er I move,
 I meet the object of my love.
- 5 Insatiate to this spring I fly;
 I drink, and yet am ever dry:
 Ah! who against thy charms is proof?
 Ah! who that loves, can love enough?

196

L. M. CUNNINGHAM.

The Hidings of the Father's Face.

- FROM Calvary a cry was heard,
 A bitter and heart-rending cry;
 My Saviour! every mournful word
 Bespeaks thy soul's deep agony.
- 2 A horror of great darkness fell
 On thee, thou spotless, holy One!
 And all the swarming hosts of hell
 Conspired to tempt God's only Son.
- 3 The scourge, the thorns, the deep disgrace,—
 These thou couldst bear, nor once repine,
 But when Jehovah veiled his face,
 Unutterable pangs were thine.
- 4 Let the dumb world its silence break;
 Let pealing anthems rend the sky:
 Awake, my sluggish soul, awake!
 He died that we might never die.

197

C. M. S. WESLEY, SR.

Pitying Love.

- BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
 Nailed to the shameful tree!
 How vast the love that him inclined
 To bleed and die for me.
- 2 Hark! how he groans, while nature shakes,
 And earth's strong pillars bend!
 The temple's veil asunder breaks,
 The solid marbles rend.
- 3 'Tis finished! now the ransom's paid;
 Receive my soul! he cries:
 See, how he bows his sacred head!
 He bows his head, and dies!

- 4 But soon he 'll break death's iron chain,
And in full glory shine ;
O Lamb of God ! was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine ?
-

RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION.

198

7s.

CUDWORTH.

Resurrection of Christ.

- CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say ;
Raise your songs of triumph high ;
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won ;
Lo ! our Sun's eclipse is o'er ;
Lo ! he sets in blood no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal ;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell ;
Death in vain forbids his rise,
Christ hath opened Paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glorious King ;
Where, O Death, is now thy sting ?
Once he died our souls to save ;
Where thy victory, boasting Grave ?
- 5 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head :
Made like him, like him we rise ;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

199

L. M.

MEDLEY.

Christ a Living and Almighty Saviour.

THE Saviour lives, no more to die ;
 He lives, the Lord enthroned on high ;
 He lives triumphant o'er the grave ;
 He lives, eternally to save.

- 2 He lives, to still his servants' fears ;
 He lives, to wipe away their tears ;
 He lives, their mansions to prepare ;
 He lives, to bring them safely there.
- 3 Ye mourning souls, dry up your tears ;
 Dismiss your gloomy doubts and fears ;
 With cheerful hopes your hearts revive,
 For Christ the Lord is yet alive.
- 4 His saints he loves, and never leaves ;
 The contrite sinner he receives :
 Abundant grace will he afford,
 Till all are present with the Lord.

200

H. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Resurrection of Christ.

YES, the Redeemer rose ;
 The Saviour left the dead,
 And o'er our hellish foes

High raised his conquering head :
 In wild dismay The guards around
 Fall to the ground, And sink away.

- 2 Behold, the angelic bands
 In full assembly meet,
 To wait his high commands,
 And worship at his feet :
 With joy they come, And wing their way
 From realms of day To Jesus' tomb.

RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION.

- 3 Then back to heaven they fly,
The joyful news to bear:
Hark! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air!
Their anthems say, The Lord who bled
Hath left the dead; He rose to-day.
- 4 Ye mortals, catch the sound,
Redeemed by him from hell,
And send the echo round
The globe on which you dwell;
Transported, cry, The Lord who bled
Hath left the dead, No more to die.

201

S. M.

KELLY.

The Lord Risen Indeed.

- THE Lord is risen indeed! •
The grave hath lost its prey;
With him shall rise the ransomed seed
To reign in endless day.
- 2 The Lord is risen indeed!
He lives to die no more;
He lives his people's cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame he bore.
- 3 The Lord is risen indeed!
Attending angels, hear;
Up to the courts of heaven, with speed,
The joyful tidings bear.
- 4 Then take your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord;
Join all the bright, celestial choirs,
To sing our risen Lord.

202

7s.

NEWTON.

Mary at the Sepulcher.

MARY to the Saviour's tomb
 Hasted at the early dawn;
 Spice she brought and sweet perfume,
 But the Lord she loved had gone:
 For a while she lingering stood,
 Filled with sorrow and surprise,
 Trembling, while a crystal flood
 Issued from her weeping eyes.

- 2 But her sorrows quickly fled
 When she heard his welcome voice;
 Christ had risen from the dead;
 Now he bids her heart rejoice:
 What a change his word can make,
 Turning darkness into day!
 Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,
 He will wipe your tears away.

203

6s & 4s.

BRYDGES.

The Mighty Conqueror.

RISE, glorious Conqueror, rise,
 Into thy native skies,—
 Assume thy right:
 And where in many a fold
 The clouds are backward rolled—
 Pass through those gates of gold,
 And reign in light!

- 2 Victor o'er death and hell!
 Cherubic legions swell
 Thy radiant train:
 Praises all heaven inspire;
 Each angel sweeps his lyre,
 And waves his wings of fire,—
 Thou Lamb once slain!

- 3 Enter, incarnate God! —
 No feet but thine have trod
 The serpent down;
 Blow the full trumpets, blow!
 Wider yon portals throw,
 Saviour triumphant, go,
 And take thy crown!
- 4 Lion of Judah — hail!
 And let thy name prevail
 From age to age.
 Lord of the rolling years; —
 Claim for thine own the spheres,
 For thou hast bought with tears
 Thy heritage!

204

L. M.

WATTS.

His Triumph over Death.

- L**ORD, when thou didst ascend on high,
 Ten thousand angels filled the sky;
 Those heavenly guards around thee wait,
 Like chariots that attend thy state.
- 2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear
 More glorious when the Lord was there,
 While he pronounced his holy law,
 And struck the chosen tribes with awe.
- 3 How bright the triumph none can tell,
 When the rebellious powers of hell,
 That thousand souls had captive made,
 Were all in chains like captives led.
- 4 Raised by his Father to the throne,
 He sent his promised Spirit down,
 With gifts and grace for rebel men,
 That God might dwell on earth again.

205

L. M.

WATTS.

The Dying Christ.

- H**E dies! the friend of sinners dies;
 Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
 A solemn darkness veils the skies;
 A sudden trembling shakes the ground.
- 2 Here's love and grief beyond degree:
 The Lord of glory dies for men:
 But lo! what sudden joys we see,
 Jesus, the dead, revives again!
- 3 The rising God forsakes the tomb;
 Up to his Father's court he flies;
 Cherubic legions guard him home,
 And shout him welcome to the skies.
- 4 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
 How high our great Deliverer reigns;
 Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
 And led the tyrant, Death, in chains.
- 5 Say, Live forever, glorious King,
 Born to redeem, and strong to save!
 Where now, O Death, where is thy sting?
 And where thy victory, boasting Grave?

206

7s.

ANON.

The Empty Grave.

- L**O, the stone is rolled away!
 Death yields up his mighty prey;
 Jesus, rising from the tomb,
 Scatters all its fearful gloom.
- 2 Praise him, ye celestial choirs,
 Praise, and sweep your golden lyres!
 Praise him in the noblest songs,
 From ten thousand thousand tongues.

RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION.

- 3 Every note with rapture swell,
And the Saviour's triumph tell;
Where, O death! is now thy sting?
Where thy terrors, vanquished king?
- 4 Let Immanuel be adored,
Ransom, Mediator, Lord!
To creation's utmost bound
Let th' eternal praise resound.

207

8s, 7s & 4s.

ANON.

Foys of the Resurrection.

HAIL, thou happy morn, so glorious!
Come, ye saints, your griefs give o'er:
Sing how Jesus rose victorious,
By his own almighty power:
Hallelujah!

To the glorious Son of God.

- 2 Countless bands of angels glorious,
Clothed in bright ethereal blue;
Straight the sound of Christ victorious
From their silver trumpets flew:
Christ triumphant
Rises, conqueror o'er the tomb.
- 3 Is that he who died on Calv'ry,
Who was pierced with many a spear?
Clad with countless suns of glory,
See, he rises through the air:
Hallelujah!
Zion's mourner, now rejoice.
- 4 Tremble, ye who him rejected!
Lo! he breaks through yonder cloud;
Rise, ye saints, and shout, triumphant,
Victory! through Jesus' blood:
Hark! the trumpet
Sounds the resurrection morn.

His Ascension and Glory.

OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
 Our Jesus is gone up on high;
 The powers of hell are captive led,
 Dragged to the portals of the sky.

- 2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
 And angels chant the solemn lay:
 Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
 Ye everlasting doors, give way!
- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
 And wide unfold the radiant scene;
 He claims those mansions as his right;
 Receive the King of glory in.
- 4 Who is the King of glory, who?
 The Lord that all our foes o'ercame;
 That sin, and death, and hell o'erthrew;
 And Jesus is the conqueror's name.
- 5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
 And angels chant the solemn lay:
 Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
 Ye everlasting doors, give way!
- 6 Who is the King of glory, who?
 The Lord of boundless power possessed;
 The King of saints and angels too;
 God over all, forever blessed.

His Ascension.

HAIL the day that saw him rise
 Glorious to his native skies!
 Christ, a while to mortals given,
 Enters now the gates of heaven.

- 2 See! high heaven its Lord receives!
Still he loves the earth he leaves:
Though returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own.
- 3 Still for us he intercedes,
His prevailing death he pleads;
Near himself prepares our place,
Great Forerunner of our race.
- 4 Lord, though parted from our sight,
Far above yon starry height,
Thither our affections rise,
Following thee beyond the skies.

210

C. H. M.

HASTINGS.

He Lives Again.

HOW calm and beautiful the morn,
That gilds the sacred tomb,
Where Christ the crucified was borne,
And veiled in midnight gloom!
Oh, weep no more the Saviour slain,
The Lord is risen, he lives again.

- 2 Ye mourning saints, dry every tear
For your departed Lord;
Behold the place, he is not here!
The tomb is all unbarred:
The gates of death were closed in vain,
The Lord is risen, he lives again.
- 3 Now, cheerful to the house of prayer,
Your early footsteps bend;
The Saviour will himself be there,
Your Advocate and Friend:
Once by the law your hopes were slain,
But now in Christ ye live again.

The Risen Lord.

ANGEL, roll the rock away!
 Death, yield up thy mighty prey!
 See, he rises from the tomb,
 Glowing with immortal bloom.

- 2 'Tis the Saviour! angels raise
 Fame's eternal trump of praise;
 Let the earth's remotest bound
 Hear the joy-inspiring sound.
- 3 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes;
 Now to glory see him rise,
 In long triumph up the sky,
 Up to waiting worlds on high.
- 4 Heaven displays her portals wide;
 Glorious hero, through them ride;
 King of glory, mount thy throne,—
 Thy great Father's and thy own.
- 5 Powers of heaven, seraphic choirs,
 Sing, and sweep your golden lyres;
 Shout, O earth, in rapturous song;
 Let the strains be sweet and strong.
- 6 Every note with wonder swell,
 Sin o'erthrown, and captive hell!
 Where is hell's once dreadful king?
 Where, O Death, thy mortal sting?

The Forsaken Sepulcher.

YE humble souls that seek the Lord,
 Chase all your fears away;
 And bow with reverence down to see
 The place where Jesus lay.

RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION.

- 2 Thus low the Lord of life was brought;
Such wonders love can do!
Thus cold in death that bosom lay,
Which throbbed and bled for you.
- 3 If ye have wept at yonder cross,
And still your sorrows rise,
Stoop down and view the vanquished grave,
Then wipe your weeping eyes.
- 4 But dry your tears and tune your songs,
The Saviour lives again;
Not all the bolts and bars of death
The Conqueror could detain.
- 5 High o'er the angelic band he rears
His once dishonored head;
And through unnumbered years he reigns,
Who dwelt among the dead.

213

C. M.

WATTS.

The Prince of Light.

- H**OSANNA to the Prince of Light,
That clothed himself in clay,
Entered the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.
- 2 Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our Immanuel rose;
He took the tyrant's sting away,
And spoiled our hellish foes.
- 3 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach his blest abode;
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To our incarnate God.
- 4 Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise;
Let heaven and all created things
Sound our Immanuel's praise.

Christ Pleads for Us.

- A**RISE, my soul, arise !
 Shake off thy guilty fears ;
 The bleeding Sacrifice
 In my behalf appears ;
 Before the throne my surety stands,
 My name is written on his hands.
- 2 He ever lives above,
 For me to intercede ;
 His all-redeeming love,
 His precious blood, to plead ;
 His blood atoned for all our race,
 And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
- 3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
 Received on Calvary ;
 They pour effectual prayers,
 They strongly speak for me :
 Forgive him, oh, forgive, they cry,
 Nor let that ransomed sinner die.
- 4 The Father hears him pray,
 His dear anointed One ;
 He can not turn away
 The presence of his Son ;
 His Spirit answers to the blood,
 And tells me I am born of God.
- 5 My God is reconciled ;
 His pardoning voice I hear :
 He owns me for his child,
 I can no longer fear :
 With confidence I now draw nigh,
 And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

INTERCESSION AND REIGN.

215

6s & 4s. JAMES ALLEN.

For He is Worthy.

G LORY to God on high!
 Let heaven and earth reply,
 Praise ye his name!
 His love and grace adore
 Who all our sorrows bore,
 And sing for evermore,
 Worthy the Lamb!

2 All they around the throne
 Cheerfully join in one,
 Praising his name;
 We who have felt his blood
 Sealing our peace with God,
 Sound his dear name abroad,
 Worthy the Lamb!

3 Join, all ye ransomed race,
 Our Lord and God to bless;
 Praise ye his name!
 In him we will rejoice,
 And make a joyful noise,
 Shouting with heart and voice,
 Worthy the Lamb!

4 What though we change our place?
 Yet we shall never cease
 Praising his name.
 To him our songs we bring,
 Hail him our gracious King,
 And without ceasing sing,
 Worthy the Lamb!

216

L. M.

WATTS.

Universal Reign of Christ.

- G**REAT God, whose universal sway
 The known and unknown worlds obey,
 Now give the kingdom to thy Son;
 Extend his power, exalt his throne.
- 2 As rain on meadows newly mown,
 So shall he send his influence down;
 His grace on fainting souls distils,
 Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.
- 3 The heathen lands that lie beneath
 The shades of overspreading death,
 Revive at his first dawning light,
 And deserts blossom at the sight.
- 4 The saints shall flourish in his days,
 Dressed in the robes of joy and praise;
 Peace, like a river, from his throne,
 Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

217

C. M.

KELLY.

The New Coronation.

- T**HE head that once was crowned with
 Is crowned with glory now; [thorns
 A royal diadem adorns
 The mighty Victor's brow.
- 2 The highest place that heaven affords,
 Is his by sovereign right;
 The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
 He reigns in glory bright; —
- 3 The joy of all who dwell above,
 The joy of all below,
 To whom he manifests his love,
 And grants his name to know.

- 4 To them the cross, with all its shame,
 With all its grace is given ;
 Their name, an everlasting name,
 Their joy — the joy of heaven.
- 5 They suffer with their Lord below,
 They reign with him above ;
 Their profit and their joy to know
 The mystery of his love.
- 6 To them the cross is life and health,
 Though shame and death to him ;
 His people's hope, his people's wealth,
 Their everlasting theme.

218

6 lines 8s & 7s.

KELLY.

The King of Glory.

- H**ARK! ten thousand harps and voices
 Sound the note of praise above ; —
 Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices ;
 Jesus reigns, the God of love.
 See, he sits on yonder throne ;
 Jesus rules the world alone.
- 2 King of glory, reign forever —
 Thine an everlasting crown ;
 Nothing, from thy love, shall sever
 Those whom thou hast made thine own, —
 Happy objects of thy grace,
 Destined to behold thy face.
- 3 Saviour! hasten thine appearing ;
 Bring, oh, bring the glorious day,
 When, the awful summons hearing,
 Heaven and earth shall pass away ; —
 Then, with golden harps, we'll sing, —
 Glory, glory to our King!

219

C. M.

WATTS.

Worthy the Lamb.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
 With angels round the throne;
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
 But all their joys are one.

2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
 To be exalted thus!

Worthy the Lamb! our lips reply,
 For he was slain for us.

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
 Honor and power divine;
 And blessings, more than we can give,
 Be, Lord, forever thine!

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
 And air, and earth, and seas,
 Conspire to lift thy glories high,
 And speak thine endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one,
 To bless the sacred name
 Of him who sits upon the throne,
 And to adore the Lamb!

220

S. M.

JUDKIN.

Heavenly Homage.

ENTHRONED is Jesus now
 Upon his heavenly seat;
 The kingly crown is on his brow,
 The saints are at his feet.

2 In shining white they stand —
 A great and countless throng;
 A palmy scepter in each hand,
 On every lip a song.

- 3 They sing the Lamb of God,
Once slain on earth for them;
The Lamb, through whose atoning blood
Each wears his diadem.
- 4 Thy grace, O Holy Ghost,
Thy blessed help supply,
That we may join that radiant host,
Triumphant in the sky.

221

H. M.

C. WESLEY.

The Lord is King.

- REJOICE! the Lord is King —
Your God and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice:
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.
- 2 His kingdom can not fail;
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice:
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.
- 3 He all his foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy,
And every bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice:
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.
- 4 Rejoice in glorious hope!
Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home:
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice;
The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice!

222

7s & 4s.

ANON.

He Will Come Again.

COME, O thou mighty Saviour!
 We look for thine appearing;
 Descend, we pray,
 Thy love display,
 Our waiting spirits cheering.

- 2 Come, clothed with glorious power;
 Let all thy saints adore thee;
 And let thy Word,
 The Spirit's sword,
 Subdue thy foes before thee.
- 3 May every heart with gladness,
 Thine offered grace receiving,
 Now cease from sin,
 And, pure within,
 Have peace in thee believing.
- 4 Thou, when thou comest to judgment,
 On flying clouds descending,
 May we rejoice,
 When, at thy voice,
 The solid earth is rending.

223

C. M.

WATTS.

The Glories of the Lamb.

BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb,
 Amidst his Father's throne!
 Prepare new honors for his name,
 And songs before unknown.

- 2 Let elders worship at his feet,
 The Church adore around;
 With vials full of odors sweet,
 And harps of sweeter sound.

- 3 Now to the Lamb that once was slain,
 Be endless blessings paid ;
 Salvation, glory, joy, remain
 Forever on thy head.
- 4 Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,
 Hast set the prisoners free ;
 Hast made us kings and priests to God ;
 And we shall reign with thee.

224

C. P. M.

MEDLEY.

Excellency of Christ.

- OH, could I speak the matchless worth,
 Oh, could I sound the glories forth,
 Which in my Saviour shine,
 I'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings,
 And vie with Gabriel while he sings
 In notes almost divine.
- 2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
 My ransom from the dreadful guilt
 Of sin and wrath divine ;
 I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
 In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
 My soul shall ever shine.
- 3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
 And all the forms of love he wears,
 Exalted on his throne ;
 In loftiest song of sweetest praise,
 I would to everlasting days
 Make all his glories known.
- 4 Well, the delightful day will come,
 When my dear Lord will bring me home,
 And I shall see his face ;
 Then, with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
 A blest eternity I'll spend,
 Triumphant in his grace.

Honors to Immanuel.

- H**AIL, thou once despised Jesus!
 Hail, thou Galilean King!
 Thou didst suffer to release us,
 Thou didst free salvation bring.
 Hail, thou agonizing Saviour!
 Bearer of our sin and shame;
 By thy merits we find favor,
 Life is given through thy name.
- 2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
 All our sins were on thee laid;
 By Almighty love anointed,
 Thou hast full atonement made.
 All thy people are forgiven,
 Through the virtue of thy blood;
 Opened is the gate of heaven;
 Peace is made 'twixt man and God.
- 3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory
 There forever to abide;
 All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
 Seated at thy Father's side.
 There for sinners thou art pleading;
 There thou dost our place prepare;
 Ever for us interceding,
 Till in glory we appear.
- 4 Worship, honor, power, and blessing
 Thou art worthy to receive;
 Loudest praises, without ceasing,
 Meet it is for us to give.
 Help, ye bright angelic spirits;
 Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
 Help to sing our Saviour's merits;
 Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

226

8 lines 8s.

C. WESLEY.

Reigning in His Kingdom of Grace.

- ALL glory to God in the sky,
 And peace upon earth be restored;
 O Jesus, exalted on high,
 Appear, our omnipotent Lord!
 Who, meanly in Bethlehem born,
 Didst stoop to redeem a lost race:
 Once more to thy creatures return,
 And reign in thy kingdom of grace.
- 2 Oh, wouldst thou again be made known,—
 Again in thy Spirit descend;
 And set up, in each of thine own,
 A kingdom that never shall end!
 Thou only art able to bless,
 And make the glad nations obey,
 And bid the dire enmity cease,
 And bow the whole world to thy sway.
- 3 Oh, come to thy servants again,
 Who long thine appearing to know,—
 Thy quiet and peaceable reign
 In mercy establish below:
 All sorrow before thee shall fly,
 And anger and hatred be o'er;
 And envy and malice shall die,
 And discord afflict us no more.
- 4 No horrid alarum of war
 Shall break our eternal repose;
 No sound of the trumpet is there
 Where Jesus' spirit o'erflows:
 Appeased by the charms of thy grace,
 We all shall in amity join;
 And kindly each other embrace,
 And love with a passion like thine.

227

L. M.

WATTS.

Worship at Immanuel's Feet.

- G**O, worship at Immanuel's feet;
 See in his face what wonders meet:
 Earth is too narrow to express
 His worth, his glory, or his grace.
- 2 Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,
 Nor heaven his full resemblance bears:
 His beauties we can never trace,
 Till we behold him face to face.
- 3 Oh, let me climb those higher skies,
 Where storms and darkness never rise:
 There he displays his power abroad,
 And shines and reigns, the incarnate God!

228

C. M.

NEWTON.

Universal Honors.

- F**ROM pole to pole let others roam,
 And search in vain for bliss;
 My soul is satisfied at home;
 The Lord my portion is.
- 2 Jesus, who on his glorious throne
 Rules heaven and earth and sea,
 Is pleased to claim me for his own,
 And gives himself to me.
- 3 His person fixes all my love,
 His blood removes my fear;
 And while he pleads for me above,
 His arm preserves me here.
- 4 His word of promise is my food,
 His spirit is my guide;
 Thus daily is my strength renewed,
 And all my wants supplied.

- 5 For him I count as gain each loss,
 Disgrace for him renown;
 Well may I glory in my cross,
 While he prepares my crown.

229

S. M. T. H. STOCKTON.

Christ's Day of Power.

- THY day of power has come!
 This holy dawn divine!
 And Zion's hills, renewed in youth,
 With dews of beauty shine.
- 2 Now may the promised grace
 Be fully shed abroad;
 And all thy willing people haste
 To do the will of God.
- 3 The Father wills that thou,
 Exalted at his side,
 Our only prophet, priest, and king,
 Forever shalt abide:—
- 4 That all who love thy name,
 One brotherhood shall be;
 Kept by the standard of thy Word
 From all divisions free!—
- 5 That all thy foes shall bow
 Submissive at thy feet;
 And heaven and earth with one accord
 Thy perfect empire greet.
- 6 Let Jews and Gentiles cry,
 Amen! God's will be done!
 Jesus, who died upon the cross,
 We hail thee on thy throne.

230

C. M. MONTGOMERY.

Hosanna to the Son of David.

- H**OSANNA! be our cheerful song
 To Christ our Saviour King;
 His praise, to whom we all belong,
 Let all unite to sing.
- 2 Hosanna! here in joyful bands,
 Let old and young proclaim;
 And hail, with voices, hearts, and hands,
 The Son of David's name.
- 3 Hosanna! sound from hill to hill,
 And spread from plain to plain;
 Which louder, sweeter, clearer still,
 Woods echo to the strain.
- 4 Hosanna! on the wings of light,
 O'er earth and ocean fly,
 Till morn to eve, and noon to night,
 And heaven to earth reply.

231

C. M. COTTERIL.

Christ is Lord.

- J**ESUS! exalted far on high,
 To whom a name is given —
 A name surpassing every name
 That's known in earth or heaven!
- 2 Before thy throne shall every knee
 Bow down with one accord;
 Before thy throne shall every tongue
 Confess that thou art Lord.
- 3 Jesus! thou, in the form of God,
 Didst equal honor claim;
 Yet, to redeem our guilty souls,
 Didst stoop to death and shame!

- 4 Oh, may that mind in us be formed,
Which shone so bright in thee —
An humble, meek, and lowly mind,
From pride and envy free!
- 5 To others we would stoop, and learn
To emulate thy love;
So shall we bear thine image here,
And share thy throne above.

232

6 lines 7s.

KELLY.

Glory to our King.

- G**LORY, glory to our King!
Crowns unfading wreath his head;
Jesus is the name we sing, —
Jesus risen from the dead;
Jesus, Conqueror o'er the grave;
Jesus, mighty now to save.
- 2 Jesus is gone up on high,
Angels come to meet their King;
Shouts triumphant rend the sky,
While the Victor's praise they sing:
Open now, ye heavenly gates!
'Tis the King of glory waits.
- 3 Now behold him high enthroned,
Glory beaming from his face!
By adoring angels owned,
God of holiness and grace!
Oh, for hearts and tongues to sing,
Glory, glory to our King!
- 4 Jesus, on thy people shine;
Warm our hearts and tune our tongues,
That with angels we may join,
Share their bliss, and swell their songs:
Glory, honor, praise, and power,
Lord, be thine for evermore!

233

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

The High-Priest.

NOW let our cheerful eyes survey
 Our great High-Priest above,
 And celebrate his constant care
 And sympathetic love.

- 2 Though raised to heaven's exalted throne,
 Where angels bow around,
 And high o'er all the hosts of light,
 With matchless honors crowned —
- 3 The names of all his saints he bears,
 Deep graven on his heart;
 Nor shall the weakest Christian say
 That he has lost his part.
- 4 Those characters shall fair abide,
 Our everlasting trust,
 When gems and monuments and crowns
 Have moldered down to dust.
- 5 So, gracious Saviour, on my breast
 May thy loved name be worn,
 A sacred ornament and guard,
 To endless ages borne.

234

L. M. WARDLAW'S COLL.

Mediatorial Reign.

KING Jesus, reign for evermore,
 Unrival'd in thy courts above;
 While we, with all thy saints, adore
 The wonders of redeeming love.

- 2 No other Lord but thee we'll know,
 No other power but thine confess;
 We'll spread thine honors while below,
 And heaven shall know our blessedness.

- 3 We'll sing along the heavenly road
That leads us to thy blest abode;
Till with the vast unnumbered throng
We join in heaven's triumphant song —
- 4 Till with pure hands and voices sweet
We cast our crowns at Jesus' feet,
And sing of everlasting love
In everlasting strains above.

235

C. M.

WATTS.

Praise to God the Saviour.

- M**Y Saviour, my almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace?
- 2 Thou art my everlasting trust,
Thy goodness I adore;
And since I knew thy graces first,
I speak thy glories more.
 - 3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road,
And march, with courage in thy strength,
To see my Father, God.
 - 4 When I am filled with sore distress
For some surprising sin,
I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,
And mention none but thine.
 - 5 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The victories of my King!
My soul, redeemed from sin and hell,
Shall thy salvation sing.

236

C. M. MRS. STEELE.

They shall Speak of the Glory.

COME, ye that love the Saviour's name,
 And joy to make it known,
 The Sovereign of your heart proclaim,
 And bow before his throne.

2 Behold your King, your Saviour, crowned
 With glories all divine;
 And tell the wondering nations round
 How bright these glories shine.

3 Infinite power and boundless grace
 In him unite their rays;
 Ye that have seen his lovely face,
 Can ye forbear his praise?

4 When in the earthly courts we view
 The beauties of our King,
 We long to love as angels do,
 And wish, like them, to sing.

5 And shall we long and wish in vain?
 Lord, teach our songs to rise!
 Thy love can animate our strain,
 And bid it reach the skies.

6 Oh, for the day, the glorious day!
 When heaven and earth shall raise,
 With all their powers, the raptured lay,
 To celebrate thy praise.

237

7s. MONTGOMERY.

The Song of Jubilee.

HARK! the song of jubilee;
 Loud as mighty thunders roar,
 Or the fullness of the sea,
 When it breaks upon the shore.

- 2 Hallelujah ! for the Lord
 God omnipotent shall reign :
 Hallelujah ! let the word
 Echo round the earth and main.
- 3 Hallelujah !—hark ! the sound,
 From the depths unto the skies,
 Wakes above, beneath, around,
 All creation's harmonies.
- 4 See Jehovah's banner furled ;
 Sheathed his sword : he speaks—'tis done !
 And the kingdoms of the world
 Are the kingdoms of his Son.

238

L. M.

POPE.

Reign of the Messiah.

RISE, crowned with light, great Salem, rise!
 Exalt thine head and lift thine eyes ;
 See a long race thy courts adorn,
 Of sons and daughters yet unborn.

- 2 See nations at thy gates attend,
 And lowly in thy temple bend ;
 See crowds on every side arise,
 Eager to mount above the skies.
- 3 See heaven its portals wide display,
 And pour on thee a flood of day !
 Thy day shall shine forever bright,
 For God himself shall be thy light.
- 4 What though the skies in smoke decay,
 Rocks fall, and mountains melt away !
 Fixed is his word, his power remains :
 Thy glorious King, Messiah, reigns !

239

L. M.

SHIRLEY.

Hallelujahs.

- WORTHY the Lamb of boundless sway,
 In earth and heaven the Lord of all!
 Let all the powers of earth obey,
 And low before his footstool fall.
- 2 Higher, still higher swell the strain;
 Creation's voice the note prolong!
 Jesus, the Lamb, shall ever reign:
 Let hallelujahs crown the song.

240

L. M.

LOGAN.

A Merciful and Faithful High-Priest.

- WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
 The house of God not made with hands,
 A great High-Priest our nature wears,
 The guardian of mankind appears.
- 2 Though now ascended up on high,
 He bends to earth a brother's eye;
 Partaker of the human name,
 He knows the frailty of our frame.
- 3 Our fellow-sufferer yet retains
 A fellow-feeling of our pains;
 And still remembers, in the skies,
 His tears, his agonies, and cries.
- 4 In every pang that rends the heart,
 The Man of Sorrows had a part;
 He sympathizes with our grief,
 And to the sufferer sends relief.
- 5 With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
 Let us make all our sorrows known,
 And ask the aid of heavenly power
 To help us in the evil hour.

241

7s.

LANGFORD.

Rejoicing in Jesus.

NOW begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name;
Ye who his salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Welcome, all by sin oppressed,
Welcome to his sacred rest:
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

3 Hither, then, your music bring;
Strike aloud each joyful string;
Mortals, join the hosts above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

242

8s & 7s.

BAKEWELL.

Jesus Exalted to the Throne.

JESUS, hail! enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side.

2 There for sinners thou art pleading,
There thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

3 Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.

4 Help, ye bright angelic spirits!
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

243

6s & 4s.

JAS. BODEN.

Worthy the Lamb.

COME, all ye saints of God,
 Wide through the earth abroad
 Spread Jesus' fame:
 Tell what his love hath done;
 Trust in his name alone;
 Shout to his lofty throne,
 Worthy the Lamb!

2 Hence, gloomy doubts and fears!
 Dry up your mournful tears;
 Swell the glad theme:
 To Christ, our gracious King,
 Strike each melodious string;
 Join heart and voice to sing,
 Worthy the Lamb!

3 Hark! how the choirs above,
 Filled with the Saviour's love,
 Dwell on his name!
 There, too, may we be found
 With light and glory crowned,
 While all the heavens resound,
 Worthy the Lamb!

244

8s, 7s & 4s.

KELLY.

Coronation of the King of Kings.

LOOK, ye saints:—the sight is glorious;—
 See the Man of sorrows now;
 From the fight returned victorious,
 Every knee to him shall bow:
 Crown him, crown him;
 Crowns become the Victor's brow.

2 Crown the Saviour, angels, crown him;
 Rich the trophies Jesus brings;

In the seat of power enthrone him,
While the heavenly concave rings :
Crown him, crown him ;
Crown the Saviour King of kings.

- 3 Sinners in derision crowned him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim ;
Saints and angels crowd around him,
Own his title, praise his name :
Crown him, crown him ;
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.
- 4 Hark ! those bursts of acclamation !
Hark ! those loud, triumphant chords !
Jesus takes the highest station ;
Oh, what joy the sight affords !
Crown him, crown him,
King of kings and Lord of lords.

245

C. M.

ANON.

The Reign of Christ.

SAY to the nations, Jesus reigns,
God's own Almighty Son ;
His power the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds his throne.

- 2 Let heaven proclaim the joyful day ;
Joy through the earth be seen ;
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.
- 3 Let an unusual joy surprise
The islands of the sea ;
Ye mountains, sink ; ye valleys, rise ;
Prepare the Lord his way.
- 4 Behold, he comes, he comes to bless
The nations as their God ;
To show the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.

246

C. M.

PERONETT.

The Coronation.

- ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
 Let angels prostrate fall;
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
 A remnant weak and small,
 Hail him who saves you by his grace,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall;
 Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 5 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng
 We at his feet may fall!
 We'll join the everlasting song,
 And crown him Lord of all.

247

8s & 7s.

ROBINSON.

Praise to the Saviour.

L ORD of every land and nation!
 Ancient of eternal days!
 Sounded through the wide creation,
 Be thy just, exalted praise.
 For the grandeur of thy nature,
 Grand beyond a seraph's thought;
 For the wonders of creation,
 Works with skill and kindness wrought.

- 2 For thy rich, thy free redemption,
Bright, though veiled in darkness long,
Thought is poor, and poor expression:
Who can sing that wondrous song?
Brightness of the Father's glory!
Shall thy praise unuttered lie?
Break, my tongue, such guilty silence,
Sing the Lord who came to die.
- 3 From the highest throne of glory,
To the cross of deepest woe,
Came to ransom guilty captives;
Flow, my praise, forever flow:
Reascend, immortal Saviour!
Leave thy footstool, take thy throne:
Thence return and reign forever;
Be the kingdom all thy own.

248

7s.

KELLY.

A Victorious Saviour.

- CROWNS of glory ever bright,
Rest upon the Conqueror's head;
Crowns of glory are his right, —
His who liveth and was dead.
- 2 He subdued the powers of hell;
In the fight he stood alone:
All his foes before him fell,
By his single arm o'erthrown.
 - 3 His the battle, his the toil;
His the honors of the day;
His the glory and the spoil:
Jesus bears them all away.
 - 4 Now proclaim his deeds afar;
Fill the world with his renown;
His alone the victor's car;
His the everlasting crown!

249

IOS & IIS. C. WESLEY.

Praise of our Jesus, our King.

- Y**E servants of God, your Master proclaim,
 And publish abroad his wonderful name;
 The name all-victorious of Jesus extol;
 His kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.
- 2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
 And still he is nigh; his presence we have:
 The great congregation his triumph shall
 sing,
 Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.
- 3 Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,
 Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son:
 The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
 Fall down on their faces, and worship the
 Lamb.
- 4 Then let us adore, and give him his right,
 All glory and power, and wisdom and might,
 All honor and blessing, with angels above,
 And thanks never ceasing, and infinite love.

250

C. M.

NEWTON.

At the Right Hand of the Majesty on High.

- H**E who on earth as man was known,
 And bore our sins and pains,
 Now, seated on th' eternal throne,
 The God of glory reigns.
- 2 His hands the wheels of nature guide
 With an unerring skill,
 And countless worlds, extended wide,
 Obey his sovereign will.
- 3 While harps unnumbered sound his praise
 In yonder world above,

APPELLATIONS.

His saints on earth admire his ways,
And glory in his love.

- 4 When troubles, like a burning sun,
Beat heavy on their head,
To this almighty Rock they run,
And find a pleasing shade.
- 5 How glorious he! how happy they,
In such a glorious Friend!
Whose love secures them all the way,
And crowns them at the end.
-

APPELLATIONS.

251

C. M.

DOANE.

The Way, the Truth, the Life.

- T**HOU art the Way: to thee alone
From sin and death we flee:
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.
- 2 Thou art the Truth: thy word alone
True wisdom can impart:
Thou only canst instruct the mind,
And purify the heart.
- 3 Thou art the Life: the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.
- 4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life:
Grant us to know that Way;
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Which leads to endless day.

252

C. M.

NEWTON.

He is Precious.

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!

It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Jesus! my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

4 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

5 Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

253

C. M. D.

CONDER.

Various Titles.

SUBSTANTIAL Truth, O Christ, thou art,
The Witness and the Theme;
The Light of life thou dost impart,
And by thy Truth redeem.

Thee of thy Church the only Head,
Master and Lord we own;
And by thy Word and Spirit led,
Will follow thee alone.

- 2 Thou Lamb of God for sinners slain,
 We glorify thy love ;
 High-Priest in heaven's eternal fane,
 Our Advocate above.
 Now, through thy rended veil of flesh,
 We dare the Throne draw nigh,
 And, sprinkled with thy blood afresh,
 With boldness, Abba, cry.
- 3 Thou art the King of glory, Lord,
 Of every realm and race ;
 Omnipotent thy sovereign word,
 Invincible thy grace.
 Assume thy universal sway,
 Tread down thy monster foes ;
 Let earth and heaven thy will obey,
 And sin's mad conflict close.

254

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

The Name Over All.

- B**Y faith the upper choir we meet,
 And challenge them to sing
 Jehovah on his shining seat,
 Our Maker and our King.
- 2 But God made flesh is wholly ours,
 And asks our noblest strain ;
 The Father of celestial powers,
 The Friend of earth-born man.
- 3 Ye seraphs, nearest to the throne,
 With rapturous amaze
 On us, poor ransomed worms, look down
 For heaven's superior praise.
- 4 The King whose glorious face ye see,
 For us his crown resigned ;
 That fullness of the Deity, —
 He died for all mankind !

255

8s & 7s.

E. ROBERTS.

The Sweetest Name.

THERE is no name so sweet on earth,
 No name so sweet in heaven,
 The name before his wondrous birth
 To Christ the Saviour given.

Chorus.—We love to sing around our King,
 And hail him blessèd Jesus;
 For there 's no word ear ever heard
 So dear, so sweet, as Jesus.

2 His human name they did proclaim
 When Abr'am's son they sealed him,
 The name that still, by God's good will,
 Deliverer revealed him.

3 And when he hung upon the tree,
 They wrote this name above him,
 That all the world might clearly see,
 And evermore might love him.

4 So now upon his Father's throne,
 Almighty to release us
 From sins and pains, he gladly reigns,
 The Prince and Saviour, Jesus.

256

C. M.

MASON.

Manifold Names.

I 'VE found the Pearl of greatest price,
 My heart doth gladly cry,
 And sing I must, for Christ I have,
 A precious Christ have I.

2 Christ Jesus is the Lord of lords,
 He is the King of kings,
 He is the Sun of righteousness,
 With healing in his wings.

- 3 Christ is my Father and my Friend,
My Brother and my Love;
My Head, my Hope, my Counselor,
My Advocate above.
- 4 Christ Jesus is the Heaven of heaven;
My Christ, what shall I call?
Christ is the first, Christ is the last,
Yea, Christ is all in all.
- 5 All glory to the God of love,
One God in persons three;
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
One equal glory be.

257

C. M.

BEDDOME.

Delight of Jesus' Name.

JESUS, delightful, charming name!
It spreads a fragrance round;
Justice and mercy, truth and peace,
In union here are found.

- 2 He is our life, our joy, our strength;
In him all glories meet;
He is a shade above our heads,
A light to guide our feet.
- 3 The thickest clouds are soon dispersed,
If Jesus shows his face;
To weary, heavy-laden souls
He is the resting-place.
- 4 When storms arise and tempests blow,
He speaks the stilling word;
The threatening billows cease to flow,
The winds obey their Lord.

258

L. M.

ANON.

Matchless Names.

CHRIST is our Rock and our Defense,
Nor earth nor hell can force us thence:
Our Advocate before the throne,
Who with our prayers presents his own.

- 2 He is the burdened sinner's Rest,
Our Prophet, and atoning Priest;
To him as our exalted King,
We homage pay, our offering bring.
- 3 He is our Captain and our Guide,
The Friend, the Husband of the bride;
The Counselor, the Prince of peace,
The Lord our strength and righteousness:
- 4 The Fountain whence our blessings flow,
A Lamb, and yet a Lion, too;
The Sun for light and guidance given,
The Door which opens into heaven.
- 5 He is the Shepherd of the sheep,
Who does his flock in safety keep;
The Conqueror he, the Judge of men,
The Faithful Witness, the Amen!

259

P. M.

NEWTON.

The Friend of Friends.

ONE there is above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend:
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end:
They who his affections prove,
Find his heart abounds with love.

- 2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in him to God:

- This was boundless love indeed;
 Jesus is a friend in need.
- 3 When he lived on earth abasèd,
 Friend of sinners was his name;
 Now, above all glory raisèd,
 He rejoices in the same;
 Still he calls them brethren, friends,
 And to all their wants attends.
- 4 Oh for grace our hearts to soften!
 Teach us, Lord, thy name to love;
 We, alas! forget too often
 What a Friend we have above:
 But if there our souls are brought,
 We will love thee as we ought.

260

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

The Name of Jesus Precious.

- JESUS! I love thy charming name,
 'Tis music to my ear;
 Fain would I sound it out so loud,
 That earth and heaven might hear.
- 2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
 My transport and my trust;
 Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
 And gold but sordid dust.
- 3 All my capacious powers can wish,
 In thee doth richly meet;
 Not to my eyes is light so dear,
 Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
 And shed its fragrance there;
 The noblest balm of all its wounds,
 The cordial of its care.
- 5 I'll speak the honors of thy name
 With my last laboring breath;
 And, dying, triumph in thy cross,
 The antidote of death.

261

8s, 6s & 4s.

BRYDGES.

The Slain Lamb of God.

BEHOLD the Lamb!
 Archangels, fold your wings;
 Seraphs, hush all the strings

Of million lyres:

The Victim, veiled on earth, in love
 Unveiled, enthroned, adored above,
 All heaven admires!

2 Behold the Lamb!

Drop down, ye glorious skies,
 He dies, he dies, he dies

For man once lost!

Yet lo! he lives, he lives, he lives,
 And to his church himself he gives,
 Incarnate host!

3 Behold the Lamb!

All hail, Eternal Word!

Thou universal Lord,

Purge out our leaven;

Clothe us with godliness and good;

Feed us with thy celestial food,

Manna from heaven!

4 Behold the Lamb!

Saints wrapped in blissful rest,

Souls waiting to be blest,

Oh, Lord, how long!

Thou church on earth, o'erwhelmed with fears,
 Still in this vale of woe and tears,

Swell the full song.

5 Behold the Lamb!

Worthy is he alone,

To sit upon the throne

Of God above!

One with the Ancient of all days,

One with the Paraclete in praise,

All light, all love!

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

262

8 lines 8s.

C. WESLEY.

Prayer for the Spirit.

COME, holy, celestial Dove!
And visit a sorrowful breast,
My burden of guilt to remove,
And bring me assurance and rest:
Thou only hast power to relieve
A sinner o'erwhelmed with his load,
The sense of acceptance to give,
And sprinkle his heart with the blood.

- 2 If, when I have put thee to grief,
And madly to folly returned,
Thy pity has been my relief,
And lifted me up as I mourned,
Most pitiful Spirit of grace
Relieve me again and restore;
My spirit in holiness raise,
To fall and to suffer no more.
- 3 If now I lament after God,
And pant for a taste of his love,
If Jesus hath bought thee with blood,
For me to receive from above,
Come, heavenly Comforter, come,
True witness of mercy divine!
And make me thy permanent home,
And seal me eternally thine.

263

7s.

STOCKER.

Light and Life.

GRACIOUS Spirit, Love divine!
 Let thy light within me shine;
 All my guilty fears remove,
 Fill me with thy heavenly love.

2 Speak thy pardoning grace to me;
 Set the burdened sinner free;
 Lead me to the Lamb of God,
 Wash me in his precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart,
 Seal salvation on my heart;
 Breathe thyself into my breast,—
 Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from thee stray,
 Keep me in the narrow way;
 Fill my soul with joy divine,
 Keep me, Lord! forever thine.

264

7s & 6s P. C. WESLEY.

Seeking His Power and Grace.

FATHER of our dying Lord,
 Remember us for good;
 Oh, fulfill his faithful word,
 And hear his speaking blood.
 Give us that for which he prays:
 Father, glorify thy Son;
 Show his truth, and power, and grace,
 And send the promise down.

2 True and faithful Witness, thou,
 O Christ, the Spirit give;
 Hast thou not received him now,
 That we might now receive?

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

Art thou not the living Head?
Life to all thy limbs impart;
Shed thy love, thy Spirit shed,
In every waiting heart.

- 3 Holy Ghost, the Comforter,
The gift of Jesus, come;
Glow our hearts to find thee near,
And swell to make thee room;
Present with us thee we feel;
Come, oh, come, and in us be;
With us, in us, live and dwell,
To all eternity.

265 6 lines L. M. C. WESLEY.

The Abiding Guest.

OH that the Comforter would come!
Nor visit as a transient guest,
But fix in me his constant home,
And keep possession of my breast,
And make my soul his loved abode,
The temple of indwelling God.

- 2 Come, Holy Ghost! my soul inspire,
Attest that I am born again;
Come, and baptize me, Lord, with fire;
Let no more doubt or cloud remain;
Give me the sense of sin forgiven,
Sweet foretaste of approaching heaven.
- 3 Oh, give the indisputable seal
That witnesses the kingdom mine;
That seal of heaven I long to feel,
The signature of love divine;
Oh, shed it in my heart abroad,
Fullness of love, of heaven, of God!

266

S. M.

ANON.

The Comforter.

THE Comforter has come,
 We feel his presence here;
 Our hearts would now no longer roam,
 But bow in filial fear.

2 This tenderness of love,
 This hush of solemn power,—
 'Tis heaven descending from above,
 To fill this favored hour.

3 Earth's darkness all has fled,
 Heaven's light serenely shines,
 And every heart, divinely led,
 To holy thought inclines.

4 No more let sin deceive,
 Nor earthly cares betray,
 Oh, let us never, never grieve
 The Comforter away!

267

L. M.

BROWNE.

Prayer for the Spirit.

COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With light and comfort from above:
 Be thou our guardian, thou our guide!
 O'er every thought and step preside.

2 To us the light of truth display,
 And make us know and choose thy way;
 Plant holy fear in every heart,
 That we from God may ne'er depart.

3 Lead us to holiness — the road
 That we must take to dwell with God;
 Lead us to Christ, the living way,
 Nor let us from his precepts stray.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- 4 Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with him, forever blest;
Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share —
Fullness of joy forever there!

268

C. M.

WATTS.

Influences of the Spirit.

WHY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend, and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.

- 2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints
And show my sins forgiven?
- 3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart
That I am born of God.
- 4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

269

L. M.

TOPLADY.

Quickening Gales of the Spirit.

AT anchor laid, remote from home,
To thee I cry, O Spirit, come!
Celestial breeze, no longer stay,
But swell my sails and speed my way.

- 2 Fain would I feel the Spirit move,
In breathings of celestial love;
And while I spread my feeble sails,
Oh, send thy gentle, quickening gales!

270

8s & 7s. R. ROBINSON.

Fountain of Blessing.

COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
 Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise.
 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
 Sung by flaming tongues above;
 Praise the mount — I'm fixed upon it;
 Mount of thy redeeming love!

- 2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer;
 Hither by thy help I'm come;
 And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God,
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interposed his precious blood.
- 3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor,
 Daily I'm constrained to be!
 Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to thee:
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it —
 Prone to leave the God I love:
 Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it;
 Seal it for thy courts above.

271

S. M. C. WESLEY.

The Revealing and Witnessing Spirit.

SPIRIT of faith, come down,
 Reveal the things of God;
 And make to us the Godhead known,
 And witness with the blood;

- 'Tis thine the blood t' apply,
 And give us eyes to see
 That he who did for sinners die,
 Hath surely died for me.
- 2 No man can truly say
 That Jesus is the Lord,
 Unless thou take the veil away,
 And breathe the living word:
 Then, only then we feel
 Our interest in his blood,
 And cry, with joy unspeakable,
 Thou art my Lord, my God!
- 3 Oh, that the world might know
 The all-atoning Lamb!
 Spirit of faith, descend and show
 The virtue of his Name:
 The grace which all may find,
 The saving power impart;
 And testify to all mankind,
 And speak in every heart.

272

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

The Choicest Gift.

- G**REAT Father of each perfect gift,
 Behold thy servants wait;
 With longing eyes and lifted hands
 We flock around thy gate.
- 2 Oh, shed abroad that choicest gift,
 Thy Spirit from above,
 To cheer our eyes with sacred light,
 And fire our hearts with love.
- 3 Blest earnest of eternal joy,
 Declare our sins forgiven;
 And bear with energy divine,
 Our raptured thoughts to heaven.

273

S. M. MONTGOMERY.

The Holy Ghost Almighty.

LORD God, the Holy Ghost,
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all thy power.

- 2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord —
The Spirit of all grace.
- 3 Like mighty rushing wind,
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind —
One soul, one feeling breathe.
- 4 The young, the old, inspire
With wisdom from above,
And give us hearts and tongues of fire
To pray, and praise, and love.

274

8s & 7s.

JACOBI.

Dispeller of Darkness.

HOLY Ghost! dispel our sadness!
Pierce the clouds of sinful night;
Come, thou source of sweetest gladness,
Breathe thy Life, and spread thy Light.

- 2 From that height which knows no measure,
As a gracious shower descend,
Bringing down the richest treasure
Men can wish or God can send.
- 3 Known to thee are all recesses
Of the earth and spreading skies;
Every sand the shore possesses,
Thy omniscient mind describes.

- 4 Manifest thy love forever;
 Fence us in on every side;
 In distress be our reliever,
 Guide and teach, support and guide.

275

C. M.

FABER.

The Invisible Companion.

- NO track is on the sunny sky,
 No footprints on the air:
 Jesus hath gone; the face of earth
 Is desolate and bare.
- 2 That upper room is heaven on earth;
 Within its precincts lie
 All that earth has of faith or hope
 Or heaven-born charity.
- 3 One moment — and the silentness
 Was breathless as the grave:
 The fluttered earth forgot to quake,
 The troubled trees to wave.
- 4 He comes! he comes! that mighty breath
 From heaven's eternal shores;
 His uncreated freshness fills
 His Bride, as she adores.
- 5 Earth quakes before that rushing blast,
 Heaven echoes back the sound,
 And mightily the tempest wheels
 That upper room around.
- 6 One moment — and the Spirit hung
 O'er all with dread desire;
 Then broke upon the heads of all
 In cloven tongues of fire!

276

C. M.

Haweis.

Source of Light and Joy.

GREAT Spirit, by whose mighty power
All creatures live and move,
On us thy benediction shower;
Inspire our souls with love.

2 Hail, Source of light! arise and shine;
All gloom and doubt dispel:
Give peace and joy, for we are thine;
In us forever dwell.

3 From death to life our spirits raise,
And full redemption bring;
New tongues impart to speak the praise
Of Christ, our God and King.

4 Thine inward witness bear, unknown
To all the world beside;
With joy we then shall feel and own
Our Saviour glorified.

277

C. M.

Seagrave.

The Reviving Spirit.

NOW may the Spirit's holy fire,
Descending from above,
His waiting family inspire
With joy, and peace, and love.

2 Great Comforter! our souls confess,
Without thy presence here,
Our songs of praise are vain address—
We utter heartless prayer.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

3 Wake, heavenly wind! arise and come,
Blow on the drooping field;
Our spices then shall breathe perfume,
And fragrant incense yield.

4 Touch with a living coal the lip
That shall proclaim thy word,
And bid the whole assembly keep
Attention to thee, Lord.

278

S. M.

HART.

The Illuminating Power.

COME, Holy Spirit, come!
Let thy bright beams arise:
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

2 Convince us of our sin;
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The mercies of our God.

3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

5 Come, Holy Spirit, come!
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son, and Thee.

279

8s & 4s.

LYLE.

The Source of Every Good Gift.

- OUR blest Redeemer, ere he breathed
 His last farewell,
 A guide, a comforter, bequeathed
 With us to dwell.
- 2 He comes his graces to impart;
 A willing guest,
 While he can find one humble heart
 Wherein to rest.
- 3 And all the good that we possess,
 His gift we own;
 Yea, every thought of holiness,
 And victory won.
- 4 Spirit of purity and grace,
 Our weakness see:
 Oh, make our hearts thy dwelling-place,
 And worthier thee.

280

8s & 7s.

McDUFF.

Spirit of All Truth.

- FROM thy habitation holy,
 Spirit of all truth! descend,
 While we sinners, poor and lowly,
 At the throne of mercy bend.
- 2 Come thou, as the dew of Hermon
 Softly falls on Zion's hill;
 Let us in thy strength determine
 Henceforth to obey thy will.
- 3 Brooding o'er us as on chaos,
 Cause our darkness to retreat;
 Shine into our hearts, and lay us
 Humbled at the Mercy-Seat.

4 When the heart is crushed and broken,
When bereavement dims the eye,
Let us claim the promise spoken
By those lips which can not lie.

5 When we tread the waves of Jordan,
Oh, be near us, Sacred Guest!
Seal to us our hope of pardon,
Guide us to eternal rest.

281

C. M.

BONAR.

Come, Mighty Spirit.

COME, mighty Spirit, penetrate
This heart and soul of mine;
And my whole being with thy grace
Pervade, O Life divine.

2 As this clear air surrounds the earth,
Thy grace around me roll;
As the fresh light pervades the air,
So pierce and fill my soul.

3 As from these clouds drops down in love
The precious summer rain,
So from thyself pour down the flood
That freshens all again.

4 As these fair flowers exhale their scent
In gladness at our feet,
So from thyself let fragrance breathe,
More heavenly and more sweet.

5 Thus life within our lifeless hearts
Shall make its glad abode;
And we shall shine in beauteous light,
Filled with the light of God.

THE TRINITY.

282

L. M.

ANCIENT.

The Godhead Infinite.

BLEST Trinity! from mortal sight
Veiled in thine own eternal Light!
We thee confess, in thee believe;
To thee with loving hearts we cleave.

- 2 O Father! thou Most Holy One!
O God of God! Eternal Son!
O Holy Ghost! thou Love divine!
To join them both is ever thine.
- 3 The Father is in God the Son,
And with the Father he is One;
In both the Spirit doth abide,
And with them both is glorified.
- 4 Eternal Father! thee we praise;
To thee, O Son! our hymns we raise;
O Holy Ghost! we thee adore!
One mighty God, for evermore!

283

L. M.

J. WESLEY.

The Co-equal and Co-eternal Three.

BLESSING and honor, praise and love,
Co-equal, co-eternal Three!
In earth below and heaven above,
By all thy works be paid to thee.

- 2 Thrice Holy! thine the kingdom is,
 The power omnipotent is thine;
 And when created nature dies,
 Thy never-ceasing glories shine.

284

6s & 4s.

C. WESLEY.

One in Three.

COME, thou Almighty King,
 Help us thy name to sing,
 Help us to praise:
 Father all-glorious,
 O'er all victorious,
 Come and reign over us,
 Ancient of days.

- 2 Come, thou Incarnate Word;
 Jesus, our glorious Lord,
 Our prayer attend:
 Come, and thy people bless;
 Come, give thy word success:
 Spirit of holiness,
 On us descend.
- 3 Come, holy Comforter,
 Thy sacred witness bear
 In this glad hour:
 Thou who Almighty art,
 Now rule in every heart,
 And ne'er from us depart,
 Spirit of power.
- 4 To the great ONE in THREE,
 The highest praises be,
 Hence evermore:
 His sovereign majesty
 May we in glory see,
 And to eternity
 Love and adore.

285

L. M.

NEWTON.

Three in One.

THE peace which God alone reveals,
And by his word of grace imparts,
Which only the believer feels,
Direct and keep, and cheer our hearts.

- 2 And may the Holy Three in One,
The Father, Word, and Comforter,
Pour an abundant blessing down
On every soul assembled here.

286

L. M.

ANON.

The Wondrous Name.

GREAT One in Three, great Three in One!
Thy wondrous name we sound abroad;
Prostrate we fall before thy throne,
O holy, holy, holy Lord!

- 2 Thee, Holy Father, we confess;
Thee, Holy Saviour, we adore;
And thee, O Holy Ghost, we bless
And praise and worship evermore.
- 3 Thou art by heaven and earth adored;
Thy universe is full of thee,
O holy, holy, holy Lord!
Great Three in One, great One in Three!

287

H. M.

WATTS.

Eternal Trinity.

WE give immortal praise
For God the Father's love,
For all our comforts here
And better hopes above:
He sent his own eternal Son
To die for sins that we had done.

- 2 To God the Son belongs
 Immortal glory too,
 Who bought us with his blood
 From everlasting woe :
 And now he lives and now he reigns,
 And sees the fruit of all his pains.
- 3 To God the Spirit's name
 Immortal worship give,
 Whose new-creating power
 Makes the dead sinner live :
 His work completes the great design,
 And fills the soul with joy divine.
- 4 Almighty God ! to thee
 Be endless honors done,
 The undivided Three,
 The great and glorious One :
 Where reason fails, with all her powers,
 There faith prevails and love adores.

288

6s & 4s.

ANON.

The Blessed Three.

TO God, the Father, Son,
 And Spirit, Three in One,
 All praise be given !
 Crown him, in every song ;
 To him your hearts belong ;
 Let all his praise prolong,
 On earth, in heaven.

- 2 Come, O ye bless'd Three !
 Come now and visit me ;
 Dwell in my breast.
 Have ye not chosen me ?
 Have ye not ransomed me ?
 Have ye not seal'd me ?
 Then with me rest.

PRAYER.

289

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

The Spirit of Prayer.

THE praying spirit breathe ;
The watching power impart ;
From all entanglements beneath
Call off my peaceful heart ;
My feeble mind sustain,
By worldly thoughts oppressed :
Appear, and bid me turn again
To my eternal rest.

- 2 Swift to my rescue come ;
Thine own this moment seize ;
Gather my wandering spirit home,
And keep in perfect peace :
Suffered no more to rove
O'er all the earth abroad,
Arrest the prisoner of thy love,
And shut me up in God.

290

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

What is Prayer.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Unuttered or expressed ;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try ;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death,
He enters heaven with prayer.

291

L. M.

COWPER.

Hindrances to Prayer.

WHAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat !
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer
But wishes to be often there ?

2 Prayer makes the darkened clouds withdraw ;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw ;
Gives exercise to faith and love ;
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight ;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright ;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 Have you no words ? Ah, think again :
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill a fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.

5 Were half the breath thus vainly spent
To heaven in supplication sent,
Our cheerful song would oftener be,
Hear what the Lord hath done for me.

292

7s (Double).

GRANT.

Prayer in the Name of Jesus.

S AVIOUR, when, in dust, to thee
 Low we bow the adoring knee —
 When, repentant, to the skies
 Scarce we lift our streaming eyes —
 Oh, by all thy pain and woe
 Suffered once for man below,
 Bending from thy throne on high,
 Hear us when to thee we cry.

2 By thine hour of dark despair;
 By thine agony of prayer;
 By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
 Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;
 By the gloom that veiled the skies
 O'er the dreadful sacrifice —
 Jesus, look, with pitying eye;
 Listen to our humble cry.

3 By thy deep, expiring groan;
 By the sad, sepulchral stone;
 By the vault whose dark abode
 Held in vain the rising God —
 Oh, from earth to heaven restored,
 Mighty, re-ascended Lord,
 Saviour, Prince, exalted high,
 Hear us when to thee we cry.

293

7s.

C. WESLEY.

God Hears Prayer.

G OD of love, that hear'st the prayer,
 Kindly for thy people care:
 Who on thee alone depend,
 Love us, save us to the end.

PRAYER.

- 2 Save us in the prosperous hour,
From the flattering tempter's power,
From his unsuspected wiles,
From the world's pernicious smiles.
- 3 Never let the world break in ;
Fix a mighty gulf between :
Keep us little and unknown,
Prized and loved by God alone.
- 4 Let us still to thee look up,
Thee, thy Israel's strength and hope ;
Nothing know or seek beside
Jesus, and him crucified.

294

L. M.

HART.

Design of Prayer.

PRAYER is appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give :
Long as they live should Christians pray ;
They learn to pray when first they live.

- 2 If pain afflict or wrongs oppress ;
If cares distract or fears dismay ;
If guilt deject, if sin distress ;
In every case still watch and pray.
- 3 'Tis prayer supports the soul that 's weak,
Though thought be broken, language lame ;
Pray, if thou canst or canst not speak,
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.
- 4 Depend on him, thou canst not fail ;
Make all thy wants and wishes known ;
Fear not, his merits must prevail ;
Ask but in faith, it shall be done.

295

L. M.

ANON.

For Present Answers.

L ORD, may thy truth upon the heart
 Now fall, and dwell as heavenly dew,
 And flowers of grace in freshness start
 Where once the weeds of error grew.

- 2 May prayer now lift her sacred wings,
 Contented with that aim alone
 Which bears her to the King of kings,
 And rests her at his sheltering throne.

296

S. M.

E. TAYLOR.

Invitations to Prayer.

C OME to the house of prayer!
 Oh, thou afflicted, come;
 The God of peace shall meet thee there;
 He makes that house his home.

- 2 Come to the house of praise!
 Ye who are happy now,
 In sweet accord your voices raise,
 In kindred homage bow.
- 3 Ye aged, hither come!
 For ye have felt his love;
 So shall your trembling tongues be dumb,
 Your lips forget to move.
- 4 Ye young, before his throne,
 Come, bow; your voices raise;
 Let not your hearts his praise disown,
 Who gives the power to praise.
- 5 Thou, whose benignant eye
 In mercy looks on all,
 Who seest the tear of misery,
 And hear'st the mourner's call,

PRAYER.

- 6 Up to thy dwelling-place,
Bear our frail spirits on,
Till they outstrip time's tardy pace,
And heaven on earth be won.

297

C. M. MONTGOMERY.

True Devotion.

- L ORD, teach us how to pray aright,
With reverence and with fear;
Though dust and ashes in thy sight,
We may, we must draw near.
- 2 God of all grace, we come to thee
With broken, contrite hearts;
Give what thine eye delights to see,—
Truth in the inward parts.
- 3 Patience to watch, and wait, and weep,
Though mercy long delay;
Courage our fainting souls to keep,
And trust thee, though thou slay.
- 4 Give these, and then thy will be done;
Thus strengthened with all might,
We, by thy Spirit and thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.

298

C. M. MRS. SIGOURNEY.

True Prayer.

- T HE Lord is on his holy throne,
He sits in kingly state;
Let those who for his favors seek,
In humble silence wait.
- 2 True prayer is not th'imposing sound
That clamorous lips repeat;
But the deep silence of a soul
That clasps Jehovah's feet.

299

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

The God of our Fathers.

O GOD of Abram, by whose hand
 Thy people still are fed,
 Who, through this weary pilgrimage,
 Hast all our fathers led;—

- 2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
 Before thy throne of grace:
 God of our fathers, be the God
 Of their succeeding race.
- 3 Through each perplexing path of life
 Our wandering footsteps guide;
 Give us each day our daily bread,
 And raiment fit provide.
- 4 Oh, spread thy covering wings around,
 Till all our wanderings cease,
 And at our Father's loved abode
 Our feet arrive in peace.
- 5 Now, with the humble voice of prayer,
 Thy mercy we'll implore;
 Then, with the grateful voice of praise,
 Thy goodness we'll adore.

300

C. M.

COBBIN.

A Throne of Grace.

A THRONE of grace! then let us go
 And offer up our prayer;
 A gracious God will mercy show
 To all that worship there.

- 2 A throne of grace! oh, at that throne
 Our knees have often bent,
 And God has showered his blessings down
 As often as we went.

- 3 A throne of grace ! rejoice, ye saints ;
That throne is open still ;
To God unbosom your complaints,
And then inquire his will.
- 4 A throne of grace we yet shall need
Long as we draw our breath ;
A Saviour, too, to intercede,
Till we are changed by death.
- 5 The throne of glory then shall glow
With beams from Jesus' face,
And we no longer want shall know,
Nor need a throne of grace.

301

L. M.

ANON.

Times and Subjects of Prayer.

BE still ! be still ! for all around,
On either hand, is holy ground :
Here in his house, the Lord to-day
Will listen while his people pray.

- 2 Thou, tossed upon the waves of care,
Ready to sink with deep despair,
Here ask relief, with heart sincere,
And thou shalt find that God is here.
- 3 Thou who hast laid within the grave
Those whom thou hadst no power to save,
Believe their spirits now are near,
For angels wait while God is here.
- 4 Thou who hast dear ones far away
In foreign lands, 'mid ocean's spray,
Pray for them now, and dry the tear,
And trust the God who listens here.
- 5 Thou who art mourning o'er thy sin,
Deploring guilt that reigns within,
The God of peace is ever near ;
The troubled spirit meets him here.

302

L. M. D.

WALFORD.

Sweet Hour of Prayer.

SWEET hour of prayer! sweet hour of
prayer!

That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known;
In seasons of distress and grief
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolation share,
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height
I view my home, and take my flight;
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize,
And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!

303

S. M.

WESTON.

Importunate Prayer.

JESUS, who knows full well
The heart of every saint,
Invites us all our grief to tell,
To pray and never faint.

- 2 He bows his gracious ear —
We never plead in vain;
Then let us wait till he appear,
And pray and pray again.
- 3 Jesus, the Lord, will hear
His chosen when they cry;
Yes, though he may awhile forbear,
He'll help them from on high.
- 4 Then let us earnest cry,
And never faint in prayer;
He sees, he hears, and from on high
Will make our cause his care.

304

H. M. JOHN BURTON.

The Hearer of Prayer.

- THOU that hearest prayer,
Attend our humble cry;
And let thy servants share
Thy blessings from on high:
We plead the promise of thy word;
Grant us thy Holy Spirit, Lord!
- 2 If earthly parents hear
Their children when they cry;
If they, with love sincere,
Their children's wants supply;
Much more wilt thou thy love display,
And answer, when thy children pray.
 - 3 Our Heavenly Father thou —
We, children of thy grace —
Oh, let thy Spirit now
Descend and fill the place;
That all may feel the heavenly flame,
And all unite to praise thy name.

305

S. M.
At All Times.

ANON.

COME at the morning hour,
Come, let us kneel and pray ;
Prayer is the Christian pilgrim's staff
To walk with God all day.

- 2 At noon, beneath the Rock
Of ages, rest and pray ;
Sweet is that shelter from the sun
In weary heat of day.
- 3 At evening, in thy home,
Around its altar, pray ;
And finding there the house of God,
With heaven then close the day.
- 4 When midnight veils our eyes,
Oh, it is sweet to say,
I sleep, but my heart waketh, Lord !
With thee to watch and pray.

306

S. M. MONTGOMERY.

The Lord's Prayer.

OUR Heavenly Father, hear
The prayer we offer now ;
Thy name be hallowed far and near ;
To thee all nations bow !

- 2 Thy kingdom come ; thy will
On earth be done in love,
As saints and seraphim fulfill
Thy perfect law above.
- 3 Our daily bread supply,
While by thy word we live ;
The guilt of our iniquity
Forgive, as we forgive.
- 4 From dark temptation's power,
From Satan's wiles defend ;

PRAYER.

Deliver in the evil hour,
And guide us to the end.

5 Thine, then, forever be
Glory and power divine;
The scepter, throne, and majesty
Of heaven and earth are thine.

6 Thus humbly taught to pray,
By thy beloved Son,
Through him we come to thee, and say,
All for his sake be done!

307

7s.

ANON.

Sacred Breathings.

HEAVENLY Spirit! may each heart
Through these sacred hours be thine;
May we from the world depart,
Breathing after things divine.

2 Lead us forth with joy and peace,
To thy temple, in thy ways;
And when this sweet day shall cease,
May its sun go down with praise.

308

6 lines 7s.

COBBIN.

Close of a Prayer-Meeting.

IF 'tis sweet to mingle where
Christians meet for social prayer;
If 'tis sweet for them to raise
Songs of holy joy and praise —
Passing sweet that state must be
Where they meet eternally.

2 Saviour, may these meetings prove
Antepasts to that above;
While we worship in this place,
May we grow from grace to grace,
Till we each in his degree
Fit for endless glory be.

309

L. M.

STOWELL.

The Mercy-Seat.

- FROM every stormy wind that blows,
 From every swelling tide of woes,
 There is a calm, a sure retreat:
 'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.
- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
 The oil of gladness on our heads —
 A place than all beside more sweet:
 It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
 Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
 Though sundered far, by faith they meet
 Around one common mercy-seat.
- 4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
 When tempted, desolate, dismayed?
 Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
 Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?
- 5 There, there, on eagle's wings we soar,
 And sin and sense seem all no more;
 And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
 And glory crowns the mercy-seat.
- 6 Oh, let my hand forget her skill,
 My tongue be silent, cold and still,
 This bounding heart forget to beat,
 If I forget thy mercy-seat.

310

C. M.

ANON.

Mid-day Hour of Prayer.

JESUS, this mid-day hour of prayer
 We consecrate to thee;
 Forgetful of each earthly care,
 We would thy glory see.

- 2 We come thy presence to implore ;
Oh, teach us how to pray !
Impart to us thy Spirit's power —
Thy saving grace display.
- 3 Baptize with energy divine
The contrite soul afresh ;
Oh, bow the stubborn will to thine,
And give the heart of flesh.
- 4 Unite our heart, unite our tongues,
In lofty praise to thee ;
Accept the tribute of our songs,
Thou Holy One in Three.

311

6 lines 7s.

ANON.

Teach us to Pray.

HOLY Lord, our hearts prepare
For the work of solemn prayer ;
Grant, that while we bend the knee,
All our thoughts may turn to thee ;
Let thy presence here be found,
Breathing peace and joy around.

- 2 While we come around thy throne,
Make thy power and glory known ;
As thy children, may we call
On our Father, Lord of all,
And with confidence and fear
At thy footstool now appear.
- 3 Teach us, while we breathe our woes,
On thy promise to repose ;
All thy tender love to trace
In the Saviour's work of grace ;
Let us all, in faith, depend
On a gracious God and Friend.

312

L. M.

STENNETT.

Prayer for the Divine Presence.

WHERE two or three, with sweet accord,
 Obedient to their sovereign Lord,
 Meet to recount his acts of grace,
 And offer solemn prayer and praise—

- 2 There, says the Saviour, will I be,
 Amid this little company ;
 To them unveil my smiling face,
 And shed my glories round the place.
- 3 We meet at thy command, dear Lord,
 Relying on thy faithful word :
 Now send thy Spirit from above,
 Now fill our hearts with heavenly love.

313

S. M. D.

ANON.

Opening Prayer-Meeting.

IT is the hour of prayer :
 Draw near, and bend the knee,
 And fill the calm and holy air
 With voice of melody !
 O'erwearied with the heat
 And burden of the day,
 Now let us rest our wandering feet,
 And gather here to pray.

- 2 Oh, blessed is the hour
 That lifts our hearts on high !
 Like sunlight, when the tempests lower,
 Prayer to the soul is nigh ;
 Though dark may be our lot,
 Our eyes be dim with care,
 These saddening thoughts shall trouble not
 This holy hour of prayer.

314

C. M.

BEDDOME.

The Sacredness of Prayer.

PRAYER is the breath of God in man,
 Returning whence it came ;
 Love is the sacred fire within,
 And prayer the rising flame.

- 2 It gives the burdened spirit ease,
 And soothes the troubled breast ;
 Yields comfort to the mourners here,
 And to the weary rest.
- 3 When God inclines the heart to pray,
 He hath an ear to hear ;
 To him there 's music in a groan,
 And beauty in a tear.

315

S. M.

SAC. LYRICS.

Morning Prayer-Meeting.

HOW sweet the melting lay,
 That breaks upon the ear,
 When, at the hour of rising day,
 Christians unite in prayer !

- 2 The breezes waft their cries
 Up to Jehovah's throne ;
 He listens to their bursting sighs,
 And sends his blessings down.
- 3 So Jesus rose to pray,
 Before the morning light ;
 Once on the chilling mount did stay,
 And wrestle all the night.
- 4 Glory to God on high,
 Who sends his blessings down
 To rescue souls condemned to die,
 And makes his people one.

GENERAL PRAISE.

316

L. M.

A. R. W.

Completeness.

- COMPLETE in thee! no work of mine
May take, dear Lord, the place of thine;
Thy blood has pardon bought for me,
And I am now complete in thee.
- 2 Complete in thee! no more may sin,
Thy grace has conquered, reign within;
Thy voice will bid the tempter flee,
And I shall stand complete in thee.
- 3 Complete in thee! each want supplied,
And no good thing to me denied,
Since thou my portion, Lord, wilt be,
I ask no more — complete in thee.
- 4 Dear Saviour, when before thy bar
All tribes and tongues assembled are,
Among thy chosen may I be
At thy right hand — complete in thee.
- 5 Complete in thee! no work of mine
May take, dear Lord, the place of thine;
Thy blood has pardon bought for me,
And I am now complete in thee.

317

S. M.

TOPLADY.

Encouragement.

YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud, to the praise of love divine,
Bid every string awake.

2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

3 His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.

318

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Song of Gratitude and Praise.

GOD of my life! through all my days
I'll tune the grateful notes of praise;
The song shall wake with opening light,
And warble to the silent night.

2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
The notes of praise ascending high
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all the powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I can not speak.

4 But oh! when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chained to earth no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise
To join the music of the skies!

5 Then shall I learn the exalted strains
That echo through the heavenly plains:
And emulate with joy unknown
The glowing seraphs round thy throne.

319

8s & 7s.

FAWCETT.

God of our Salvation.

- P**RAISE to thee, thou great Creator;
 Praise be thine from every tongue;
 Join, my soul, with every creature,
 Join the universal song.
- 2 Father, source of all compassion,
 Free, unbounded grace is thine:
 Hail the God of our salvation;
 Praise him for his love divine.
- 3 For ten thousand blessings given,
 For the hope of future joy,
 Sound his praise through earth and heaven,
 Sound Jehovah's praise on high.
- 4 Joyfully on earth adore him,
 Till in heaven our song we raise;
 There, enraptured, fall before him,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

320

8s & 7s. LIVERPOOL COL.

Praise the Lord.

- P**RAISE the Lord! ye heavens, adore him;
 Praise him, angels in the height;
 Sun and moon, rejoice before him;
 Praise him, all ye stars of light!
- 2 Praise the Lord — for he hath spoken;
 Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
 Laws which never shall be broken,
 For their guidance he hath made.
- 3 Praise the Lord — for he is glorious;
 Never shall his promise fail;
 God hath made his saints victorious,
 Sin and death shall not prevail.

- 4 Praise the God of our salvation,
 Hosts on high his powers proclaim;
 Heaven and earth, and all creation,
 Laud and magnify his name!
 Hallelujah, Amen.

321

S. M.

WATTS.

Hearken to the Word.

COME, sound his praise abroad,
 And hymns of glory sing;
 Jehovah is the sovereign God,
 The universal King.

- 2 He formed the deeps unknown,
 He gave the seas their bound;
 The watery worlds are all his own,
 And all the solid ground.

- 3 Come, worship at his throne;
 Come, bow before the Lord;
 We are his work, and not our own,
 He formed us by his word.

- 4 To-day attend his voice,
 Nor dare provoke his rod;
 Come, like the people of his choice,
 And own your gracious God.

- 5 But if your ears refuse
 The language of his grace,
 And hearts grow hard, like stubborn Jews,
 That unbelieving race;

- 6 The Lord in vengeance dressed,
 Will lift his hand, and swear:
 You that despise my promised rest,
 Shall have no portion there.

322

C. P. M.

OGILVIE.

Call for Universal Praise.

BEGIN, my soul, the exalted lay;
 Let each enraptured thought obey,
 And praise the Almighty name;
 Lo! heaven, and earth, and seas, and skies,
 In one melodious concert rise,
 To swell the inspiring theme.

- 2 Thou heaven of heavens, his vast abode,
 Ye clouds, proclaim your Maker, God;
 Ye thunders, speak his power;
 Lo! on the lightning's fiery wing
 In triumph rides the eternal King
 The astonished worlds adore.
- 3 Ye deeps, with roaring billows, rise
 To join the thunders of the skies;
 Praise him who bids you roll;
 His praise in softer notes declare,
 Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
 And breathe it to the soul.

323

S. M.

WATTS.

Mercy in the Midst of Judgment.

MY soul, repeat his praise,
 Whose mercies are so great;
 Whose anger is so slow to rise,
 So ready to abate.

- 2 High as the heavens are raised
 Above the ground we tread;
 So far the riches of his grace
 Our highest thoughts exceed.
- 3 His power subdues our sins,
 And his forgiving love,

GENERAL PRAISE.

Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

4 The pity of the Lord,
To those who fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

5 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweeps o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

6 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

324

L. M.

WATTS.

The Creation Invited to Praise God.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring;
In songs of praise divinely sing;
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Saviour's name.

4 In every land begin the song;
To every land the strains belong:
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

325

S. P. M.

WATTS.

Joy in God's Worship.

HOW pleased and blest was I,
 To hear the people cry,
 Come, let us seek our God to-day!
 Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
 We haste to Zion's hill,
 And there our vows and honors pay.

- 2 Zion, thrice happy place,
 Adorned with wondrous grace,
 And walls of strength embrace thee round:
 In thee our tribes appear
 To pray, and praise, and hear
 The sacred gospel's joyful sound.
- 3 May peace attend thy gate,
 And joy within thee wait,
 To bless the soul of every guest:
 The man who seeks thy peace,
 And wishes thine increase,
 A thousand blessings on him rest!
- 4 My tongue repeats her vows,
 Peace to this sacred house!
 For here my friends and kindred dwell:
 And since my glorious God
 Makes thee his blest abode,
 My soul shall ever love thee well.

326

7s.

MONTGOMERY.

Incentives to Praise.

SONGS of praise the angels sang,
 Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
 When Jehovah's work begun,
 When he spake, and it was done.

GENERAL PRAISE.

- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when he
Captive led captivity.
- 3 Heaven and earth must pass away —
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heavens and earth —
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
- 4 And shall man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No; the Church delights to raise
Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.
- 5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.
- 6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amid eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

327

H. M.

DWIGHT.

Praise Waiteth in Zion.

- I**N Zion's sacred gates
Let hymns of praise begin,
Where acts of faith and love
In ceaseless beauty shine:
In mercy there, while God is known,
Before his throne with songs appear.
- 2 The trumpet's martial voice,
The timbrel's softer sound,
The organ's solemn peal,
His praises shall resound:
To swell the song with highest joy,
Let man employ his tuneful tongue.

328

8s, 7s & 4s.

SKENE.

Praise the Lord.

- PRAISE the Lord! ye saints adore him;
 All unite with one accord;
 Bring your offerings, come before him —
 Oh, praise the Lord.
- 2 Praise the Lord! who every blessing
 On our heads hath richly poured;
 Sing aloud, his love confessing —
 Oh, praise the Lord.
- 3 Praise the Lord! who would not praise him?
 He hath us to grace restored:
 To the highest honors raise him —
 Oh, praise the Lord.
- 4 Praise the Lord! your songs excelling
 Worldly music's richest chord;
 Sing, your Saviour's glory telling —
 Oh, praise the Lord.

329

L. M.

WATTS.

The Sovereign God.

- BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
 Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
 Know that the Lord is God alone;
 He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
 Made us of clay, and formed us men;
 And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
 He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We are his people, we his care;
 Our souls and all our mortal frame;
 What lasting honors shall we rear,
 Almighty Maker, to thy name?

- 4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs;
 High as the heavens our voices raise;
 And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
 Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 5 Wide as the world is thy command;
 Vast as eternity thy love;
 Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
 When rolling years shall cease to move.

330

C. M.

WHITTIER.

Nature's Worship.

THE ocean looketh up to heaven
 As 't were a living thing;
 The homage of its waves is given
 In ceaseless worshiping.

- 2 They kneel upon the sloping sand
 As bends the human knee:
 A beautiful and tireless band —
 The priesthood of the sea.
- 3 The mists are lifted from the rills,
 Like the white wing of prayer;
 They kneel above the ancient hills,
 As doing homage there.
- 4 The forest-tops are lowly cast
 O'er breezy hill and glen,
 As if a prayerful spirit passed
 On nature as on men.
- 5 The sky is as a temple's arch;
 The blue and wavy air
 Is glorious with the spirit-march
 Of messengers at prayer.

331

L. M.

WATTS.

Glory and Grace in Christ.

NOW to the Lord a noble song!
 Awake, my soul! awake, my tongue!
 Hosanna to the eternal name,
 And all his boundless love proclaim.

- 2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,
 The brightest image of his grace!
 God, in the person of his Son,
 Has all his mightiest works outdone.
- 3 Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme;
 My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name:
 Ye angels, dwell upon the sound;
 Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground.
- 4 Oh, may I reach that happy place
 Where he unveils his lovely face;
 Where all his beauties you behold,
 And sing his name to harps of gold.

332

S. M.

WATTS.

Exhortation to Praise.

LET every creature join
 To praise the eternal God;
 Ye heavenly hosts! the song begin,
 And sound his name abroad.

- 2 Thou sun, with golden beams!
 And moon, with paler rays!
 Ye starry lights! ye twinkling flames
 Shine to your Maker's praise.
- 3 He built those worlds above,
 And fixed their wondrous frame;
 By his command they stand or move,
 And ever speak his name.

GENERAL PRAISE.

- 4 Ye vapors, when ye rise,
Or fall in showers or snow —
Ye thunders! murmuring round the skies,
His power and glory show.
- 5 Wind, hail, and flaming fire
Agree to praise the Lord,
When ye in dreadful storms conspire
To execute his word.
- 6 By all his works above,
His honors be expressed;
But saints, who taste his saving love,
Should sing his praises best.

333

8s, 7s & 4s.

KELLY.

Worthy is the Lamb.

- G**LORY, glory, everlasting,
Be to him who bore the cross,
Who redeemed our souls by tasting
Death, the death deserved by us:
Sound his glory
While our heart with transport glows.
- 2 Jesus' love is love unbounded,
Without measure, without end:
Human thought is here confounded;
'Tis too vast to comprehend:
Praise the Saviour;
Magnify the sinner's Friend.
- 3 While we hear the wondrous story
Of the Saviour's cross and shame,
Sing we, Everlasting glory
Be to God and to the Lamb!
Saints and angels,
Give ye glory to his name.

334

L. M.

MEDLEY.

Loving-kindness of God.

- A** WAKE, my soul, to joyful lays,
 And sing the great Redeemer's praise;
 He justly claims a song from me —
 His loving-kindness, oh, how free!
- 2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
 Yet loved me, notwithstanding all:
 He saved me from my lost estate —
 His loving-kindness, oh, how great!
- 3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
 Though earth and hell my way oppose,
 He safely leads my soul along —
 His loving-kindness, oh, how strong!
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
 Has gathered thick, and thundered loud,
 He near my soul has always stood —
 His loving-kindness, oh, how good!
- 5 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
 Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
 Oh, may my last expiring breath
 His loving-kindness sing in death!

335

7s.

MONTGOMERY.

Universal Gratitude.

- A** LL ye nations, praise the Lord;
 All ye lands, your voices raise;
 Heaven and earth, with loud accord,
 Praise the Lord, forever praise.
- 2 For his truth and mercy stand,
 Past, and present, and to be,
 Like the years of his right hand,
 Like his own eternity.

- 3 Praise him, ye who know his love ;
Praise him from the depths beneath ;
Praise him in the heights above ;
Praise your Maker, all that breathe.

336

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

General Invitation to Praise the Redeemer.

O H for a thousand tongues, to sing
My great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace !

- 2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread, through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy Name.
- 3 Jesus ! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease ;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears ;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free ;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.
- 5 He speaks, and, listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive ;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice ;
The humble poor believe.
- 6 Hear him, ye deaf ; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come ;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

337

L. M.

WATTS.

God Exalted Above all Praise.

- ETERNAL Power, whose high abode
 Becomes the grandeur of a God :
 In vain the loftiest angel tries
 To reach thy height with wondering eyes.
- 2 Thy dazzling glories while he sings,
 He hides his face beneath his wings ;
 Seraphs that most with ardor glow,
 Still at an humble distance bow.
- 3 Earth from afar has heard thy fame,
 And worms have learned to lisp thy name ;
 But oh, the glories of thy mind
 Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.
- 4 God is in heaven and man below ;
 Soft be our strains, our words be few ;
 A sacred reverence checks our songs,
 And praise sits trembling on our tongues.

338

H. M.

DODDRIDGE.

The Name of Christ a Sweet Savor.

- PRAISE to the Lord on high,
 Who spreads his triumphs wide !
 While Jesus' fragrant name
 Is breathed on every side ;
 Balmy and rich the odors rise,
 And fill the earth and reach the skies.
- 2 Ten thousand dying souls
 Its influence feel, and live ;
 Sweeter than vital air
 The incense they receive :
 They breathe anew, and rise and sing —
 Jesus, the Lord, their conquering King.

- 3 But they who scorn the grace
 That brings salvation nigh,
 And turn away their face,
 Must faint, and fall, and die :
 So sad a doom, ye saints, deplore ;
 For oh ! they fall to rise no more.

339

7s & 6s.

HATFIELD.

Praise Him with Instruments.

HALLELUJAH ! — praise the Lord,
 In the heights of glory ;
 Hosts of heaven, with one accord,
 Shout the joyful story :
 Praise him for his mighty deeds,
 Praise ye him, whose grace exceeds
 All that heaven in songs concedes ;
 Worlds of bliss ! his praise record.

- 2 Praise him with the trumpet's tongue,
 Far and wide resounding ;
 Praise him with the harp well strung,
 While your hearts are bounding :
 Praise him with the sweet-toned lyre ;
 Let his praise the lute inspire ;
 Praise him in a mighty choir —
 Let his praise be loudly sung.

- 3 Praise him with the viol's strings,
 Waking joyous feeling ;
 While the vault of glory rings
 With the organ's pealing :
 Let the cymbals ring his praise,
 Wake the clarion's grandest lays,
 Praise the Lord through endless days : —
 Lo ! his praise creation sings.

340

S. M. MONTGOMERY.

Hearty Adoration.

STAND up, and bless the Lord,
 Ye people of his choice;
 Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
 With heart, and soul, and voice.

- 2 Though high above all praise,
 Above all blessing high,
 Who would not fear his holy name,
 And laud and magnify?
- 3 Oh, for the living flame
 From his own altar brought,
 To touch our lips, our souls inspire,
 And wing to heaven our thought!
- 4 God is our strength and song,
 And his salvation ours;
 Then be his love in Christ proclaimed
 With all our ransomed powers.
- 5 Stand up, and bless the Lord;
 The Lord your God adore;
 Stand up, and bless his glorious name,
 Henceforth, for evermore.

341

6s & 4s.

ANON.

Let All that hath Breath Praise the Lord.

PRAISE ye Jehovah's name;
 Praise through his courts proclaim;
 Rise and adore:
 High o'er the heavens above
 Sound his great acts of love,
 While his rich grace we prove
 Vast as his power.

- 2 Now let the trumpet raise
Sounds of triumphant praise
Wide as his fame ;
There let the harp be found ;
Organs with solemn sound,
Roll your deep notes around,
Filled with his name.
- 3 While his high praise ye sing,
Shake every sounding string :
Sweet the accord !
He vital breath bestows :
Let every breath that flows
His noblest fame disclose —
Praise ye the Lord.

342

C. M.

M. RAYNER.

Source of All Good.

- H**AIL! Source of light, of life, and love,
And joys that never end ;
In whom all creatures live and move :
Creator, Father, Friend.
- 2 All space is with thy presence crowned ;
Creation owns thy care ;
Each spot in nature's ample round
Proclaims that God is there.
 - 3 Attuned to praise be every voice ;
Let not one heart be sad :
Jehovah reigns ! let earth rejoice ;
Let all the isles be glad.
 - 4 Then sound the anthem loud and long,
In sweetest, loftiest strains ;
And be the burden of the song,
The Lord, Jehovah, reigns !

343

C. M. ROUSE'S VERSION.

Psalm 23.

THE Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want.
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green: he leadeth me
the quiet waters by.

3 My soul he doth restore again;
and me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
e'en for his own name's sake.

4 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
yet will I fear none ill;
For thou art with me; and thy rod
and staff me comfort still.

5 My table thou hast furnish'd
in presence of my foes;
My head thou dost with oil anoint,
and my cup overflows.

6 Goodness and mercy all my life
shall surely follow me:
And in God's house for evermore
my dwelling-place shall be.

344

C. M. ROUSE'S VERSION.

Psalm 150.

PRAISE ye the Lord, God's praise within
his sanctuary raise;
And to him in the firmament
of his power give ye praise.

2 Because of all his mighty acts,
with praise him magnify:
Oh, praise him, as he doth excel
in glorious majesty.

GENERAL PRAISE.

- 3 Praise him with trumpet's sound ; his praise
with psaltery advance :
4 With timbrel, harp, stringed instruments,
and organs, in the dance.
5 Praise him on cymbals loud : him praise
on cymbals sounding high.
6 Let each thing breathing praise the Lord ;
Praise to the Lord give ye.

345

C. M. ROUSE'S VERSION.

Psalm 103.

- O** THOU my soul, bless God the Lord ;
and all that in me is
Be stirr'd up his holy name
to magnify and bless.
2 Bless, O my soul, the Lord thy God,
and not forgetful be
Of all his gracious benefits
He hath bestowed on thee.
3 All thine iniquities who doth
most graciously forgive :
Who thy diseases all and pains
doth heal, and thee relieve.
4 Who doth redeem thy life, that thou
to death may'st not go down ;
Who thee with loving-kindness doth
and tender mercies crown :
5 Who with abundance of good things
doth satisfy thy mouth ;
So that, even as the eagle's age,
renew'd is thy youth.
6 God righteous judgment executes
for all oppress'd ones.
7 His way to Moses, he his acts
made known to Israel's sons.

346

H. M.

ANON.

All Creation's Song.

- ANGELS! assist to sing
 The honors of your God;
 Touch every tuneful string,
 And sound his name abroad:
 Come, pour the trembling notes along,
 And swell the grand immortal song.
- 2 And ye of meaner birth!
 Your joyful voices raise;
 Inhabitants of earth!
 Your great Creator praise:
 Let your hosannas joyful rise,
 And shake the earth, and pierce the skies.
- 3 Let day and dusky night,
 In solemn order join
 His praises to recite,
 And speak his power divine:
 Let every hill and every vale
 Re-echo with the sacred tale.
- 4 Let every creature sing
 The honors of our God;
 Touch every tuneful string,
 And spread his praise abroad:
 Come, pour the trembling notes along,
 And swell the universal song.

347

L. M. ANNA STEELE.

He is Worthy.

PRAISE ye the Lord! let praise employ,
 In his own courts, your songs of joy;
 The spacious firmament around
 Shall echo back the joyful sound.

- 2 Recount his works in strains divine,
His wondrous works — how bright they shine!
Praise him for all his mighty deeds,
Whose greatness all your praise exceeds.
- 3 Let all whom life and breath inspire,
Attend, and join the blissful choir;
But chiefly ye, who know his word,
Adore, and love, and praise the Lord.

348 C. M. (Double.) ADDISON.

Gratitude.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

- 2 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.
Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 3 Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.
Through all eternity, to thee
A joyful song I'll raise:
But oh, eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise!

349

C. M. PHILIP SKELTON.

A Hymn of Grateful Praise.

TO God, ye choir above, begin
A hymn so loud and strong,
That all the universe may hear,
And join the grateful song.

2 Sing him, ye distant worlds and suns,
From whence no traveling ray
Hath yet to us, through ages past,
Had time to make its way.

3 What'er ye are, where'er ye dwell,
Ye creatures great and small,
Adore the wisdom, praise the power,
That made and governs all.

4 From all the boundless realms of space,
Let loud hosannas sound;
Loud send, ye wondrous works of God,
The grateful concert round.

350

8s & 7s.

R. W. P.

Ceaseless Praises.

CEASELESS praise be to the Father,
By whose power and grace we live;
Who, our wayward souls to gather,
Did his Well-belov'd give.

2 To the Son be praise unending,
Who, our ruined souls to save,
From his heavenly throne descending,
Hasted to the cross and grave.

3 To the Holy Spirit render
Grateful, everlasting praise;
Who, long-striving, patient, tender,
Waits our souls from death to raise.

GENERAL PRAISE.

- 4 Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
One Jehovah we adore!
May we all thy peace inherit,
Saved by thee for evermore.

351

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

Arm of the Lord.

ARM of the Lord, awake, awake,
Thine own immortal strength put on;
With terror clothed, hell's kingdom shake,
And cast thy foes with fury down.

- 2 As in the ancient days, appear;
The sacred annals speak thy fame:
Be now omnipotently near,
To endless ages still the same.
- 3 Thy arm, Lord, is not shortened now,
It wants not now the power to save;
Still present with thy people, thou
Bear'st them through life's parted wave.
- 4 By death and hell pursued in vain,
To thee the ransomed seed shall come;
Shouting their heavenly Zion gain,
And pass through death, triumphant, home.
- 5 The pain of life shall there be o'er,
The anguish and distracting care;
There sighing grief shall weep no more,
And sin shall never enter there.
- 6 Where pure, essential joy is found,
The Lord's redeemed their heads shall
raise,
With everlasting goodness crowned,
And filled with love, and lost in praise.

352

C. M.

ANON.

Condescension.

- OH, see how Jesus trusts himself
 Unto our childish love,
 As though by his free ways with us
 Our earnestness to prove.
- 2 His sacred name a common word
 On earth he loves to hear;
 There is no majesty in him
 Which love may not come near.
- 3 The light of love is round his feet,
 His paths are never dim;
 And he comes nigh to us when we
 Dare not come nigh to him.
- 4 Let us be simple with him, then,
 Not backward, stiff, nor cold,
 As though our Bethlehem could be
 What Sinai was of old.

353

C. M.

WRANGHAM.

Praise the Lord, for He is Good.

- OH, praise the Lord! for he is good;
 In him we rest obtain:
 His mercy has through ages stood,
 And ever shall remain.
- 2 Let all the people of the Lord
 His praises spread around;
 Let them his grace and love record,
 Who have salvation found.
- 3 Now let the east in him rejoice,
 The west its tribute bring,
 The north and south lift up their voice,
 In honor of their King.

- 4 Oh, praise the Lord! for he is good;
 In him we rest obtain:
 His mercy has through ages stood,
 And ever shall remain.

354

C. P. M.

C. WESLEY.

The New Eternal Song.

HOW happy, gracious Lord, are we,
 Divinely drawn to follow thee:
 Whose hours divided are
 Betwixt the mount and multitude;
 Our day is spent in doing good,
 Our night in praise and prayer.

- 2 With us no melancholy void,
 No moment lingers unemployed,
 Or unimproved below;
 Our weariness of life is gone,
 Who live to serve our God alone
 And only thee to know.

- 3 The winter's night and summer's day
 Glide imperceptibly away,
 Too short to sing thy praise;
 Too few we find the happy hours,
 In haste to join those heavenly powers
 In everlasting lays.

- 4 With all who chant thy name on high,
 And Holy, holy, holy! cry,
 A bright, harmonious throng,
 We long thy praises to repeat,
 And ceaseless sing, around thy seat,
 The new eternal song.

355

S. M.

HAMMOND.

The Heavenly Song.

A WAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

- 2 Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his rising power;
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.
- 3 Sing till we feel our heart
Ascending with our tongue;
Sing till the love of sin depart,
And grace inspire our song.
- 4 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, th' eternal King.
- 5 Soon shall ye hear him say,
Ye blessed children, come;
Soon will he call us hence away,
And take his wanderers home.

356

S. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Pilgrim's Song.

NOW let our voices join,
To form a sacred song;
Ye pilgrims in Jehovah's ways,
With music pass along.

- 2 How straight the path appears,
How open and how fair!
No lurking gins t' entrap our feet,
No fierce destroyer there.
- 3 But flowers of Paradise
In rich profusion spring;

The Sun of glory gilds the path,
And dear companions sing.

4 See Salem's golden spires
In beauteous prospect rise ;
And brighter crowns than mortals wear,
Which sparkle through the skies.

5 All honor to his name
Who marks the shining way :
To him who leads the wanderers on
To realms of endless day.

357

L. P. M.

WATTS.

Great is the Lord.

I 'LL praise my Maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers ;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2 Happy the man whose hopes rely,
On Israel's God ; he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train ;
His truth forever stands secure ;
He saves th' oppressed, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

3 The Lord pours eyesight on the blind,
The Lord supports the fainting mind,
He sends the laboring conscience peace ;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

4 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers ;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

358

C. M. MONTGOMERY.

Victorious Praise.

SING we the song of those who stand
 Around th' eternal throne,
 Of every kindred, clime, and land
 A multitude unknown.

2 Life's poor distinctions vanish here;
 To-day the young, the old,
 Our Saviour and his flock appear,
 One Shepherd and one fold.

3 Toil, trial, suffering still await
 On earth the pilgrim throng;
 Yet learn we in our low estate
 The church triumphant's song.

4 Worthy the Lamb, for sinners slain! —
 Cry the redeemed above;
 Blessing and honor to obtain,
 And everlasting love.

5 Worthy the Lamb! — on earth we sing;
 Who died our souls to save;
 Henceforth, O death, where is thy sting?
 Thy victory, O grave?

6 Then hallelujah! power and praise
 To God in Christ be given;
 May all who now this anthem raise,
 Renew the strain in heaven.

THE CHRISTIAN SYSTEM.

HUMAN DEPRAVITY.

359

L. M.

WATTS.

Original and Actual Sin.

LORD, we are vile, conceived in sin,
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts his race, and taints us all.

- 2 Soon as we draw our infant breath
The seeds of sin grow up for death;
Thy law demands a perfect heart,
But we're defiled in every part.
- 3 Behold, we fall before thy face;
Our only refuge is thy grace:
No outward forms can make us clean;
The leprosy lies deep within.
- 4 No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
No hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.
- 5 Jesus, thy blood, thy blood alone,
Hath power sufficient to atone;
Thy blood can make us white as snow;
No Jewish types could cleanse us so.
- 6 While guilt disturbs and breaks our peace,
Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease;
Lord, let us hear thy pard'ning voice,
And make these broken hearts rejoice.

360

S. M.

WATTS.

Man Guilty.

AH, how shall fallen man
 Be just before his God?
 If he contend in righteousness,
 We fall beneath his rod.

2 If he our ways should mark
 With strict, inquiring eyes,
 Could we, for one of thousand faults,
 A just excuse devise?

3 All-seeing, powerful God,
 Who can with thee contend?
 Or who that tries th' unequal strife,
 Shall prosper in the end?

4 The mountains, in thy wrath,
 Their ancient seats forsake;
 The trembling earth deserts her place,
 Her rooted pillars shake.

5 Ah, how shall guilty man
 Contend with such a God?
 None, none can meet him and escape,
 But through the Saviour's blood!

361

C. M.

BEDDOME.

Contagion of Sin.

WHEN Adam sinned, through all his race
 The dire contagion spread;
 Sickness and death, and deep disgrace
 Sprang from our fallen head.

2 From God and happiness we fly,
 To earth and sense confined;
 Lost in a maze of misery,
 Yet to our misery blind.

3 Corruption flows through all our veins,
 Our moral beauty's gone;
 The gold is fled, the dross remains;
 O sin! what hast thou done!

4 Jesus! reveal thy pardoning grace,
 And draw our souls to thee;
 Thou art the only hiding-place
 Where ruined souls can flee.

362

C. M.

STEELE.

Need of Spiritual Renovation.

HOW helpless fallen nature lies,
 Unconscious of her load!
 The heart unchanged can never rise
 To happiness and God.

2 Can aught beneath a power divine
 A stubborn will subdue?
 'Tis thine, eternal Spirit, thine
 To form the heart anew.

3 'Tis thine the passions to recall,
 And bid them upward rise;
 To make the scales of error fall
 From reason's darkened eyes;—

4 To chase the shades of death away,
 And bid the sinner live:
 A beam of heaven, a vital ray,
 'Tis thine alone to give.

5 Renew these wretched hearts of ours;
 Oh, give us life divine!
 Then shall our passions and our powers,
 Almighty Lord, be thine.

363

C. M.

ANON.

Sense of Sin.

THE deep defilement of the heart,
 Oh, how can I endure!
 The inner man in every part
 Unholy and impure!

- 2 How can I look to thy abode,
 Or how for mercy pray?
 Oh, lead me to the Lamb of God,
 And take my guilt away!
- 3 If thou hast shed one beam of heaven
 On this dark soul of mine,
 'Tis by the Holy Spirit given:
 The glory shall be thine.
-

CONDEMNATION.

364

C. M.

WATTS.

The Deceitfulness of Sin.

SIN has a thousand treach'rous arts
 To practice on the mind;
 With flattering looks she tempts our hearts,
 But leaves a sting behind.

- 2 With names of virtue she deceives
 The aged and the young;
 And while the heedless wretch believes,
 She makes his fetters strong.
- 3 She pleads for all the joy she brings,
 And gives a fair pretense;
 But cheats the soul of heavenly things,
 And chains it down to sense.

- 4 So on a tree divinely fair
 Grew the forbidden food ;
 Our mother took the poison there,
 And tainted all her blood.

365

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Man's Ruined Estate.

WOE to the men on earth who dwell,
 Nor dread th' Almighty's frown,
 When God doth all his wrath reveal,
 And shower his judgments down.

- 2 Sinners, expect those heaviest showers ;
 To meet your God, prepare !
 For, lo ! the seventh angel pours
 His vial on the air.
- 3 Lo ! from their seats the mountains leap,
 The mountains are not found,
 Transported far into the deep,
 And in the ocean drowned.
- 4 Who then shall live and face the throne,
 And face the Judge severe ?
 When heaven and earth are fled and gone,
 Oh, where shall I appear ?
- 5 Now, only now, against that hour
 We may a place provide ;
 Beyond the grave, beyond the power
 Of hell our spirits hide ; —
- 6 Firm in the all-destroying shock,
 May view the final scene ;
 For, lo, the everlasting Rock
 Is cleft to take us in.

366

6 lines L. M. C. WESLEY.

Desiring Conviction.

- FATHER of lights, from whom proceeds
 Whate'er thy every creature needs ;
 Whose goodness, providently nigh,
 Feeds the young ravens when they cry ;
 To thee I look ; my heart prepare ;
 Suggest and hearken to my prayer.
- 2 Since by thy light myself I see
 Naked, and poor, and void of thee,
 Thine eyes must all my thoughts survey,
 Preventing what my lips would say :
 Thou seest my wants ; for help they call
 And, ere I speak, thou know'st them all.
- 3 Fain would I know, as known by thee,
 And feel the indigence I see ;
 Fain would I all my vileness own,
 And deep beneath the burden groan ;
 Abhor the pride that lurks within,
 Detest and loathe myself and sin.
- 4 Ah, give me, Lord, myself to feel ;
 My total misery reveal :
 Ah, give me, Lord, I still would say,
 A heart to mourn, a heart to pray :
 My business this, my only care —
 My life, my every breath, be prayer.

367

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Without God in the World.

GOD is in this and every place ;
 But oh, how dark and void
 To me — 'tis one great wilderness,
 This earth without my God.

CONDEMNATION.

- 2 Empty of him who all things fills,
Till he his light impart;
Till he his glorious self reveals —
The veil is on my heart.
- 3 O thou who seest and know'st my grief,
Thyself unseen, unknown,
Pity my helpless unbelief,
And break my heart of stone.
- 4 Regard me with a gracious eye;
The long-sought blessing give;
And bid me, at the point to die,
Behold thy face and live.

368

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

The Inbred Leprosy.

JESUS, a word, a look from thee,
Can turn my heart, and make it clean;
Purge out the inbred leprosy,
And save me from my bosom sin.

- 2 Lord, if thou wilt, I do believe
Thou canst the saving grace impart;
Thou canst this instant now forgive,
And stamp thine image on my heart.
- 3 My heart, which now to thee I raise,
I know thou canst this moment cleanse;
The deepest stains of sin efface,
And drive the evil spirit hence.
- 4 Be it according to thy word;
Accomplish now thy work in me;
And let my soul, to health restored,
Devote its deathless powers to thee.

369

S. M.

COWPER.

Trembling Solitude.

- MY former hopes are fled:
 My terror now begins;
 I feel, alas! that I am dead
 In trespasses and sins.
- 2 Ah, whither shall I fly?
 I hear the thunder roar:
 The law proclaims destruction nigh,
 And vengeance at the door.
- 3 When I review my ways,
 I dread impending doom;
 But hark! a friendly whisper says,
 Flee from the wrath to come.
- 4 I see, or think I see,
 A glimmering from afar,
 A beam of day that shines for me,
 To save me from despair.
- 5 Forerunner of the sun,
 It marks the pilgrim's way;
 I'll gaze upon it while I run,
 And watch the rising day.

370

C. M.

WATTS.

Human Guilt.

- VAIN are the hopes the sons of men
 On their own works have built:
 Their hearts by nature all unclean,
 And all their actions guilt.
- 2 Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths,
 Without a murmuring word;
 And the whole race of Adam stand
 Guilty before the Lord.

CONDEMNATION.

3 In vain we ask God's righteous law
To justify us now ;
Since to convince and to condemn
Is all the law can do.

4 Jesus ! how glorious is thy grace !
When in thy name we trust,
Our faith receives a righteousness
That makes the sinner just.

371

S. M.

WATTS.

The Bondage of the Soul.

HOW heavy is the night
That hangs upon our eyes,
Till Christ with his reviving light
Over our souls arise !

2 Our guilty spirits dread
To meet the wrath of heaven ;
But, in his righteousness arrayed,
We see our sins forgiven.

3 Unholy and impure
Are all our thoughts and ways :
His hands infected nature cure
With sanctifying grace.

4 The powers of hell agree
To hold our souls in vain ;
He sets the sons of bondage free,
And breaks the cursèd chain.

5 Lord, we adore thy ways
To bring us near to God,
Thy sovereign power, thy healing grace,
And thine atoning blood.

372

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

The Vision of Dry Bones.

LOOK down, O Lord, with pitying eye ;
 See Adam's race in ruin lie ;
 Sin spreads its trophies o'er the ground,
 And scatters slaughtered heaps around.

- 2 And can these dead awake and live ?
 And can these perished bones revive ?
 That, mighty God, to thee is known ;
 That wondrous work is all thy own.
- 3 Thy ministers are sent in vain
 To prophesy upon the slain ;
 In vain they call, in vain they cry,
 Till thine Almighty aid is nigh.
- 4 But if thy spirit deign to breathe,
 Life spreads through all the realms of death :
 Dry bones obey thy powerful voice ;
 They move, they waken, they rejoice.
- 5 So, when thy trumpet's awful sound
 Shall shake the heavens, and rend the ground,
 Dead saints shall from their tombs arise,
 And spring to life beyond the skies.

CREATION AND FALL OF MAN.

373

C. M.

W. GARNER.

Man's Innocency.

JEHOVAH'S image brightly shone
 In Eden's lovely pair,
 And oft before his gracious throne,
 They bowed in praise and prayer.

- 2 With rectitude, as with a robe,
 Their spotless souls were dressed,
 With peace abounding, and with joy,
 They were divinely blessed.
- 3 No self-reproach, no slavish dread
 Disturbed their peace within;
 No frowning storm their path o'erspread,
 While undefiled with sin.
- 4 Thus souls renewed by saving grace —
 Whose sins have been forgiven,
 Behold the smiles of Jesus' face,
 And feel an inward heaven.

374

C. M. MONTGOMERY.

The Value of the Soul.

- W**HAT is the thing of greatest price,
 The whole creation round? —
 That which was lost in Paradise,
 That which in Christ is found.
- 2 The soul of man — Jehovah's breath —
 That keeps two worlds at strife;
 Hell moves beneath to work its death,
 Heaven stoops to give it life.
 - 3 And is this treasure borne below,
 In earthen vessels frail?
 Can none its utmost value know,
 Till flesh and spirit fail?
 - 4 Then let us gather round the cross,
 That knowledge to obtain;
 Not by the soul's eternal loss,
 But everlasting gain.

375

L. M.

ANON.

Chief End of Man.

- THOU Maker of our mortal frame —
 Of all thy works the noblest far,
 We bow before thy righteous claim
 To all we have, and all we are.
- 2 Our tongues were fashioned for thy word,
 Our hands to do thy will divine;
 Our bodies are thy temple, Lord,
 The mind's immortal powers are thine.
- 3 Its highest thought — to trace thy skill,
 Its purest love, on thee to rest,
 Its noblest action of the will,
 To choose thy service, and be blest.
- 4 Our ransomed spirits rise to thee —
 Unfailing source of light and joy!
 Thy love has made thy children free,
 Thy praise shall life and strength employ.
- 5 Give grace and mercy to the end —
 For we are thine and not our own:
 So shall we to thy courts ascend,
 And cast our crowns before thy throne.
-

ATONEMENT.

376

6 lines 7s.

TOPLADY.

Clinging to the Cross.

ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee;
 Let the water and the blood,
 From thy wounded side which flowed,

Be of sin the double cure —
Save from wrath and make me pure.

- 2 Could my tears for ever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.
- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne —
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

377

C. M.

WATTS.

By Thy Death We Live.

- I**N vain we seek for peace with God
By methods of our own;
Blest Saviour! nothing but thy blood
Can bring us near the throne.
- 2 The threatenings of thy broken law
Impress the soul with dread:
If God his sword of vengeance draw,
It strikes the spirit dead.
 - 3 But thine atoning sacrifice
Hath answered all demands;
And peace and pardon from the skies
Are offered by thy hands.
 - 4 'Tis by thy death we live, O Lord,
'Tis on thy cross we rest:
For ever be thy love adored,
Thy name forever blest.

378

P. M.

BONAR.

The Cleansing Name.

FATHER, thy Son hath died
The sinner's death of woe;
Stooping in love from heaven to earth,
Our curse to undergo,
Upon the hateful tree:
Give glory to thy Son, O Lord!
Put honor on that name of names
By blessing me!

2 Father, thy Son hath poured
His life-blood on this earth,
To cleanse away our guilt and stains,
To give us second birth,
From sin to set us free:
Give glory to thy Son, O Lord!
Put honor on that name of names
By cleansing me!

379

L. M.

FAWCETT.

Christ the Lamb Slain.

BEHOLD the sin-atoning Lamb,
With wonder, gratitude, and love:
To take away our guilt and shame,
See him descending from above.

2 Our sins and griefs on him were laid:
He meekly bore the mighty load;
Our ransom price he fully paid,
In groans and tears, in sweat and blood.

3 To save a guilty world he dies:
Sinners, behold the bleeding Lamb!
To him lift up your longing eyes,
And hope for mercy in his name.

ATONEMENT.

4 Pardon and peace through him abound;
 He can the richest blessings give;
 Salvation in his name is found —
 He bids the dying sinner live.

5 Jesus, my Lord, I look to thee;
 Where else can helpless sinners go?
 Thy boundless love shall set me free
 From all my wretchedness and woe.

380

C. M.

COWPER.

The Cleansing Fountain.

(Original Form.)

THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
 And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day;
 And there have I, as vile as he,
 Washed all my sins away.

3 Dear, dying Lamb! thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransomed church of God
 Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.

5 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing thy power to save,
 When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue
 Lies silent in the grave.

381

C. M.

NEWTON.

View of Calvary.

I SAW One hanging on a tree,
 In agony and blood,
 Who fixed his languid eyes on me
 As near the cross I stood.

2 Sure, never, till my latest breath,
 Can I forget that look :
 It seemed to charge me with his death,
 Though not a word he spoke.

3 Alas ! I knew not what I did,
 But now my tears are vain ;
 Where shall my trembling soul be hid,
 For I the Lord have slain.

4 A second look he gave, that said,
 I freely all forgive :
 This blood is for thy ransom paid ;
 I die, that thou may'st live.

382

L. P. M.

ANON.

An Ancient Hymn to the Redeemer.

THOU art the everlasting Son,
 O Christ ! and, high upon thy throne,
 Thou art at the right hand of God,
 And hast redeemed us by thy blood ;
 And heaven and earth are full of thee —
 The glory of thy Majesty !

2 When all the sharpness of our death
 Was overcome in thy last breath,
 Then didst thou open wide heaven's door
 To all believers evermore :
 O Lamb of God ! and thou wilt come,
 To be our Judge, and take us home.

- 3 In thee we trust: we pray thee, Lord,
Remember thy most precious blood!
In honor may we numbered be
With all the noble company
Who bow before thy mercy-seat,
And cast their treasures at thy feet.

383

H. M.

BONAR.

By His Stripes we are Healed.

THY works, not mine, O Christ,
Speak gladness to this heart;
They tell me all is done;
They bid my fear depart:
To whom, save thee, Who canst alone
For sin atone, Lord! shall I flee?

2 Thy tears, not mine, O Christ,
Have wept my guilt away;
And turned this night of mine
Into a blessed day:
To whom, save thee, Who canst alone
For sin atone, Lord! shall I flee?

3 Thy wounds, not mine, O Christ,
Can heal my bruised soul;
Thy stripes, not mine, contain
The balm that makes me whole:
To whom, save thee, Who canst alone
For sin atone, Lord! shall I flee?

4 Thy cross, not mine, O Christ,
Has borne the awful load
Of sins that none can bear
But the incarnate God:
To whom, save thee, Who canst alone
For sin atone, Lord! shall I flee?

384

C. M.

ANON.

Christian Joy.

MY soul doth magnify the Lord,
 My spirit doth rejoice
 In God, my Saviour and my God :
 I hear his joyful voice.

2 I need not go abroad for joy,
 Who have a feast at home ;
 My sighs are turned to happy songs :
 The Comforter is come.

3 Down from on high the bless'd Dove
 Is come into my breast,
 To witness God's eternal love :
 This is my heavenly feast.

4 Glory to God the Father be,
 Glory to God the Son,
 Glory to God the Holy Ghost,
 Glory to God alone.

385

8s & 7s.

KELLY.

Atonement.

WITHOUT blood is no remission ;
 Thus the law proclaims from-heaven ;
 Blood must flow — on this condition,
 This alone, is sin forgiven :
 Yes, a victim must be slain,
 Else all hope of life is vain.

2 But the victim — who shall find it ?
 Such a one as sinners need ?
 To the altar who shall bind it ?
 Who shall make the victim bleed ?

Questions these of anxious thought,
Till the word of God is brought.

- 3 God himself provides the Victim —
Jesus is the Lamb of God;
Heaven and earth and hell afflict him,
While he bears the sinner's load:
'Tis his blood, and that alone,
Can for human guilt atone.

386

C. M.

STEELE.

The Atoning Blood of Christ.

AND did the holy and the just,
The sovereign of the skies,
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
That guilty man might rise?

- 2 Yes, the Redeemer left his throne —
His radiant throne on high —
Surprising mercy! love unknown!
To suffer, bleed, and die.
- 3 To dwell with misery here below,
The Saviour left the skies,
And sank to wretchedness and woe,
That worthless man might rise.
- 4 He took the dying traitor's place,
And suffered in his stead;
For sinful man — oh, wondrous grace!
For sinful man he bled.
- 5 O Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell
In thine atoning blood!
By this are sinners saved from hell,
And rebels brought to God.

387

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

The Atonement Completed.

'TIS finished! the Messiah dies —
Cut off for sins, but not his own;
Accomplished is the sacrifice, —
The great redeeming work is done.

- 2 The vail is rent; in him alone
The living way to heaven is seen;
The middle wall is broken down,
And all mankind may enter in.
- 3 The types and figures are fulfilled;
Exacted is the legal pain;
The precious promises are sealed;
The spotless Lamb of God is slain.
- 4 Death, hell, and sin are now subdued;
All grace is now to sinners given;
And, lo! I plead th' atoning blood,
And in thy right I claim my heaven.

388

L. M.

MCDUFF.

And that Rock was Christ.

ETERNAL Rock! — to thee I flee;
In thy rent fissures would I hide:
No rill of mercy flows to me
But issues from thy wounded side.

- 2 Earth's fondest hopes, and brightest dreams,
Are fitful, fugitive, and vain;
The best of its polluted streams
I only drink to thirst again.
- 3 Forgiveness, peace, salvation, heaven,
Jesus, I owe alone to thee —
The Rock whose clefts for me were riven,
The smitten One of Calvary!

389

L. M.

WATTS.

Hope through the Sorrows of Christ.

- D**EEP in our hearts let us record
 The deeper sorrows of our Lord :
 Behold the rising billows roll,
 To overwhelm his holy soul !
- 2 Yet, gracious God, thy power and love
 Have made the curse a blessing prove :
 Those dreadful sufferings of thy Son
 Atoned for crimes which we had done.
- 3 Oh, for his sake, our guilt forgive,
 And let the mourning sinner live !
 The Lord will hear us in his name,
 Nor shall our hope be turned to shame.

390

S. M.

WATTS.

The Sacrifice.

- N**OT all the blood of beasts,
 On Jewish altars slain,
 Could give the guilty conscience peace,
 Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
 Takes all our sins away —
 A sacrifice of nobler name,
 And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand
 On that dear head of thine,
 While like a penitent I stand,
 And there confess my sin.
- 4 Believing, we rejoice
 To see the curse remove ;
 We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
 And sing his bleeding love.

REPENTANCE AND FAITH.

391

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

To God all Things are Possible.

OH, that thou wouldst the heavens rend,
In majesty come down,
Stretch out thine arm omnipotent,
And seize me for thine own.

2 Descend, and let thy lightnings burn
The stubble of thy foe;
My sins o'erturn, o'erturn, o'erturn,
And make the mountains flow.

3 Thou my impetuous spirit guide,
And curb my headstrong will;
Thou only canst drive back the tide,
And bid the sun stand still.

4 What though I can not break my chain,
Or e'er throw off my load;
The things impossible to men,
Are possible to God.

392

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

Salvation only by Grace through Faith.

WE have no outward righteousness,
No merits or good works to plead;
We only can be saved by grace;
Thy grace, O Lord, is free indeed.

2 Save us by grace, through faith alone —
A faith thou must thyself impart;
A faith that would by works be shown,
A faith that purifies the heart:

- 3 A faith that doth the mountains move,
A faith that shows our sins forgiven,
A faith that sweetly works by love,
And ascertains our claim to heaven.
- 4 This is the faith we humbly seek,
The faith in thy all-cleansing blood;
That faith which doth for sinners speak,
Oh, let it speak us up to God!

393

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Victorious Faith.

- I N hope against all human hope,
Self-desperate, I believe —
Thy quickening word shall raise me up,
Thou wilt thy Spirit give.
- 2 The fact surpasses all my thought;
But faithful is my Lord;
Through unbelief I stagger not,
For God hath spoke the word.
 - 3 Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees
And looks to that alone;
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries — It shall be done!
 - 4 To thee, the glory of thy power
And faithfulness I give:
I shall in Christ, at that glad hour,
And Christ in me shall live.
 - 5 Obedient faith, that waits on thee,
Thou never wilt reprove;
But thou wilt form thy Son in me,
And perfect me in love.

394

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Plea for Pardon.

OH, for that tenderness of heart
Which bows before the Lord,
Acknowledging how just thou art,
And trembling at thy word :
Oh, for those humble, contrite tears,
Which from repentance flow ;
That consciousness of guilt, which fears
The long-suspended blow.

- 2 Saviour, to me, in pity, give
The sensible distress ;
The pledge thou wilt at last receive,
And bid me die in peace :
Wilt from the dreadful day remove,
Before the evil come ;
My spirit hide with saints above —
My body in the tomb.

395

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY.

Self-Abasement.

GRACIOUS God, my sins forgive ;
Thy Spirit now impart ;
Then shall I in thee believe,
With all my loving heart :
Always unto Jesus look —
Him in heavenly glory see,
Who to save me undertook,
And ever prays for me.

- 2 Grace, in answer to his prayer,
Fullness of grace bestow ;
That I may with zealous care
Perform thy will below ;

Rooted in humility,
Still in every state resigned —
Plant, Almighty Lord, in me,
A meek and lowly mind.

- 3 Poor and vile in my own eyes,
With self-abasing shame,
Still I would myself despise,
And magnify thy name.
Thee let every creature bless;
Praise alone to God be given:
God alone deserves the praise
Of all in earth and heaven.

396 6 lines L. M. C. WESLEY.

The Mourner Blessed.

JESUS, if still the same thou art,
If all thy promises are sure,
Set up thy kingdom in my heart,
And make me rich, for I am poor:
To me be all thy treasures given —
The kingdom of an inward heaven.

- 2 Thou hast pronounced the mourner blest,
And lo! for thee I ever mourn;
I can not, no, I will not rest,
Till thou, my only rest, return —
Till thou, the Prince of peace, appear,
And I receive the Comforter.
- 3 Where is the blessedness bestowed
On all that hunger after thee?
I hunger now, I thirst for God:
See the poor, fainting sinner, see;
And satisfy with endless peace,
And fill me with thy righteousness.

397

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

The Blood of Sprinkling.

MY God, my God, to thee I cry;
Thee only would I know:
Thy purifying blood apply,
And wash me white as snow.

2 Touch me, and make the leper clean;
Purge my iniquity:

Unless thou wash my soul from sin,
I have no part in thee.

3 But art thou not already mine?

Answer, if mine thou art;
Whisper within, thou love divine,
And cheer my drooping heart.

4 Behold, for me the Victim bleeds —

His wounds are open wide;
For me the blood of sprinkling pleads,
And speaks me justified.

398

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Unwearied Earnestness.

FATHER, I stretch my hands to thee —
No other help I know:

If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah! whither shall I go?

2 What did thine only Son endure,
Before I drew my breath!

What pain, what labor, to secure
My soul from endless death!

3 O Jesus, could I this believe,

I now should feel thy power,
Now, my poor soul thou wouldst retrieve,
Nor let me wait one hour.

- 4 Author of faith! to thee I lift
 My weary, longing eyes:
 Oh, let me now receive that gift —
 My soul without it dies.

399

L. M.

WATTS.

Condemned, but Pleading the Promises.

SHOW pity, Lord — O Lord, forgive;
 Let a repenting rebel live.
 Are not thy mercies large and free?
 May not a sinner trust in thee?

- 2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass
 The power and glory of thy grace;
 Great God, thy nature hath no bound —
 So let thy pardoning love be found.
- 3 Oh, wash my soul from every sin,
 And make my guilty conscience clean;
 Here on my heart the burden lies,
 And past offences pain my eyes.
- 4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
 Against thy law, against thy grace;
 Lord, should thy judgments grow severe,
 I am condemned, but thou art clear.
- 5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
 I must pronounce thee just, in death;
 And if my soul were sent to hell,
 Thy righteous law approves it well.
- 6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
 Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,
 Would light on some sweet promise there —
 Some sure support against despair.

400

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

Only by Faith.

- LORD, I despair myself to heal;
 I see my sin, but can not feel;
 I can not, till thy Spirit blow,
 And bid th' obedient waters flow.
- 2 'Tis thine a heart of flesh to give;
 Thy gifts I only can receive;
 Here, then, to thee I all resign;
 To draw, redeem, and seal — are thine.
- 3 With simple faith, on thee I call —
 My light, my life, my Lord, my all:
 I wait the moving of the pool;
 I wait the word that speaks me whole.
- 4 Speak, gracious Lord, my sickness cure —
 Make my infected nature pure:
 Peace, righteousness, and joy impart,
 And pour thyself into my heart!

401

7s.

TAYLOR.

Mercy and Grace.

- GOD of mercy! God of grace!
 Hear our sad, repentant songs;
 Oh, restore thy suppliant race,
 Thou to whom our praise belongs —
- 2 Deep regret for follies past,
 Talents wasted, time misspent;
 Hearts debased by worldly cares,
 Thankless for the blessings lent
- 3 Foolish fears, and fond desires,
 Vain regrets, for things as vain,
 Lips too seldom taught to praise,
 Oft to murmur and complain —

4 These, and every secret fault,
 Filled with grief and shame, we own;
 Humbled at thy feet we lie,
 Seeking pardon from thy throne!

5 God of mercy! God of grace!
 Hear our sad, repentant songs;
 Oh, restore thy suppliant race,
 Thou to whom our praise belongs.

402

7s & 6s.

C. WESLEY.

Penitence.

JESUS, let thy pitying eye
 Call back a wandering sheep;
 False to thee, like Peter, I
 Would fain like Peter weep!
 Let me be by grace restored,
 On me be all long-suffering shown;
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord!
 And break my heart of stone.

2 Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,
 Repentance to impart,
 Give me, through thy dying love,
 The humble, contrite heart:
 Give what I have long implored,
 A portion of thy grief unknown;
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord!
 And break my heart of stone.

3 See me, Saviour, from above,
 Nor suffer me to die;
 Life, and happiness, and love
 Beam from thy gracious eye:
 If thy mercies now are stirred,
 If now I do myself bemoan,
 Turn, and look upon me, Lord!
 And break my heart of stone.

403

S. M. (Double.) C. WESLEY.

Godly Sorrow.

OH, that I could repent!
 Oh, that I could believe!
 Thou, by thy voice, the marble rent,
 The rock in sunder cleave!
 Thou, by thy two-edged sword,
 My soul and spirit part;
 Strike with the hammer of thy word,
 And break my stubborn heart.

2 Saviour, and Prince of peace,
 The double grace bestow,
 Unloose the bands of wickedness,
 And let the captive go;
 Grant me my sins to feel,
 And then the load remove;
 Wound, and pour in my wounds, to heal,
 The balm of pardoning love.

3 For thine own mercy's sake,
 The hindrance now remove,
 And into thy protection take
 The prisoner of thy love;
 In every trying hour
 Stand by my feeble soul,
 And screen me from my nature's power,
 Till thou hast made me whole.

4 This is thy will, I know,
 That I should holy be,
 Should let my sins this moment go,
 This moment turn to thee:
 Oh, might I now embrace
 Thine all-sufficient power,
 And nevermore to sin give place,
 And never grieve thee more.

404

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

Helpless, in Sin and Misery.

- WHOM man forsakes thou wilt not leave,
 Ready the outcasts to receive :
 Though all my simpleness I own,
 And all my faults to thee are known
 2 Ah ! wherefore did I ever doubt ?
 Thou wilt in nowise cast me out —
 A helpless soul that comes to thee
 With only sin and misery.
 3 Lord, I am sick — my sickness cure ;
 I want — do thou enrich the poor :
 Under thy mighty hand I stoop ;
 Oh, lift the abject sinner up.
 4 Lord, I am blind — be thou my sight ;
 Lord, I am weak — be thou my might :
 A helper of the helpless be,
 And let me find my all in thee.

405

L. M.

CRITTENDEN.

Acknowledged Guilt.

- I OWN my guilt, my sins confess ;
 Can men or devils make them more ?
 Of crimes already numberless,
 Vain the attempt to swell the score.
 2 Were the black list before my sight,
 While I remember thou hast died,
 'Twould only urge my speedier flight
 To seek salvation at thy side.
 3 Low at thy feet I'll cast me down,
 To thee reveal my guilt and fear ;
 And if thou spurn me from thy throne,
 I'll be the first who perished there.

406

C. M.

BEDDOME.

Renunciation of the World.

AND must I part with all I have,
 Jesus, my Lord, for thee?
 This is my joy, since thou hast done
 Much more than this for me.

- 2 Yes, let it go — one look from thee
 Will more than make amends
 For all the losses I sustain
 Of credit, riches, friends.
- 3 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives,
 How worthless they appear,
 Compared with thee, supremely good,
 Divinely bright and fair!
- 4 Saviour of souls, while I from thee
 A single smile obtain,
 Though destitute of all things else,
 I'll glory in my gain.

407

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

To Whom should we Go?

AH! whither should I go,
 Burden'd, and sick, and faint?
 To whom should I my trouble show,
 And pour out my complaint?
 My Saviour bids me come;
 Ah! why do I delay?
 He calls the weary sinner home,
 And yet from him I stay.

- 2 What is it keeps me back,
 From which I can not part —
 Which will not let the Saviour take
 Possession of my heart?

Searcher of hearts, in mine
 Thy trying power display ;
 Into the darkest corners shine,
 And take the vail away.

- 3 I now believe ; in thee
 Compassion reigns alone ;
 According to my faith, to me,
 Oh, let it, Lord, be done !
 In me is all the bar,
 Which thou wouldst fain remove :
 Remove it, and I shall declare
 That God is only love.

408

C. M.

STENNETT.

Confessed Ingratitude.

WITH tears of anguish, I lament,
 Here at thy feet, my God,
 My passion, pride, and discontent,
 And vile ingratitude.

- 2 Sure there was ne'er a heart so base,
 So false as mine hath been,
 So faithless to its promises,
 So prone to every sin !
- 3 My reason tells me thy commands
 Are holy, just, and true ;
 Tells me whate'er my God demands
 Is his most righteous due.
- 4 Reason I hear, her counsels weigh,
 And all her words approve ;
 But still I find it hard t' obey,
 And harder yet to love.
- 5 How long, dear Saviour, shall I feel
 These strugglings in my breast ?
 When wilt thou bow my stubborn will,
 And give my conscience rest ?

409

C. M.

REED'S COL.

I would be Thine.

- I** WOULD be thine ; oh, take my heart,
 And fill it with thy love ;
 Thy sacred image, Lord, impart,
 And seal it from above.
- 2 I would be thine ; but while I strive
 To give myself away,
 I feel rebellion still alive,
 And wander while I pray.
- 3 I would be thine ; but, Lord, I feel
 Evil still lurks within :
 Do thou thy majesty reveal,
 And overcome my sin.
- 4 I would be thine ; I would embrace
 The Saviour, and adore :
 Inspire with faith, infuse thy grace,
 And now my soul restore.

410

C. M.

MRS. STEELE.

Pardoning Love.

- H**OW oft, alas ! this wretched heart
 Has wandered from the Lord !
 How oft my roving thoughts depart,
 Forgetful of his word !
- 2 Yet sovereign mercy calls Return ;
 Dear Lord, and may I come ?
 My vile ingratitude I mourn ;
 Oh, take the wanderer home.
- 3 And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,
 And bid my crimes remove ?
 And shall a pardoned rebel live
 To speak thy wondrous love ?

- 4 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
 Blest Saviour, I adore ;
 Oh, keep me at thy sacred feet,
 And let me rove no more.

411 7s. ALEXANDER CLARK.

Now !

H EAVENLY Father, bless me now ;
 At the cross of Christ I bow ;
 Take my guilt and grief away,
 Hear and heal me now, I pray.

- 2 Now, O Lord, this very hour,
 Send thy grace and show thy power ;
 While I rest upon thy word,
 Come, and bless me now, O Lord !

- 3 Now, just now, for Jesus' sake,
 Lift the clouds, the fetters break ;
 While I look, and as I cry,
 Touch and cleanse me, ere I die.

- 4 Never did I so adore
 Jesus Christ, thy Son, before :
 Now the time ! and this the place !
 Gracious Father, show thy grace.

- 5 Mercy now, O Lord, I plead,
 In this hour of utter need ;
 Turn me not away unblest,
 Calm my anguish into rest.

- 6 O thou loving, bless'd One,
 Rising o'er me like the sun,
 Light and life art thou within —
 Saviour, thou, from every sin !

412

C. M.

NEEDHAM.

Joy in Heaven over Repenting Sinners.

O H, how divine, how sweet the joy,
When but one sinner turns,
And with an humble, broken heart,
His sins and errors mourns.

- 2 Pleased with the news, the saints below
In songs their tongues employ ;
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heaven is filled with joy.
Nor angels can their joys contain,
But kindle with new fire ;
The sinner lost is found, they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre.

413

L. M.

WATTS.

Deprecating the Withdrawal of the Spirit.

STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite,
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

- 2 Though I have steeled my stubborn heart,
And still shook off my guilty fears ;
And vexed, and urged thee to depart,
For many long, rebellious years :
3 Though I have most unfaithful been,
Of all whoe'er thy grace received ;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved :
4 Yet, oh ! the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest ;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
T' exclude me from thy people's rest.

5 This only woe I deprecate ;
 This only plague I pray remove ;
 Nor leave me in my lost estate ;
 Nor curse me with this want of love.

6 Now, Lord, my weary soul release,
 Upraise me with thy gracious hand,
 And guide into thy perfect peace,
 And bring me to the promised land.

414

C. M.

STENNETT.

Tears of Sorrow.

PROSTRATE, dear Jesus, at thy feet,
 A guilty rebel lies ;
 And upward to thy mercy-seat
 Presumes to lift his eyes.

2 Let not thy justice frown me hence :
 Oh, stay the vengeful storm :
 Forbid it, that omnipotence
 Should crush a feeble worm.

3 If tears of sorrow could suffice
 To pay the debt I owe,
 Tears should from both my weeping eyes
 In ceaseless currents flow.

4 But no such sacrifice I plead
 To expiate my guilt ;
 No tears, but those which thou hast shed,
 No blood, but thou hast spilt.

5 Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord,
 And all my sins forgive ;
 Then justice will approve the word
 That bids the sinner live.

415

L. M. CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

Coming to Christ.

- J**UST as I am, without one plea,
 But that thy blood was shed for me,
 And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
 O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
- 2 Just as I am, and waiting not
 To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
 O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
- 3 Just as I am, though tossed about,
 With many a conflict, many a doubt,
 Fightings within, and fears without,
 O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
- 4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
 Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
 Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
 O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
- 5 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
 Because thy promise I believe;
 O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
- 6 Just as I am; thy love unknown
 Has broken every barrier down;
 Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
 O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

416

6 lines L. M. C. WESLEY.

God's Lawful Claim.

MASTER, I own thy lawful claim;
 Thine, wholly thine I long to be;
 Thou seest, at last, I willing am,
 Where'er thou go'st, to follow thee,

Myself in all things to deny,
Thine, wholly thine, to live and die.

- 2 Whate'er my sinful flesh requires,
For thee I cheerfully forego,
My covetous and vain desires,
My hopes of happiness below,
My senses' and my passions' food,
And all my thirst for creature good.
- 3 Pleasure and wealth and praise no more
Shall lead my captive soul astray;
My fond pursuits I all give o'er,
Thee, only thee, resolved t' obey;
My own in all things to resign,
And know no other will but thine.

417

H. M.

RAFFLES.

The Sacrifices of God are a Broken Spirit.

- A BROKEN heart, O Lord!
Thou never wilt despise;
'Tis written in thy word,
This is the sacrifice:
The sacrifice that thou wilt own —
It is the broken heart alone.
- 2 Break thou my heart, O Lord!
The rock within me break;
To tremble at thy word,
And at thine anger quake:
Let me in deep contrition lie,
And heave the penitential sigh.
 - 3 For mercy dwells with thee —
Compassion, all divine;
That mercy show to me;
Be that compassion mine:
For sinners did not Jesus bleed?
And Jesus' blood alone I plead.

418

C. M. MRS. STEELE.

Contrition.

O THOU, whose tender mercy hears
 Contrition's humble sigh ;
 Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
 From sorrow's weeping eye —

2 See, low before thy throne of grace
 A wretched wanderer mourn ;
 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face ?
 Hast thou not said, Return ?

3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
 To drive me from thy feet ?
 Oh, let not this dear refuge fail,
 This only safe retreat !

4 Absent from thee, my Guide, my Light,
 Without one cheering ray,
 Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
 How desolate my way !

5 Oh, shine on this benighted heart,
 With beams of mercy shine !
 And let thy healing voice impart
 A taste of joys divine.

419

S. M.

BEDDOME.

' Christ's Compassion.

DID Christ o'er sinners weep,
 And shall our cheeks be dry ?
 Let floods of penitential grief
 Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
 The angels wondering see ;
 Be thou astonished, O my soul ;
 He shed those tears for thee.

- 3 He wept that we might weep ;
 Each sin demands a tear :
 In heaven alone no sin is found,
 And there 's no weeping there.

420

7s.

S. LONGFELLOW.

Love for All.

- L**OVE for all ! and can it be ?
 Can I hope it is for me ?
 I, who strayed so long ago,
 Strayed so far, and fell so low !
- 2 I, the disobedient child,
 Wayward, passionate, and wild ;
 I, who left my Father's home
 In forbidden ways to roam !
- 3 I, who spurned his loving hold,
 I, who would not be controll'd ;
 I, who would not hear his call,
 I, the willful prodigal !
- 4 I, who wasted and misspent
 Every talent he had lent ;
 I, who sinned again, again,
 Giving every passion rein !
- 5 To my Father can I go ?
 At his feet myself I'll throw,
 In his house there yet may be
 Place, a servant's place for me.
- 6 See, my Father waiting stands ;
 See, he reaches out his hands :
 God is love ! I know, I see,
 Love for me — yes, even me.

421

6 lines 7s.

GRANT.

Help, or I Perish.

- B**Y thy birth, and by thy tears ;
 By thy human griefs and fears ;
 By thy conflict in the hour
 Of the subtle tempter's power —
 Saviour, look with pitying eye ;
 Saviour, help me, or I die.
- 2 By the tenderness that wept
 O'er the grave where Laz'rus slept ;
 By the bitter tears that flowed
 Over Salem's lost abode —
 Saviour, look with pitying eye ;
 Saviour, help me, or I die.
- 3 By thy lonely hour of prayer ;
 By the fearful conflict there ;
 By thy cross and dying cries ;
 By thy one great sacrifice —
 Saviour, look with pitying eye ;
 Saviour, help me, or I die.
- 4 By thy triumph o'er the grave ;
 By thy power the lost to save ;
 By thy high, majestic throne ;
 By the empire all thine own —
 Saviour, look with pitying eye ;
 Saviour, help me, or I die.

422

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

The Slavery of Sin.

OH, that my load of sin were gone,
 Oh, that I could at last submit
 At Jesus' feet to lay it down,
 To lay my soul at Jesus' feet !

REPENTANCE AND FAITH.

- 2 Rest for my soul I long to find ;
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.
- 3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free ;
I can not rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.
- 4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God ;
Thy light and easy burden prove,
The cross all stained with hallowed blood,
The labor of thy dying love.
- 5 I would, but thou must give the power,
My heart from every sin release ;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

423

S. M.

BEDDOME.

The Broken Heart.

- NOW to thine altar, Lord,
A broken heart I bring ;
And wilt thou graciously accept
Of such a worthless thing ?
- 2 To Christ, the bleeding Lamb,
My faith directs her eyes ;
All other offerings are vain,
But not his sacrifice.
- 3 That moment he expired
The law was satisfied,
And now, to its severest claims,
I answer, Jesus died !

424

8 lines 8s.

C. WESLEY.

The Conviction of Sin.

O JESUS, in pity draw near;
 Come quickly to help a lost soul;
 To comfort a mourner, appear,
 And make a poor penitent whole:
 The balm of thy mercy apply;
 Thou seest the sore anguish I feel;
 Save, Lord, or I perish, I die;
 Oh, save, or I sink into hell.

- 2 I sink, if thou longer delay
 Thy pardoning mercy to show;
 Come quickly, and kindly display
 The power of thy passion below:
 By all thou hast done for my sake,
 One drop of thy blood I implore;
 Now, now let it touch me, and make
 The sinner, a sinner no more.

425

C. M.

NEWTON.

Pleading His Gracious Name.

L ORD, I approach the mercy-seat,
 Where thou dost answer prayer;
 There humbly fall before thy feet —
 For none can perish there.

- 2 Thy promise is my only plea;
 With this I venture nigh;
 Thou callest burdened souls to thee,
 And such, O Lord, am I.
- 3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
 By Satan sorely pressed;
 By wars without, and fears within,
 I come to thee for rest.

- 4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place;
That, sheltered near thy side,
I may rejoice in Jesus' grace —
In Jesus crucified.
- 5 Oh, wondrous love! — to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.

426

C. M.

ANON.

The Returning Prodigal.

- THE long-lost son, with streaming eyes,
From folly just awake,
Reviews his wanderings with surprise;
His heart begins to break.
- 2 I starve, he cries, nor can I bear
The famine in this land,
While servants of my father share
The bounty of his hand.
- 3 With deep repentance I'll return,
And seek my father's face;
Unworthy to be called a son,
I'll ask a servant's place.
- 4 Far off the father saw him move —
In pensive silence mourn —
And quickly ran, with arms of love,
To welcome his return.
- 5 Through all the courts the tidings flew,
And spread the joy around;
The angels tuned their harps anew —
The long-lost son is found!

427

7s & 6s.

ANON.

Repentance.

BEFORE thy cross lamenting,
 My Saviour, I would lie,
 Of all my sins repenting,
 That caused my Lord to die.
 My soul with tears of anguish
 Her follies would confess;
 Oh, while in pain I languish,
 Restore me by thy grace.

JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH.

428

7s.

WINDHAM.

Christ the Ground of Hope.

CHRIST, of all my hopes the ground—
 Christ, the spring of all my joy!
 Still in thee let me be found,
 Still for thee my powers employ.

- 2 Fountain of o'erflowing grace!
 Freely from thy fullness give;
 Till I close my earthly race,
 Be it Christ for me to live!
- 3 Firmly trusting in thy blood,
 Nothing shall my heart confound;
 Safely I shall pass the flood,
 Safely reach Immanuel's ground.
- 4 When I touch the bless'd shore,
 Back the closing waves shall roll;
 Death's dark stream shall never more
 Part from thee my ravished soul.

- 5 Thus, oh, thus an entrance give
To the land of cloudless sky;
Having known it Christ to live,
Let me know it Gain to die.

429

C. M.

FAWCETT.

Ye must be Born Again.

SINNERS, this solemn truth regard—
Hear, all ye sons of men!
For Christ, the Saviour, hath declared
Ye must be born again.

- 2 Whate'er might be your birth or blood,
The sinner's boast is vain:
Thus saith the glorious Son of God,
Ye must be born again.

- 3 Our nature's totally depraved,
The heart a sink of sin;
Without a change we can't be saved,
Ye must be born again.

- 4 That which is born of flesh is flesh,
And flesh it will remain:
Then marvel not that Jesus saith,
Ye must be born again.

- 5 Spirit of life, thy grace impart,
And breathe on sinners slain;
Bear witness, Lord, with every heart,
That we are born again.

- 6 Dear Saviour, we will now begin
To trust and love thy word;
And by forsaking every sin,
Prove we are born of God.

430 6 lines L. M. C. WESLEY.

Wrestling Jacob:—I will not Let thee Go.

First Part.

COME, O thou Traveler unknown,
Whom still I hold, but can not see;
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee:
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

2 I need not tell thee who I am;
My sin and misery declare;
Thyself hast called me by my name;
Look on thy hands, and read it there:
But who, I ask thee, who art thou?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

3 In vain thou strugglest to get free;
I never will unloose my hold:
Art thou the Man that died for me?
The secret of thy love unfold:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

431 6 lines L. M. C. WESLEY.

Second Part.

WILT thou not to me reveal
Thy new, unutterable name?
Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell?
To know it now resolved I am:
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

2 What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long?
I rise superior to my pain:
When I am weak, then I am strong!

JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH.

And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-man prevail.

- 3 My strength is gone, my nature dies ;
 I sink beneath thy mighty hand ;
Faint to revive — and fall to rise ;
 I fall, and yet by faith I stand :
I stand, and will not let thee go,
Till I thy name and nature know.

432

6 lines L. M. C. WESLEY.

Third Part.

- Y**IELD to me now, for I am weak,
 But confident in self-despair ;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak :
 Be conquered by my instant prayer :
Speak, or thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if thy name be Love.
- 2 'Tis Love ! 'tis Love ! thou diedst for me ;
 I hear thy whisper in my heart ;
The morning breaks, the shadows flee ;
 Pure, universal Love thou art :
To me, to all, thy bowels move —
Thy nature and thy name is Love.
- 3 My prayer hath power with God ; the grace
 Unspeakable I now receive ;
Through faith I see thee face to face ;
 I see thee face to face, and live !
In vain I have not wept and strove ;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.
- 4 I know thee, Saviour, who thou art —
 Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend :
Nor wilt thou with the night depart,
 But stay and love me to the end :
Thy mercies never shall remove ;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

433

6 lines L. M. C. WESLEY.

Fourth Part.

THE Sun of Righteousness on me
 Hath risen with healing in his wings:
 Withered my nature's strength, from thee
 My soul its life and succor brings;
 My help is all laid up above;
 Thy nature and thy name is Love.

- 2 Contented now, upon my thigh
 I halt till life's short journey end;
 All helplessness, all weakness, I
 On thee alone for strength depend:
 Nor have I power from thee to move:
 Thy nature and thy name is Love.
- 3 Lame as I am, I take the prey;
 Hell, earth, and sin with ease o'ercome;
 I leap for joy, pursue my way,
 And as a bounding hart, fly home
 To all eternity, to prove
 Thy nature and thy name is Love.

434

S. M. MONTGOMERY.

Issues of Life and Death.

O H, where shall rest be found,
 Rest for the weary soul!
 'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
 Or pierce to either pole.

- 2 The world can never give
 The bliss for which we sigh;
 'Tis not the whole of life to live,
 Nor all of death to die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears
 There is a life above;

JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH.

Unmeasured by the flight of years —
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath :
Oh ! what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death !

5 Lord, God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun ;
Lest we be driven from thy face,
And evermore undone.

435 L. M. J. WESLEY.

Thirsting for the Fullness of Love.

I THIRST, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing blood ;
To dwell within thy bounds : then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
For ever closed to all but thee :
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love for ever there.

3 How blest are they who still abide
Close sheltered in thy bleeding side !
Who thence their life and strength derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live.

4 What are works but sin and death,
Till thou thy quick'ning Spirit breathe ?
Thou giv'st the power thy grace to move,
Oh, wondrous grace ! oh, boundless love !

5 How can it be, thou heavenly King,
That thou shouldst us to glory bring ;
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Decked with a never-fading crown ?

436

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Vows Remembered and Renewed.

OH, happy day, that fixed my choice
 On thee, my Saviour and my God!
 Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
 And tell its raptures all abroad.

- 2 Oh, happy bond, that seals my vows
 To him who merits all my love;
 Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
 While to that sacred shrine I move.
- 3 'Tis done, the great transaction 's done:
 I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
 He drew me, and I followed on,
 Charmed to confess the voice divine.
- 4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
 Fixed on this blissful center, rest,
 Nor ever from thy Lord depart;
 With him of every good possessed.
- 5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
 That vow renewed shall daily hear,
 Till in life's latest hour I bow,
 And bless in death a bond so dear.

437

8s.

HART.

Victorious Faith.

THE moment a sinner believes,
 And trusts in his crucified God,
 His pardon at once he receives,
 Redemption in full through his blood.

- 2 The faith that unites to the Lamb,
 And brings such salvation as this,
 Is more than mere fancy or name:
 The work of God's Spirit it is.

- 3 It says to the mountains, Depart,
That stand betwixt God and the soul ;
It binds up the broken in heart,
The wounded in conscience makes whole :
- 4 Bids sins of a crimson-like dye
Be spotless as snow, and as white ;
And raises the sinner on high,
To dwell with the angels of light.

438

C. M.

FABER.

Conversion.

- OH, gift of gifts ! oh, grace of faith !
My God, how can it be
That thou, who hast discerning love,
Shouldst give that gift to me ?
- 2 There was a place, there was a time,
Whether by night or day,
Thy Spirit came, and left that gift,
And went upon his way.
- 3 How many hearts thou might'st have had,
More innocent than mine !
How many souls more worthy far
Of that sweet touch of thine.
- 4 Oh, happy, happy that I am !
If thou canst be, O faith,
The treasure that thou art in life,
What wilt thou be in death ?
- 5 This choice, O God of goodness, then,
I lovingly adore ;
Oh, give me grace to keep thy grace,
And grace to merit more.

439

C. P. M.

OCKUM.

Need of Regeneration.

A WAKED by Sinai's awful sound,
 My soul in guilt and thrall I found,
 Exposed to endless woe;
 Eternal truth did loud proclaim
 The sinner must be born again,
 Or else to ruin go.

- 2 Amazed I stood, but could not tell
 Which way to shun the gates of hell;
 For death and hell drew near.
 I strove, indeed, but strove in vain —
 The sinner must be born again,
 Still sounded in my ear.
- 3 The saints I heard, with rapture tell,
 How Jesus conquered death and hell,
 And broke the fowler's snare;
 Yet when I found this truth remain —
 The sinner must be born again —
 I sunk in deep despair.
- 4 But while I thus in anguish lay,
 Jesus of Naz'reth passed that way —
 I felt his pity move;
 The sinner, by his justice slain,
 Now, by his grace, is born again,
 And sings redeeming love.

440

6 lines 7s.

C. WESLEY.

The Covenant of Grace Signed and Sealed.

JESUS Christ, who stands between
 Angry heaven and guilty men,
 Undertakes to buy our peace;
 Gives the covenant of grace;

JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH.

Ratifies and makes it good ;
Signs and seals it with his blood.

- 2 Life his healing blood imparts,
Sprinkled in our peaceful hearts ;
Abel's blood for vengeance cried,
Jesus speaks us justified ;
Speaks and calls for better things ;
Makes us prophets, priests, and kings.

441 6 lines L. M. C. WESLEY.
General Redemption.

WOULD Jesus have the sinner die !
Why hangs he then on yonder tree ?
What means that strange, expiring cry ?
Sinners, he prays for you and me —
Forgive them, Father, oh, forgive !
They know not that by me they live.

- 2 Thou loving, all-atoning Lamb,
Thee, by thy painful agony,
Thy bloody sweat, thy grief and shame,
Thy cross and passion on the tree,
Thy precious death and life — I pray,
Take all, take all my sins away.
- 3 Oh, let me kiss thy bleeding feet,
And bathe and wash them with my tears,
The story of thy love repeat
In every drooping sinner's ears,
That all may hear the quick'ning sound,
Since I, e'en I have mercy found.
- 4 Oh, let thy love my heart constrain,
Thy love for every sinner free,
That every fallen soul of man
May taste the grace that found out me ;
That all mankind with thee may prove
Thy sovereign, everlasting love.

442 8s & 7s. (Double.) RAY PALMER.

The Reasonable Sacrifice.

TAKE me, O my Father, take me!
 Take me, save me, through thy Son;
 That which thou wouldst have me, make me,
 Let thy will in me be done.
 Long from thee my footsteps straying,
 Thorny proves the way I trod;
 Weary come I now, and praying—
 Take me to thy love, my God.

2 Fruitless years with grief recalling,
 Humbly I confess my sin;
 At thy feet, O Father, falling,
 To thy household take me in.
 Freely now to thee I proffer
 This relenting heart of mine;
 Freely life and soul I offer—
 Gift unworthy love like thine.

3 Once the world's Redeemer dying,
 Bare our sins upon the tree;
 On that sacrifice relying,
 Now I look in hope to thee;
 Father, take me! All forgiving,
 Fold me to thy loving breast:
 In thy love for ever living,
 I must be for ever blest.

4 Have I long in sin been sleeping?
 Long been slighting, grieving thee?
 Has the world my heart been keeping?
 Oh, forgive and rescue me!
 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
 Thou canst make the blind to see:
 Testify of Jesus' merit,
 Speak the word of peace to me.

ADOPTION AND SANCTIFICATION.

443

H. M.

C. WESLEY.

Rejoicing in Prospect of the Blessing.

YE ransom'd sinners, hear,
The pris'ners of the Lord ;
And wait till Christ appear,
According to his word :
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me ;
We shall from all our sins be free.

2 In God we put our trust ;
If we our sins confess,
Faithful is he and just
From all unrighteousness
To cleanse us all, both you and me :
We shall from all our sins be free.

3 Surely in us the hope
Of glory shall appear :
Sinners, your heads lift up,
And see redemption near :
Again I say, rejoice with me ;
We shall from all our sins be free.

4 Who Jesus' sufferings share,
My fellow-pris'ners now,
Ye soon the crown shall wear
On your triumphant brow :
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me ;
We shall from all our sins be free.

5 The word of God is sure,
And never can remove ;
We shall in heart be pure,
And perfected in love :
Rejoice in hope, rejoice with me ;
We shall from all our sins be free.

444

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Longing to be Dissolved in Love.

JESUS hath died that I might live,
Might live to God alone;
In him eternal life receive,
And be in spirit one.

2 Saviour, I thank thee for thy grace,
The gift unspeakable;
And wait, with arms of faith t' embrace,
And all thy love to feel.

3 My soul breaks out in strong desire
The perfect bliss to prove;
My longing heart is all on fire
To be dissolved in love.

4 Give me thyself; from every boast—
From every wish set free;
Let all I am in thee be lost,
But give thyself to me.

5 Thy gifts, alas! can not suffice,
Unless thyself be given;
Thy presence makes my paradise,
And where thou art is heaven.

445

P. M.

C. WESLEY.

Speak the Word.

EVER fainting with desire,
For thee, O Christ, I call;
Thee I restlessly require;
I want my God, my all.
Jesus, dear redeeming Lord,
I wait thy coming from above;
Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
And perfect me in love.

- 2 Wilt thou suffer me to go
 Lamenting all my days?
 Shall I never, never know
 Thy sanctifying grace?
 Wilt thou not thy light afford?
 The darkness from my soul remove?
 Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
 And perfect me in love.
- 3 Thou my life, my treasure be,
 My portion here below:
 Nothing would I seek but thee —
 Thee only would I know;
 My exceeding great reward —
 My heaven on earth, my heaven above:
 Help me, Saviour, speak the word,
 And perfect me in love.

446

C. M.

CLEVELAND.

Desires for Holiness.

- O**H, could I find, from day to day,
 A nearness to my God,
 Then would my hours glide sweet away,
 While leaning on his word.
- 2 Lord, I desire with thee to live
 Anew from day to day,
 In joys the world can never give,
 Nor ever take away.
- 3 Blest Jesus, come and rule my heart
 And make me wholly thine,
 That I may never more depart,
 Nor grieve thy love divine.
- 4 Thus, till my last, expiring breath,
 Thy goodness I'll adore;
 And when my frame dissolves in death,
 My soul shall love thee more.

447

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

The Garner of God.

COME, thou omniscient Son of man,
 Display thy sifting power;
 Come, with thy Spirit's winn'wing fan,
 And thoroughly purge thy floor.

2 The chaff of sin, th' accursed thing,
 Far from our souls be driven;
 The wheat into thy garner bring,
 And lay us up for heaven.

3 Whate'er offends thy glorious eyes,
 Far from our hearts remove;
 As dust before the whirlwind flies,
 Disperse it by thy love.

4 Then let us all thy fullness know,
 From every sin set free;
 Saved to the utmost, saved below,
 And perfected in thee.

448

6 lines 7s.

ANON.

Adoption.

FATHER, let thy light divine
 Brightly o'er my pathway shine;
 Bid the shadows disappear,
 Banish every sinful fear;
 Guide me in the narrow way
 To the realms of endless day.

2 Canst thou own me as thy child,
 One so oft by sin defiled?
 Canst thou fit me, by thy grace,
 To behold thy dwelling-place?
 Trembling, Lord, I would believe;
 Let me not myself deceive.

- 3 But if I am all thy own,
 Let me live for thee alone ;
 Let the honor of thy name
 All my inmost soul inflame ;
 Let thy Holy Spirit move,
 Till my heart is filled with love.

449

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

The Work Accomplished.

COME, O my God, the promise seal,
 This mountain, sin, remove ;
 Now in my waiting soul reveal
 The virtue of thy love.

- 2 I want thy life, thy purity,
 Thy righteousness brought in ;
 I ask, desire, and trust in thee,
 To be redeemed from sin.
- 3 For this, as taught by thee, I pray,
 My inbred sin cast out :
 Thou wilt, in me, thy power display ;
 I can no longer doubt.
- 4 Let anger, sloth, desire, and pride
 This moment be subdued,
 Be cast into the crimson tide
 Of my Redeemer's blood.
- 5 Saviour, to thee my soul looks up,
 My present Saviour thou !
 In all the confidence of hope,
 I claim the blessing now.
- 6 'Tis done ; thou dost this moment save —
 With full salvation bless ;
 Redemption through thy blood I have,
 And spotless love and peace.

450

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

Glorious Liberty.

O H, come, and dwell in me,
 Spirit of power within;
 And bring the glorious liberty
 From sorrow, fear, and sin!

- 2 The seed of sin's disease,
 Spirit of health, remove;
 Spirit of finished holiness,
 Spirit of perfect love.
- 3 Hasten the joyful day
 Which shall my sins consume;
 When old things shall be done away,
 And all things new become.
- 4 I want the witness, Lord,
 That all I do is right —
 According to thy will and word —
 Well pleasing in thy sight.
- 5 I ask no higher state;
 Indulge me but in this,
 And soon or later then translate
 To my eternal bliss.

451

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Entire Purification.

FOREVER here my rest shall be,
 Close to thy bleeding side;
 This all my hope, and all my plea —
 For me the Saviour died.

- 2 My dying Saviour, and my God,
 Fountain for guilt and sin,
 Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
 And cleanse and keep me clean.

- 3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own;
 Wash me, and mine thou art;
 Wash me, but not my feet alone —
 My hands, my head, my heart.
- 4 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
 Till faith to sight improve;
 Till hope in full fruition die,
 And all my soul be love.

452 8s & 7s. C. WESLEY.

The Power of Divine Love.

- LOVE divine, all love excelling,
 Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
 Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
 All thy faithful mercies crown;
 Jesus, thou art all compassion,
 Pure, unbounded love thou art;
 Visit us with thy salvation,
 Enter every trembling heart.
- 2 Come, almighty to deliver,
 Let us all thy life receive;
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more thy temples leave:
 Thee we would be always blessing,
 Serve thee as thy hosts above,
 Pray and praise thee without ceasing,
 Glory in thy perfect love.
- 3 Finish then thy new creation,
 Pure and spotless let us be;
 Let us see thy great salvation,
 Perfectly restored in thee —
 Changed from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place,
 Till we cast our crowns before thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

453 6 lines L. M. C. WESLEY.

All Things Possible to the Believer.

ALL things are possible to him
That can in Jesus' name believe :
Lord, I no more thy truth blaspheme ;
Thy truth I lovingly receive ;
I can, I do believe in thee —
All things are possible to me.

2 When thou the work of faith hast wrought,
I here shall in thine image shine,
Nor sin in deed or word or thought :
Let men exclaim, and fiends repine,
They can not break the firm decree —
All things are possible to me.

3 All things are possible to God —
To Christ, the power of God in man —
To me, when I am all renewed —
When I in Christ am formed again,
And witness, from all sin set free,
All things are possible to me.

454 C. M. C. WESLEY.

The Hope of our High Calling.

WHAT is our calling's glorious hope,
But inward holiness ?
For this to Jesus I look up ;
I calmly wait for this.

2 I wait till he shall touch me clean —
Shall life and power impart ;
Give me the faith that casts out sin
And purifies the heart.

3 This is the dear redeeming grace,
For every sinner free ;

Surely it shall on me take place,
The chief of sinners — me.

4 From all iniquity, from all,
He shall my soul redeem;
In Jesus I believe, and shall
Believe myself to him.

5 When Jesus makes my heart his home,
My sin shall all depart;
And, lo! he saith, I quickly come,
To fil and rule thy heart.

6 Be it according to thy word;
Redeem me from all sin;
My heart would now receive thee, Lord;
Come in, my Lord, come in!

455

C. M.

*

ANON.

Call to Liberty.

HARK! for 'tis God's own Son that calls
To life and liberty;
Transported, fall before his feet,
Who makes the prisoners free.

2 The cruel bonds of sin he breaks,
He sunders Satan's chain:
And, smiling, deals those pardons round
Which free from endless pain.

3 Into the captive heart he pours
His Spirit from on high;
We lose the terrors of the slave,
And "Abba, Father," cry.

4 Shake off your bonds and sing his grace,
The sinner's Friend proclaim,
And call on all around to seek
True freedom by his name.

456

C. P. M.

C. WESLEY.

Gospel Gifts.

S AVIOUR, on me the grace bestow,
 That with thy children I may know
 My sins on earth forgiven;
 Give me to prove the kingdom mine,
 And taste, in holiness divine,
 The happiness of heaven!

2 Me with that restless thirst inspire,
 That sacred, infinite desire,
 And feast my hungry heart:
 Less than thyself can not suffice;
 My soul for all thy fullness cries,
 For all thou hast and art.

3 Mercy who show shall mercy find:
 Thy pitiful and tender mind
 Be, Lord, on me bestowed;
 So shall I still the blessing gain,
 And to eternal life retain
 The mercy of my God.

4 Jesus, the crowning grace impart:
 Bless me with purity of heart;
 That now beholding thee,
 I soon may view thy open face,
 On all thy glorious beauties gaze,
 And God forever see.

457

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

Witness of Adoption.

H OW can a sinner know
 His sins on earth forgiven?
 How can my gracious Saviour show
 My name inscribed in heaven?

- 2 What we have felt and seen
With confidence we tell ;
And publish to the sons of men
The signs infallible.
- 3 We who in Christ believe
That he for us hath died,
We all his unknown peace receive,
And feel his blood applied.
- 4 Exults our rising soul,
Disburdened of her load,
And swells unutterably full
Of glory and of God.
- 5 His love, surpassing far
The love of all beneath,
We find within our hearts, and dare
The pointless darts of death.
- 6 Stronger than death or hell,
The sacred power we prove ;
And, conqu'rors of the world, we dwell
In heaven, who dwell in love.

458

S. M.

KEBLE.

Purity of Heart.

BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God :
The secret of the Lord is theirs ;
Their soul is his abode.

- 2 Still to the lowly soul
He doth himself impart,
And for his temple and his throne
Selects the pure in heart.

459

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Earnest Longings.

- I** ASK the gift of righteousness,
The sin-subduing power,
Power to believe, and go in peace,
And never grieve thee more.
- 2 I ask the blood-bought pardon sealed,
The liberty from sin,
The grace infused, the love revealed,
The kingdom fixed within.
- 3 Thou hear'st me for salvation pray,
Thou seest my heart's desire;
Make ready in thy powerful day,
Thy fullness I require.
- 4 My vehement soul cries out oppressed,
Impatient to be freed;
Nor can I, Lord, nor will I rest
Till I am saved indeed.
- 5 Art thou not able to convert,
Art thou not willing too,
To change this old rebellious heart,
To conquer and renew?
- 6 Thou canst, thou wilt, I dare believe:
So arm me with thy power,
That I to sin shall never cleave,
Shall never feel it more.

460

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

The Believer's Rest.

L ORD, I believe a rest remains
To all thy people known;
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And thou art loved alone:

- 2 A rest where all our soul's desire
Is fixed on things above;
Where fear and sin and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.
- 3 Oh, that I now the rest might know,
Believe, and enter in:
Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin.
- 4 Remove this hardness from my heart;
This unbelief remove:
To me the rest of faith impart —
The Sabbath of thy love.

461

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Perfect Freedom and Holiness.

- I**F thou impart thyself to me,
No other good I need;
If thou, the Son, shalt me make free,
I shall be free indeed.
- 2 I can not rest till in thy blood
I full redemption have;
But thou, through whom I come to God,
Canst to the utmost save.
 - 3 From sin — the guilt, the power, the pain —
Thou wilt redeem my soul;
Lord, I believe — and not in vain —
My faith shall make me whole.
 - 4 I, too, with thee, shall walk in white;
With all thy saints shall prove
The length and depth and breadth and height
Of everlasting love.

462

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

The Bond of Perfectness.

- THE sacred bond of perfectness
Is spotless charity ;
Oh, let us, Lord, we pray, possess
The mind that was in thee.
- 2 Grant this, and then from all below
Insensibly remove :
Our souls the change shall scarcely know,
Made perfect first in love.
- 3 With ease our souls through death shall glide
Into their paradise ;
And thence on wings of angels ride
Triumphant through the skies.
- 4 Yet then the fullest joy is given,
The same delight we prove ;
In earth, in paradise, in heaven,
Our all in all is love.

463

8s & 7s.

SAVONAROLA.

All for Christ.

- JESUS, refuge of the weary,
Object of the spirit's love,
Fountain in life's desert dreary,
Saviour from the world above !
- 2 Oh, how oft thine eyes, offended,
Gazed upon the sinner's fall !
Yet thou on the cross extended
Bore the penalty of all !
- 3 For our human sake enduring
Tortures infinite in pain ;
By thy death our life assuring,
Conquerors, through thee we reign !

- 4 Jesus, would my heart were burning
With more vivid love for thee !
Would my eyes were ever turning
To thy cross of agony !
- 5 Would that, on that cross suspended,
I the martyr's palm might win —
Where the Lord, the heaven-descended,
Sinless suffered for my sin !
- 6 So in praise and rapture blending,
Might my fading eyes grow dim,
While the freed heart rose, ascending,
To the circling Seraphim.
- 7 Then in glory parted never
From the bless'd Saviour's side,
Graven on my heart forever
Be the cross and Crucified.

464

C. M.

CONDER.

God's Workmanship.

- I** AM thy workmanship, O Lord !
And unto thee belong ;
Thou art my Shield, my great Reward,
My Glory, and my Song.
- 2 Surround me with thy guardian might ;
Uphold me with thy grace ;
Unharm'd, conduct me through the fight,
Unwearied, through the race.
 - 3 Make me a weapon of thy power,
An angel of thy will ;
To thee devoted, let each hour
Its happy task fulfill.
 - 4 Yet dare not I, a child of dust,
Thus plead my filial claim,
But as in him is all my trust,
Who bears a Saviour's name.

465

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

The Rapture of Love.

- I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
 And ever prays for me ;
 A token of his love he gives,
 A pledge of liberty.
- 2 I find him lifting up my head,
 He brings salvation near ;
 His presence makes me free indeed,
 And he will soon appear.
- 3 He wills that I should holy be —
 What can withstand his will ?
 The counsel of his grace in me
 He surely shall fulfill !
- 4 Jesus, I hang upon thy word ;
 I steadfastly believe
 Thou wilt return and claim me, Lord,
 And to thyself receive.
- 5 When God is mine, and I am his,
 Of paradise possessed,
 I taste unutterable bliss,
 And everlasting rest.

466

S. M.

WATTS.

Acceptance with God.

- BEHOLD ! what wondrous grace
 The Father has bestowed
 On sinners of a mortal race,
 To call them sons of God.
- 2 'Tis no surprising thing
 That we should be unknown ;
 The Jewish world knew not their King,
 God's everlasting Son.

- 3 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made ;
But, when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.
- 4 A hope, so much divine,
May trials well endure ;
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ, the Lord, is pure.
- 5 If, in my Father's love,
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit, like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.
- 6 We would no longer lie,
Like slaves, beneath the throne ;
Our faith shall Abba, Father ! cry,
And thou the kindred own.

467

C. M.

MRS. STEELE.

Adoption.

- M**Y God, my Father, blissful name !
Oh, may I call thee mine ?
May I with sweet assurance claim
A portion so divine ?
- 2 This only can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly :
What harm can ever reach my soul,
Beneath my Father's eye ?
 - 3 Whate'er thy providence denies,
I cheerfully resign ;
Lord, thou art good and just and wise,
I yield my will to thine.
 - 4 Whate'er thy sacred will ordains,
Still give me strength to bear :
Let me but know my Father reigns,
I'll trust his tender care.

468

C. P. M.

C. WESLEY.

The Glorious Hope.

OH, glorious hope of perfect love,
 It lifts me up to things above;
 It bears on eagles' wings;
 It gives my ravished soul a taste,
 And makes me for some moments feast
 With Jesus' priests and kings.

- 2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
 I stand, and from the mountain-top
 See all the land below:
 Rivers of milk and honey rise,
 And all the fruits of Paradise
 In endless plenty grow.
- 3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
 Favor'd with God's peculiar smile,
 With every blessing blest;
 There dwells the Lord our Righteousness,
 And keeps his own in perfect peace,
 And everlasting rest.
- 4 Oh, that I might at once go up;
 No more on this side Jordan stop,
 But now the land possess;
 This moment end my legal years;
 Sorrows and sins, and doubts and fears,
 A howling wilderness.

469

6 lines 7s.

HUMPHREYS.

Privileges of Adoption.

BLESSED are the sons of God;
 They are bought with Jesus' blood;
 They are ransomed from the grave —
 Life eternal they shall have:
 With them numbered may we be,
 Here, and in eternity.

- 2 They are justified by grace,
They enjoy the Saviour's peace;
All their sins are washed away;
They shall stand in God's great day:
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity. .
- 3 They produce the fruits of grace,
In the works of righteousness;
They are harmless, meek, and mild,
Holy, blameless, undefiled:
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity.
- 4 They are lights upon the earth,
Children of a heavenly birth;
One with God, with Jesus one;
Glory is in them begun:
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

470

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

The Affections Crucified.

JESUS, my life, thyself apply;
Thy Holy Spirit breathe;
My vile affections crucify;
Conform me to thy death.

- 2 Conqu'ror of hell and earth and sin,
Still with the rebel strive:
Enter my soul and work within,
And kill, and make alive.
- 3 Reign in me, Lord; thy foes control,
Who would not own thy sway;
Diffuse thine image through my soul;
Shine to the perfect day.

471

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

The Paradise of Love.

O JESUS, at thy feet we wait
Till thou shalt bid us rise,
Restored to our unsinning state,
To love's sweet paradise.

2 Since thou wouldst have us free from sin,
And pure as those above,
Make haste to bring thy nature in,
And perfect us in love.

3 The counsel of thy love fulfill,
Come quickly, gracious Lord!
Be it according to thy will,
According to thy word.

4 Oh, that the perfect grace were given,
The love diffused abroad!
Oh, that our hearts were all a heaven,
For ever filled with God!

472

7s.

A. H. ROSS.

The Forgiven.

CLOTHED in white, O Saviour, we
Thy forgiven children be;
Washed, renewed, from sin set free,
Thine we are eternally.

2 Thou for us redemption wrought;
Thou our souls with blood hast bought;
Thou the lost in mercy sought;
Us to heavenly mansions brought.

3 Called from Adam's sinful race;
Saved by thy redeeming grace;

Raised to see thy smiling face ;
At thy feet our crowns we place.

- 4 Honor, praise, to thee we bring ;
Thy redemption, Lord, we sing ;
Louder let our anthem ring —
Glory to our Saviour King.

473

C. P. M.

C. WESLEY.

Perfect Love.

O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art !
When shall I find my longing heart
All taken up by thee ?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

- 2 God only knows the love of God ;
Oh, that it now were shed abroad
In my poor, longing heart !
For love I sigh, for love I pine ;
This only portion, Lord, be mine ;
Be mine this better part.

- 3 Oh, that I may forever sit,
With Mary, at the Master's feet :
Be this my happy choice —
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

- 4 Oh, that I may, with favored John,
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast !
From care and sin and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
My everlasting rest.

THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

BAPTISM.

474

S. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Of Such is the Kingdom.

THE Saviour kindly calls
Our children to his breast;
He folds them in his gracious arms,
Himself declares them blest.

2 Let them approach, he cries,
Nor scorn their humble claim;
The heirs of heaven are such as these,
For such as these I came.

3 With joy we bring them, Lord,
Devoting them to thee,
Imploring, that, as we are thine,
Thine may our offspring be.

475 8s & 7s. (Double.) MUHLENBERG.

The Divine Shepherd.

S AVIOUR! who thy flock art feeding
With the shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs thy bosom share;
Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in thy gracious arm;
There, we know, thy word believing,
Only there secure from harm.

2 Never, from thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;

BAPTISM.

Let thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them all life's dangerous way :
Then, within thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place,
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of thy grace.

476

S. M. ENG. BAP. COLL.

Follow Thou Me.

HERE, Saviour, we would come,
In thine appointed way ;
Obedient to thy high commands,
Our solemn vows we pay.

- 2 Oh, bless this sacred rite,
To bring us near to thee ;
And may we find that as our day
Our strength shall also be.

477

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Consecration of Children.

SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,
With all-engaging charms ;
Hark ! how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms !

- 2 Permit them to approach, he cries,
Nor scorn their humble name ;
It was to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came.
- 3 We bring them, Lord, with fervent prayer,
And yield them up to thee ;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be !

478

L. M.

WATTS.

Teach and Baptize.

- 'T WAS the commission of our Lord,
 Go, teach the nations, and baptize;
 The nations have received the word,
 Since he ascended to the skies.
- 2 He sits upon th' eternal hills,
 With grace and pardon in his hands,
 And sends his covenant with the seals,
 To bless the distant heathen lands.
- 3 Repent and be baptized, he saith,
 In token of forgiven sins;
 And thus our sense assists our faith,
 And shows us what the gospel means.
- 4 Hence, we engage ourselves to thee,
 And seal our cov'nant with the Lord;
 Oh, may the great eternal Three
 In heaven our solemn vows record.

479

C. M.

BECK.

The Infant Redeemer.

- JESUS! we lift our souls to thee;
 Thy Holy Spirit breathe;
 And let this little infant be
 Baptized into thy death.
- 2 Oh, let thine unction on it rest,
 Thy grace its soul renew;
 And write within its tender breast
 Thy name and nature too.
- 3 If thou shouldst quickly end its days,
 Its place with thee prepare;
 And if thou lengthen out its race,
 Continue still thy care.

- 4 Lord! plant us all into thy grace,
That we thy life may prove;
Partakers of thy cross beneath,
And of thy crown above.

480

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

Witness and Seal.

COME, Holy Spirit, from on high,
Baptizer of our spirits thou!
The sacramental seal apply,
And witness with the water now.

- 2 Exert thy energy divine,
And sprinkle the atoning blood;
May Father, Son, and Spirit join
To seal this child, a child of God.

481

C. M.

S. F. SMITH.

The Emblematic Dove.

MEEKLY in Jordan's holy stream
The great Redeemer bowed;
Bright was the glory's sacred beam
That hushed the wondering crowd.

- 2 Thus God descended to approve
The deed that Christ had done;
Thus came the emblematic Dove,
And hovered o'er the Son.
- 3 So, bless'd Spirit, come to-day
To our baptismal scene:
Let thoughts of earth be far away,
And every mind serene.
- 4 This day we give to holy joy;
This day to heaven belongs:
Raised to new life, we will employ
In melody our tongues.

482

C. M.

HEBER.

The Children's Home.

BY cool Siloam's shady rill
 How sweet the lily grows;
 How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
 Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2 Lo! such the child whose early feet
 The paths of peace have trod,
 Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
 Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
 The lily must decay;
 The rose, that blooms beneath the hill,
 Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
 Of man's maturer age
 Will shake the soul with sorrow's power
 And stormy passion's rage.

5 O thou who givest life and breath,
 We seek thy grace alone,
 In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
 To keep us still thine own.

ADMISSION OF MEMBERS.

483

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Reception of Members.

COME in, thou bless'd of the Lord;
 Stranger nor foe art thou:
 We welcome thee with warm accord,
 Our friend, our brother now.

- 2 The hand of fellowship, the heart
Of love, we offer thee :
Leaving the world, thou dost but part
From lies and vanity.
- 3 The cup of blessing which we bless,
The heavenly bread we break,
Our Saviour's blood and righteousness,
Freely with us partake.
- 4 In weal or woe, in joy or care,
Thy portion shall be ours ;
Christians their mutual burdens bear ;
They lend their mutual powers.
- 5 Come with us, we will do thee good,
As God to us hath done ;
Stand but in him, as those have stood
Whose faith the vict'ry won.
- 6 And when, by turns, we pass away,
As star by star grows dim,
May each, translated into day,
Be lost and found in him.

484

C. M.

BEDDOME.

Public Profession.

WITNESS, ye men and angels, now,
Before the Lord we speak ;
To him we make our solemn vow,
A vow we dare not-break :

- 2 That long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield ;
Nor from his cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.

485

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Union with God's People.

COME, let us join our souls to God
 In everlasting bands,
 And seize the blessings he bestows,
 With eager hearts and hands.

2 Come, let us to his temple haste,
 And seek his favor there;
 Before his footstool humbly bow,
 And pour our fervent prayer.

3 Come, let us seal, without delay,
 The covenant of his grace;
 Nor shall the years of distant life
 Its memory efface.

4 Thus may our rising offspring haste
 To seek their fathers' God;
 Nor e'er forsake the happy path
 Their fathers' feet have trod.

486

7s (Double.) MONTGOMERY.

Thy People shall be my People.

PEOPLE of the living God!
 I have sought the world around,
 Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
 Peace and comfort nowhere found:
 Now to you my spirit turns,
 Turns a fugitive unblest;
 Brethren! where your altar burns,
 Oh, receive me into rest.

2 Lonely I no longer roam,
 Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;
 Where you dwell shall be my home,
 Where you die shall be my grave:

CONSTITUTION.

Mine the God whom you adore,
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my soul no more,
Every idol I resign.

CONSTITUTION.

487

8s & 7s.

NEWTON.

Zion's Strength and Security.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!

He whose word can not be broken,
Form'd thee for his own abode:

On the Rock of ages founded,
Who can shake thy sure repose?

With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

2 See — the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:

Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?
Grace which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hov'ring,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a cov'ring,
Showing that the Lord is near.
Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night and shade by day;
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which he gives them when they pray.

488

C. M.

S. F. SMITH.

Christian Fellowship.

PLANTED in Christ, the living vine,
 This day, with one accord,
 Ourselves, with humble faith and joy,
 We yield to thee, O Lord.

- 2 Joined in one body may we be;
 One inward life partake;
 One be our heart; one heavenly hope
 In every bosom wake.
- 3 In prayer, in effort, tears, and toils,
 One wisdom be our guide;
 Taught by one Spirit from above,
 In thee may we abide.
- 4 Complete in us, whom grace hath called,
 Thy glorious work begun,
 O thou in whom the church on earth
 And church in heaven are one.
- 5 Around this feeble, trusting band
 Thy sheltering pinions spread,
 Nor let the storms of trial beat
 Too fiercely on our head.
- 6 Then, when, among the saints in light,
 Our joyful spirits shine,
 Shall anthems of immortal praise,
 O Lamb of God, be thine.

489

C. M.

ANON.

Church Founded on the Rock.

WITH stately towers and bulwarks strong,
 Unrivalled and alone —
 Loved theme oft for the sacred song —
 God's holy city shone.

CONSTITUTION.

- 2 Thus fair was Zion's chosen seat,
The glory of all lands ;
Yet fairer, and in strength complete,
The Christian temple stands.
- 3 The faithful of each clime and age
This glorious church compose ;
Built on the Rock — with idle rage
The threat'ning tempest blows.
- 4 Fear not : though hostile bands alarm,
Thy God is thy defense :
And weak and powerless every arm
Against Omnipotence.

490

C. M. S. LONGFELLOW.

The Church Universal.

- ONE holy church of God appears
Through every age and race,
Unwafted by the lapse of years,
Unchanged by changing place.
- 2 From oldest time, on furthest shores,
Beneath the pine or palm,
One unseen Presence she adores,
With silence or with psalm.
 - 3 Her priests are all God's faithful sons,
To serve the world raised up ;
The pure in heart her baptized ones,
Love her communion cup.
 - 4 The truth is her prophetic gift,
The soul her sacred page ;
And feet on mercy's errands swift
Do make her pilgrimage.
 - 5 O living church, thine errand speed ;
Fulfill thy task sublime ;
With bread of life earth's hunger feed ;
Redeem the evil time.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

491

L. M.

KIMBALL.

The Blessed Feast.

AT this thy banquet, Lord of all,
May less than angel dare to sup?
The crumbs that from thy table fall,
Unworthy we to gather up.

2 Yet, oh! too poor to turn away,
Too glad to own thy gracious claim,
We stay because thou bid'st us stay,
Despite our garb of want and shame.

3 Before thine altar kneeling low,
We bare our sinful hands to thine;
O holy Lord! thy pity show,
And cleanse us with thy touch divine.

4 Fill thou these empty palms with food —
The bread thou broughtest from above,
This cup with thy most precious blood —
The wine of thy atoning love.

5 The hunger and the thirst we plead,
No meaner feast could satisfy:
O Saviour! in our utter need,
Thou, thou must feed us, or we die.

492

7s.

CONDER.

In Remembrance.

MANY centuries have fled
Since our Saviour broke the bread,
And this sacred feast ordained,
Ever by his church retained:
Those his body who discern,
Thus shall meet till his return.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 2 Through the church's long eclipse,
When, from priest or pastor's lips,
Truth divine was never heard —
'Mid the famine of the word,
Still these symbols witness gave
To his love who died to save.
- 3 All who bear the Saviour's name,
Here their common faith proclaim ;
Though diverse in tongue and rite,
Here, one body we unite ;
Breaking thus one mystic bread,
Members of one common head.
- 4 Come, the bless'd emblems share,
Which the Saviour's death declare ;
Come, on truth immortal feed ;
For his flesh is meat indeed :
Saviour ! witness with the sign,
That our ransomed souls are thine.

493

7s

ANON.

Renewing the Covenant.

- JESUS, Master, hear me now,
While I would renew my vow,
And record thy dying love ;
Hear, and help me from above.
- 2 Feed me, Saviour, with this bread,
Broken in thy body's stead ;
Cheer my spirit with this wine,
Streaming like that blood of thine.
- 3 And as now I eat and drink,
Let me truly, sweetly think
Thou didst hang upon the tree,
Broken, bleeding, there — for me !

494

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

Figure and Means of Saving Grace.

AUTHOR of our salvation, thee
With lowly, thankful hearts we praise;
Author of this great mystery —
Figure and means of saving grace.

- 2 The sacred, true, effectual sign,
Thy body and thy blood it shows;
The glorious instrument divine,
Thy mercy and thy strength bestows.
- 3 We see the blood that seals our peace;
Thy pard'ning mercy we receive;
The bread doth visibly express
The strength through which our spirits live.
- 4 Our spirits drink a fresh supply,
And eat the bread so freely given,
Till, borne on eagles' wings, we fly
And banquet with our Lord in heaven.

495

7s & 6s.

AQUINAS.

The Heavenly Manna.

O BREAD to pilgrims given,
O Food that angels eat,
O Manna sent from heaven,
For heaven-born natures meet!
Give us, for thee long pining,
To eat till richly filled;
Till, earth's delights resigning,
Our every wish is stilled!

- 2 O Water, life-bestowing,
From out the Saviour's heart,

A fountain purely flowing,
 A fount of love thou art!
 Oh, let us, freely tasting,
 Our burning thirst assuage!
 Thy sweetness, never wasting,
 Avails from age to age.

- 3 Jesus, this feast receiving,
 We thee unseen adore;
 Thy faithful word believing,
 We take — and doubt no more:
 Give us, thou true and loving,
 On earth to live in thee;
 Then, death the vail removing,
 Thy glorious face to see!

496

7s.

C. WESLEY.

Discerning the Lord's Body.

JESUS, all-redeeming Lord,
 Magnify thy dying word;
 In thine ordinance appear;
 Come, and meet thy foll'wers here.

- 2 In the rite thou hast enjoined,
 Let us now our Saviour find;
 Drink thy blood for sinners shed,
 Taste thee in the broken bread.
- 3 Thou our faithful hearts prepare;
 Thou thy pard'ning grace declare:
 Thou that hast for sinners died
 Show thyself the Crucified!
- 4 All the power of sin remove;
 Fill us with thy perfect love;
 Stamp us with the stamp divine;
 Seal our souls forever thine.

497

L. M.

WATTS.

The Last Supper.

'T WAS on that dark, that doleful night,
 When powers of earth and hell arose
 Against the Son of God's delight,
 And friends betrayed him to his foes :

- 2 Before the mournful scene began,
 He took the bread, and blessed and brake :
 What love through all his actions ran !
 What wondrous words of grace he spake !
- 3 This is my body, broke for sin :
 Receive and eat the living food ;
 Then took the cup and blessed the wine :
 'Tis the new covenant in my blood.
- 4 Do this, he cried, till time shall end,
 In memory of your dying Friend ;
 Meet at my table, and record
 The love of your departed Lord.
- 5 Jesus ! thy fast we celebrate ;
 We show thy death, we sing thy name,
 Till thou return, and we shall eat
 The marriage supper of the Lamb.

498

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

The Invitation.

THE King of heaven his table spreads,
 And blessings crown the board ;
 Not Paradise, with all its joys,
 Could such delight afford.

- 2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
 And endless life are given,
 Through the rich blood that Jesus shed,
 To raise our souls to heaven.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

- 3 Millions of souls, in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here ;
And millions more, still on the way,
Around the board appear.
- 4 All things are ready : come away,
Nor weak excuses frame ;
Crowd to your places at the feast,
And bless the Founder's name.

499

8s & 7s. J. H. ROBINSON.

In Remembrance.

- I N remembrance of the Saviour,
And the load he bore for me ;
I commemorate his passion,
And his death upon the tree.
- 2 At the altar lowly kneeling,
Yielding all my soul to God,
I adore my dear Redeemer,
Who alone the wine-press trod.
- 3 Here I take the sacred emblems
That his broken body gives,
And my heart exults in gladness,
Since for me the Saviour lives.
- 4 I'm a witness of his dying,
And his rising from the grave —
Of his love for outcast sinners,
And his mighty power to save.
- 5 Here my faith with brightened vision
Sees the land that's far away,
Where I'll sup again with Jesus,
In the realms of endless day.

500

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

Our Paschal Lamb.

- LET all who truly bear
The bleeding Saviour's name,
Their faithful hearts with us prepare,
And eat the Paschal Lamb.
- 2 This eucharistic feast
Our every want supplies,
And still we by his death are blest,
And share his sacrifice.
- 3 Who thus our faith employ,
His suff'rings to record,
E'en now we mournfully enjoy
Communion with our Lord.
- 4 We too with him are dead,
And shall with him arise;
The cross on which he bows his head
Shall lift us to the skies.

501

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Remembering Christ.

- ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord!
I will remember thee!
- 2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.
- 3 Remember thee, and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me?
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee.

FELLOWSHIP.

- 4 And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Jesus! remember me.

502

C. M.

RYLE.

Known in Breaking Bread.

- B**E known to us in breaking bread,
But do not then depart;
Saviour, abide with us, and spread
Thy table in our heart.
- 2 Then sup with us, in love divine;
Thy body and thy blood,
That living bread and heavenly wine
Be our immortal food.

FELLOWSHIP.

503

8s & 7s.

ANON.

Brother's Keeper.

- B**LESS'ED angels, high in heaven,
O'er the penitent rejoice;
Hast thou for thy brother striven
With an importuning voice?
- 2 Art thou not thy brother's keeper?
Canst thou not his soul obtain?
He that wakes his brother sleeper,
Double light himself shall gain.
- 3 Then, when ends this life's short fever,
They, who many turn to God,
Like the stars shall shine for ever,
In eternal brotherhood!

504

S. M.

FAWCETT.

Christian Fellowship.

BLEST be the tie that binds
 Our hearts in Christian love :
 The fellowship of kindred minds
 Is like to that above.

- 2 Before our Father's throne
 We pour our ardent prayers ;
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
 Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,
 Our mutual burdens bear ;
 And often for each other flows
 The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,
 It gives us inward pain ;
 But we shall still be joined in heart,
 And hope to meet again.
- 5 This glorious hope revives
 Our courage by the way ;
 While each in expectation lives,
 And longs to see the day.
- 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
 And sin, we shall be free ;
 And perfect love and friendship reign
 Through all eternity.

505

6 lines 7s.

C. WESLEY.

Holy Partnership.

PARTNERS of a glorious hope !
 Lift your hearts and voices up ;
 Jointly let us rise and sing
 Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King :

Monuments of Jesus' grace,
Speak we by our lives his praise.

- 2 Let us then as brethren love,
Faithfully his gifts improve,
Carry on the earnest strife,
Walk in holiness of life ;
Still forget the things behind,
Follow Christ in heart and mind.
- 3 Heaven already is begun,
Everlasting life is won ;
Only let us persevere,
Till we see our Lord appear ;
Never from the Rock remove,
Saved by faith, which works by love.

506

C. M.

ANON.

Blessed Communion.

OH, it is joy for those to meet
Whom one communion blends,
Counsel to hold in converse sweet,
And talk as Christian friends.

- 2 'Tis joy to think the angel train,
Who 'mid heaven's temple shine,
To seek our earthly temples deign,
And in our anthems join.
- 3 But chief, 'tis joy to think, that he,
To whom his church is dear,
Delights her gathered flock to see,
Her joint devotions hear.
- 4 Then who would choose to walk abroad,
While here such joys are given ?
This is indeed the house of God,
And this the gate of heaven !

507

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

The Lodestone of His Love.

JESUS, united by thy grace,
 And each to each endeared,
 With confidence we seek thy face,
 And know our prayer is heard.

- 2 Still let us own our common Lord,
 And bear thine easy yoke —
 A band of love, a threefold cord,
 Which never can be broke.
- 3 Make us into one spirit drink;
 Baptize into thy name;
 And let us always kindly think,
 And sweetly speak the same.
- 4 Touched by the loadstone of thy love,
 Let all our hearts agree;
 And ever toward each other move,
 And ever move toward thee.
- 5 To thee, inseparably joined,
 Let all our spirits cleave;
 Oh, may we all the loving mind
 That was in thee, receive.

508

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

One Family of God.

LET saints below in concert sing
 With those to glory gone;
 For all the servants of our King
 In earth and heaven are one.

- 2 One family — we dwell with him —
 One church above, beneath,
 Though now divided by the stream,
 The narrow stream of death:

FELLOWSHIP.

- 3 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow ;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.
- 4 E'en now to their eternal home
Some happy spirits fly ;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon expect to die.
- 5 E'en now, by faith, we join our hands
With those that went before,
And greet the ransomed blessèd bands
Upon th' eternal shore.
- 6 Lord Jesus ! be our constant guide ;
And, when the word is given,
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

509

S. M.

BAKER.

Sympathy.

- OH, praise our God to-day,
His constant mercy bless,
Whose love hath helped us on our way,
And granted us success.
- 2 Oh, happiest work below,
Earnest of joy above,
To sweeten many a cup of woe
By deeds of holy love !
- 3 Lord, may it be our choice
This blessèd rule to keep :
Rejoice with them that do rejoice,
And weep with them that weep.

510

S. P. M.

WATTS.

Fellowship.

HOW pleasant 'tis to see
 Kindred and friends agree,
 Each in his proper station move ;
 And each fulfills his part
 With sympathizing heart,
 In all the cares of life and love.

2 'Tis like the ointment shed
 On Aaron's sacred head,
 Divinely rich, divinely sweet ;
 The oil through all the room
 Diffused a choice perfume,
 Ran through his robes, and blessed his feet.

3 Like fruitful showers of rain
 That water all the plain,
 Descending from the neighboring hills ;
 Such streams of pleasure roll
 Through every friendly soul,
 Where love like heavenly dew distills.

511

L. M.

NEWTON.

Kindred in Christ.

KINDRED in Christ, for his dear sake,
 A hearty welcome here receive ;
 May we together now partake
 The joys which only he can give.

2 May he, by whose kind care we meet,
 Send his good Spirit from above,
 Make our communications sweet,
 And cause our hearts to burn with love.

3 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
 When Christians see each other thus ;

- We only wish to speak of him
 Who lived, and died, and reigns for us.
- 4 We'll talk of all he did and said,
 And suffered for us here below ;
 The path he marked for us to tread,
 And what he 's doing for us now.
- 5 Thus, as the moments pass away,
 We'll love, and wonder, and adore ;
 And hasten on the glorious day
 When we shall meet to part no more.

512

C. M.

SWAIN.

Brotherly Love.

- H**OW sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
 When those who love the Lord,
 In one another's peace delight,
 And so fulfill his word !
- 2 Oh, may we feel each brother's sigh,
 And with him bear a part ;
 May sorrows flow from eye to eye,
 And joy from heart to heart.
- 3 Free us from envy, scorn, and pride ;
 Our wishes fix above ;
 May each his brother's failing hide,
 And show a brother's love.
- 4 Let love, in one delightful stream,
 Through every bosom flow,
 And union sweet, and fond esteem,
 In every action glow.
- 5 Love is the golden chain that binds
 The happy souls above,
 And he's an heir of heaven who finds
 His bosom glow with love.

513

C. M. MONTGOMERY.

The Universal Bond of Love.

- THE glorious universe around,
The heavens with all their train,
Sun, moon, and stars, are firmly bound
In one mysterious chain.
- 2 The earth, the ocean, and the sky
To form one world agree ;
Where all that walk, or swim, or fly,
Compose one family.
- 3 God in creation thus displays
His wisdom and his might,
While all his works with all his ways
Harmoniously unite.
- 4 In one fraternal bond of love,
One fellowship of mind,
The saints below and saints above
Their bliss and glory find.
- 5 Here, in their house of pilgrimage,
Thy statutes are their song ;
There, through one bright, eternal age,
Thy praises they prolong.
- 6 Lord, may our union form a part
Of that thrice happy whole ;
Derive its pulse from thee, the heart,
Its life from thee, the soul.

514

C. M. C. WESLEY.

One in Heart Forever.

BLEST be the dear, uniting love,
That will not let us part ;
Our bodies may far off remove —
We still are one in heart.

- 2 Joined in one Spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints, we go;
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And show his praise below.
- 3 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart —
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death can part.
- 4 But let us hasten to the day,
Which shall our flesh restore,
When death shall all be done away,
And we shall part no more.

515

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

Looking to Jesus.

JESUS, we look to thee,
Thy promised presence claim;
Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
Assembled in thy name.

- 2 We meet the grace to take
Which thou hast freely given;
We meet on earth for thy dear sake,
That we may meet in heaven.
- 3 Present we know thou art,
But, oh, thyself reveal!
Now, Lord, let every bounding heart
Thy mighty comfort feel.
- 4 Oh, may thy quickening voice
The death of sin remove;
And bid our inmost souls rejoice,
In hope of perfect love.

516

C. M.

MILLER.

Heaven begun on Earth.

- OUR souls, by love together knit,
 Cemented, mixed in one,
 One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,
 'Tis heaven on earth begun.
- 2 Our hearts have often burned within,
 And glowed with sacred fire,
 While Jesus spoke, and fed, and blessed,
 And filled th' enlarged desire.
- 3 The little cloud increases still,
 The heavens are big with rain;
 We haste to catch the teeming shower,
 And all its moisture drain.
- 4 A rill, a stream, a torrent flows!
 But pour a mighty flood;
 Oh, sweep the nations, shake the earth,
 Till all proclaim thee God!
- 5 And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,
 And sett'st thy starry crown;
 When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
 Proclaimed by thee thine own:
- 6 May we, a little band of love,
 We sinners, saved by grace,
 From glory unto glory changed,
 Behold thee face to face.

517

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

Conference Meeting.

AND are we yet alive,
 And see each other's face?
 Glory and praise to Jesus give,
 For his redeeming grace.

FELLOWSHIP.

- 2 What troubles have we seen !
What conflicts have we past !
Fightings without, and fears within,
Since we assembled last !
- 3 But out of all, the Lord
Hath brought us by his love ;
And still he doth his help afford,
And hides our life above.
- 4 Then let us make our boast
Of his redeeming power,
Which saves us to the uttermost,
Till we can sin no more.
- 5 Let us take up the cross,
Till we the crown obtain ;
And gladly reckon all things loss,
So we may Jesus gain.

518

S. M.

BEDDOME.

Oneness of Christians.

LET party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread ;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their head.

- 2 Among the saints on earth,
Let mutual love be found ;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crowned.
- 3 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above ;
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
And every heart is love.

519

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Brotherly Kindness.

FATHER of mercies ! send thy grace,
All-powerful from above,
To form, in our obedient souls,
The image of thy love.

- 2 Oh, may our sympathizing breasts
The generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe !
- 3 When the most helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.
- 4 So Jesus looked on dying men,
When throned above the skies ;
And 'mid the embraces of his God,
He felt compassion rise.
- 5 On wings of love the Saviour flew,
To raise us from the ground,
And made the richest of his blood
A balm for every wound.

520

7s.

WESLEYAN COL.

Heavenly Fellowship.

FATHER, hear our humble claim ;
We are met in thy great name ;
In the midst do thou appear,
Manifest thy presence here.

- 2 Lord, our fellowship increase ;
Knit us in the bond of peace ;
Join our hearts, O Father ! join
Each to each, and all to thine.

FELLOWSHIP.

- 3 Move and actuate and guide,
Diverse gifts to each divide;
Placed according to thy will,
Let us each his work fulfill.
- 4 Build us in one spirit up,
Called in one high calling's hope,
One the spirit, one the aim,
One the pure baptismal flame :
- 5 One the faith, and one the Lord,
Whom, by heaven and earth adored,
We our God and Father call —
O'er all, through all, with us all.

521

6 lines 7s. A. A. WATTS.

Parting Hymn.

WHEN shall we all meet again?
When shall we all meet again?
Oft shall glowing hope expire,
Oft shall wearied love retire,
Oft shall death and sorrow reign,
Ere we all shall meet again.

- 2 Though on foreign shore we sigh,
Far remote our native sky;
Though the depth between us roll,
Hope shall anchor there our soul,
And in faith's well-known domain,
Within the vail, we'll meet again.
- 3 When the dreams of life are fled,
When its wasted lamps are dead,
When in cold oblivion's shade
Beauty, wealth, and fame are laid,
Where immortal spirits reign,
Thither soar, to meet again!

522

C. M. MRS. BARBAULD.

Charity.

- BLEST is the man whose softening heart
 Feels all another's pain;
 To whom the supplicating eye
 Was never raised in vain.
- 2 Whose breast expands with generous warmth,
 A stranger's woes to feel;
 And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
 He wants the power to heal.
- 3 He spreads his kind, supporting arms
 To every child of grief;
 His secret bounty largely flows,
 And brings unasked relief.
- 4 To gentle offices of love
 His feet are never slow:
 He views, through mercy's melting eye,
 A brother in a foe.
- 5 Peace from the bosom of his God,
 The Saviour's grace shall give;
 And when he kneels before the throne,
 His trembling soul shall live.

523

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

The Two Kingdoms.

- HAPPY the souls to Jesus joined,
 And saved by grace alone;
 Walking in all his ways, they find
 Their heaven on earth begun.
- 2 The church triumphant in thy love,
 Their mighty joys we know;
 They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
 And we in hymns below.

- 3 Thee in thy glorious realm they praise,
And bow before thy throne;
We in the kingdom of thy grace —
The kingdoms are but one.
- 4 The holy to the holiest leads,
And thence our spirits rise;
For he that in thy statutes treads,
Shall meet thee in the skies.

524

7s.

C. WESLEY.

Banner of Love.

- J**ESUS, Lord, we look to thee;
Let us in thy name agree;
Show thyself the Prince of Peace;
Bid our jars forever cease.
- 2 By thy reconciling love,
Every stumbling-block remove:
Each to each unite, endear;
Come, and spread thy banner here.
- 3 Make us of one heart and mind —
Courteous, pitiful, and kind;
Lowly, meek, in thought and word —
Altogether like our Lord.
- 4 Let us for each other care;
Each the other's burden bear;
To thy church the pattern give;
Show how true believers live.
- 5 Free from anger and from pride,
Let us thus in God abide;
All the depths of love express —
All the heights of holiness.
- 6 Let us then with joy remove
To the family above;
On the wings of angels fly:
Show how true believers die.

THE SABBATH.

525

H. M.

HAYWARD.

Sabbath Morning.

WELCOME, delightful morn,
 Thou day of sacred rest!
 I hail thy kind return;
 Lord, make these moments blest:
 From the low train of mortal toys,
 I soar to reach immortal joys.

2 Now may the King descend,
 And fill his throne of grace;
 Thy scepter, Lord, extend,
 While saints address thy face:
 Let sinners feel thy quickening word,
 And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
 With all thy quickening powers;
 Disclose a Saviour's love,
 And bless the sacred hours:
 Then shall my soul new life obtain,
 Nor Sabbaths be enjoyed in vain.

526

S. M.

WATTS.

Day of Rest.

WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
 That saw the Lord arise;
 Welcome to this reviving breast,
 And these rejoicing eyes.

2 The King himself comes near,
 And feasts his saints to-day;
 Here we may sit and see him here,
 And love, and praise, and pray.

- 3 One day amidst the place
Which Jesus dwells within,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

527

6 lines 7s.

NEWTON.

The Sabbath Day.

- S**AFELY through another week
God has brought us on our way ;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day :
Day of all the week the best ;
Emblem of eternal rest !
- 2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciling face —
Take away our sins and shame :
From our worldly care set free,
May we rest this day in thee.
 - 3 Here we're come, thy name to praise ;
Let us feel thy presence near :
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear :
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.
 - 4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints ;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief for all complaints :
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

528

L. M.

WATTS.

A Hymn for the Sabbath.

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
 To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;
 To show thy love by morning light,
 And talk of all thy truth at night.

- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
 No mortal cares should seize my breast;
 Oh, may my heart in tune be found,
 Like David's harp, of solemn sound.
- 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
 And bless his works, and bless his word;
 Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
 How deep thy counsels! how divine!
- 4 Lord, I shall share a glorious part
 When grace hath well refined my heart,
 And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
 Like holy oil, to cheer my head.
- 5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
 All I desired or wished below;
 And every power find sweet employ
 In that eternal world of joy.

529

7s.

S. F. SMITH.

Sabbath Evening.

SOFTLY fades the twilight ray
 Of the holy Sabbath day;
 Gently as life's setting sun,
 When the Christian's course is run.

- 2 Night her solemn mantle spreads
 O'er the earth, as daylight fades;
 All things tell of calm repose
 At the holy Sabbath's close.

- 3 Peace is on the world abroad ;
'Tis the holy peace of God —
Symbol of the peace within,
When the spirit rests from sin.
- 4 Still the Spirit lingers near,
Where the evening worshipper
Seeks communion with the skies,
Pressing onward to the prize.

530

L. M.

STENNETT.

The Lord's Day.

- A**NOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun :
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God has blest.
- 2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds ;
Provides an antepast of heaven,
And gives this day the food of seven.
 - 3 Oh, that our thoughts and thanks may rise
As grateful incense to the skies ;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose
Which none, but he who feels it, knows.
 - 4 With joy, great God ! thy works we view
In various scenes, both old and new ;
With praise we think of mercies past,
With hope we future pleasures taste.
 - 5 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures pass away :
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

531

L. M.

ANON.

Sabbath Eventide.

THERE is a time when moments flow
More happily than all beside ;
It is, of all the times below,
A Sabbath of the eventide.

- 2 Oh, then the setting sun shines fair,
And all below, and all above,
The various forms of nature, wear
One universal garb of love.
- 3 And then the peace that Jesus brought,
The life of grace eternal beams,
And we, by his example taught,
Improve the life his love redeems.
- 4 Delightful scene ! a world at rest ;
A God of love ; no grief, no fear ;
A heavenly hope, a peaceful breast,
A smile, unsullied by a tear.

532

C. M.

WATTS.

Blessings of the Sabbath.

THIS is the day the Lord hath made ;
He calls the hours his own ;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround his throne.

- 2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell ;
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.
- 3 Hosanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son !
Help us, O Lord ! descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

- 4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
 With messages of grace ;
 Who comes, in God his Father's name,
 To save our sinful race.
- 5 Hosanna ! in the highest strains
 The church on earth can raise ;
 The highest heavens, in which he reigns,
 Shall give him nobler praise.

533

S. M.

BULFINCH.

Sabbath Worship.

HAIL to the Sabbath day !
 The day divinely given,
 When men to God their homage pay,
 And earth draws near to heaven.

- 2 Lord, in this sacred hour,
 Within thy courts we bend,
 And bless thy love, and own thy power,
 Our Father and our Friend.
- 3 But thou art not alone
 In courts by mortals trod ;
 Nor only is the day thine own
 When man draws near to God.
- 4 Thy temple is the arch
 Of yon unmeasured sky ;
 Thy Sabbath, the stupendous march
 Of grand eternity.
- 5 Lord, may that holier day
 Dawn on thy servants' sight ;
 And purer worship may we pay
 In heaven's unclouded light.

534

7s.

ANON.

Sabbath Privileges.

- SACRED day, forever blest!
 Day of all our days the best!
 Welcome hours of praise and prayer,
 Free from toil, fatigue, and care!
- 2 Happy, truly happy, Lord,
 Those who hear and read thy word!
 Happy those who dwell with thee!
 Who thy grace and glory see.
- 3 We once more have heard thy voice,
 Lord, in thee our souls rejoice;
 Borne by faith to worlds on high,
 Called to reign above the sky.
- 4 Though this day of rest we close,
 Still in thee our hearts repose;
 Guide and guard us all our days:
 Oh, may all our lives be praise!

535

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

The Earthly and Heavenly Sabbath.

- THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
 But there's a nobler rest above:
 To that our longing souls aspire,
 With cheerful hope and strong desire.
- 2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
 Nor sin nor death shall reach the place:
 No groans shall mingle with the songs
 That warble from immortal tongues.
- 3 No rude alarms of raging foes,
 No cares to break the long repose,
 No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
 But sacred, high, eternal noon.

- 4 Soon shall that glorious day begin,
Beyond this world of death and sin;
Soon shall our voices join the song
Of the triumphant, holy throng.

536

7s. MISS H. F. GOULD.

Choice of God.

- CHOICE of God, thou bless'd day,
At thy dawn the grave gave way
To the power of Him within,
Who had, sinless, bled for sin.
- 2 Thine the radiance to illumine
First, for man, the dismal tomb,
When its bars their weakness owned,
There revealing death dethroned.
- 3 Then the Sun of Righteousness
Rose, a darkened world to bless,
Bringing up from mortal night
Immortality and light.
- 4 Day of glory, day of power,
Sacred be thine every hour,
Emblem, earnest of the rest
That remaineth for the blest!

537

7s & 6s. LOUISE R. ESTES.

Let all Praise Him.

- OH, when the Sabbath's chiming
Rings clear upon the air,
Let grateful souls, responding,
Seek peace and strength in prayer.
- 2 Let hearts of all his children
Unite, though care-oppressed,
To praise him, call him Father,
On his glad day of rest.

538

C. M. CODMAN'S COL.

The Blessing of the Sabbath.

- B**LEST day of God! most calm, most bright,
 The first and best of days;
 The laborer's rest, the saint's delight,
 The day of prayer and praise.
- 2 My Saviour's face made thee to shine;
 His rising thee did raise;
 And made thee heavenly and divine
 Beyond all other days.
- 3 The first-fruits of a blessing prove
 To all the sheaves behind;
 And they who do the Sabbath love,
 A happy week will find.
- 4 This day I must to God appear;
 For, Lord, the day is thine;
 Help me to spend it in thy fear,
 And thus to make it mine.

539

C. M. GEO. H. BINKLEY.

Type of Heavenly Rest.

- I** THANK thee, Father, that I live
 To see this day of thine:
 This day of rest, this day of peace,
 Proclaims thy love divine.
- 2 To-day, I thank thee, most of all,
 For thy best gift of love;
 The gift of Christ, whose saving grace
 We all, to-day, may prove.
- 3 And when the evening shades of life
 Bring slumber and repose,
 Oh, may I see thee face to face,
 Where Sabbaths never close!

540

C. M. MRS. BARBAULD.

The Lord's-Day Morning.

A GAIN the Lord of life and light
 Awakes the kindling ray,
 Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
 And pours increasing day.

- 2 Oh, what a night was that which wrapped
 The heathen world in gloom !
 Oh, what a sun which broke, this day,
 Triumphant from the tomb !
- 3 This day be grateful homage paid,
 And loud hosannas sung ;
 Let gladness dwell in every heart,
 And praise on every tongue.
- 4 Ten thousand differing lips shall join
 To hail this welcome morn,
 Which scatters blessings from its wings
 To nations yet unborn.

541

C. M.

EDMESTON.

The Spirit's Day of Rest.

W HEN the worn spirit wants repose,
 And sighs her God to seek ;
 How sweet to hail the evening's close
 That ends the weary week !

- 2 How sweet to hail the early dawn,
 That opens on the sight
 When first that soul-reviving morn
 Sheds forth new rays of light !
- 3 Sweet day, thine hours too soon will cease ;
 Yet, while they gently roll,
 Breathe, Heavenly Spirit, source of peace,
 A Sabbath o'er my soul.
- 4 When will my pilgrimage be done,
 The world's long week be o'er,
 That Sabbath dawn which needs no sun,
 That day which fades no more ?

THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

SANCTUARY.

542

C. M. FROTHINGHAM.

The Lamb is the Light thereof.

OUR Christ hath reached his heavenly
seat,

Through sorrows and through scars;
The golden lamps are at his feet,
And in his hand the stars.

2 O God of life, and truth, and grace,
Ere nature was begun!

Make welcome to our erring race
Thy Spirit and thy Son.

3 We hail the church, built high o'er all
The heathen's rage and scoff;
Thy providence its fenced wall,
The Lamb the light thereof.

4 Oh, may he walk among us here,
With his rebuke and love —
A brightness o'er this lower sphere,
A ray from worlds above!

543

S. M.

DWIGHT.

Attachment to the Church.

I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy church, O God;
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;

To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Jesus, thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour, and our King,
Thy hand, from every snare and foe,
Shall great deliverance bring.

6 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

544

S. M. MONTGOMERY.

Place of Worship.

OUR willing feet shall stand
Within the temple door,
While young and old, in many a band,
Shall throng the sacred floor.

2 Thither the tribes repair,
Where all are wont to meet,
And, joyful in the house of prayer,
Bend at thy mercy-seat.

3 Within these walls may peace
And harmony be found;
Zion, in all thy palaces,
Prosperity abound!

4 For friends and brethren dear,
Our prayer shall never cease;
Oft as they meet for worship here,
God send his people peace!

545

8s, 7s, & 4s.

KELLY.

God the Defense of Zion.

ZION stands with hills surrounded —
 Zion, kept by power divine;
 All her foes shall be confounded,
 Though the world in arms combine.
 Happy Zion,
 What a favored lot is thine!

- 2 Every human tie may perish;
 Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
 Mothers cease their own to cherish;
 Heaven and earth at last remove;
 But no changes
 Can attend Jehovah's love.
- 3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
 Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
 But can never cease to love thee;
 Thou art precious in his sight:
 God is with thee —
 God, thine everlasting light.

546

S. M.

STENNETT.

The Mercy-Seat.

- H**OW charming is the place
 Where my Redeemer God
 Unveils the glories of his face,
 And sheds his love abroad!
- 2 Not the fairest palaces
 To which the great resort
 Are once to be compared with this,
 Where Jesus holds his court.
 - 3 Here on the mercy-seat,
 With radiant glory crowned,
 Our joyful eyes behold thee sit
 And smile on all around.

- 4 To thee our prayers and cries
 Each humble soul presents ;
 Oh, listen to our broken sighs,
 And grant us all our wants.
- 5 Give me, O Lord, a place
 Within thy blest abode,
 Among the children of thy grace,
 The servants of my God.

547

7s & 6s.

ANON.

God our Refuge.

THERE is a peaceful river,
 Descending from on high,
 Whose streams are pure for ever,
 Whose waters can not dry ;
 No waves of tribulation
 Disturb their glad'ning course ;
 The Rock of our salvation
 Is their unfailing source.

- 2 God in the midst is dwelling,
 Mount Zion shall not move ;
 The streams of grace are swelling,
 A tide of boundless love :
 Her foes, so oft conspiring,
 Tumultuous in noise,
 Like angry waves retiring,
 Have melted at his voice.
- 3 The Lord of Hosts is with us,
 The God of Jacob near ;
 With his strong arm beneath us
 Our souls shall never fear !
 Our Refuge is most glorious !
 Be still, for he is God ;
 His cause shall be victorious,
 Earth trembles at his nod.

548

C. M.

WATTS.

Delight in the Sabbath and Temple of God.

- HOW did my heart rejoice to hear
 My friends devoutly say,
 In Zion let us all appear,
 And keep the solemn day.
- 2 I love her gates — I love the road;
 The church, adorned with grace,
 Stands like a palace built for God,
 To show his milder face.
- 3 Up to her courts, with joy unknown,
 The holy tribes repair:
 The Son of David holds his throne,
 And sits in judgment there.
- 4 He hears our praises and complaints,
 And while his awful voice
 Divides the sinners from the saints,
 We tremble and rejoice.
- 5 Peace be within this sacred place,
 And joy a constant guest;
 With holy gifts and heavenly grace
 Be her attendants blest!
- 6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
 While life or breath remains;
 Here my best friends, my kindred dwell,
 Here God, my Saviour, reigns.

549

L. M.

WATTS.

The Church's Safety.

- GOD is the refuge of his saints,
 When storms of sharp distress invade;
 Ere we can offer our complaints,
 Behold him present with his aid.

MINISTRY.

- 2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there ;
Convulsions shake the solid world,
Our faith shall never yield to fear.
- 3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar,
In sacred peace our souls abide,
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.
- 4 There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God ;
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.
- 5 That sacred stream, thy holy word,
That all our raging fear controls :
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.
-

MINISTRY.

550

L. M.

WATTS.

The Commission.

- G**O, preach my gospel, saith the Lord —
Bid the whole world my grace receive :
He shall be saved who trusts my word,
And he condemn'd who won't believe.
- 2 I'll make your great commission known ;
And ye shall prove my gospel true,
By all the works that I have done,
By all the wonders ye shall do.
- 3 Teach all the nations my commands —
I'm with you till the world shall end ;
All power is trusted in my hands —
I can destroy, and I defend.

551

L. M. MONTGOMERY.

A Pastor Welcomed.

WE bid thee welcome in the name
Of Jesus, our exalted Head:
Come as a servant: so he came;
And we receive thee in his stead.

- 2 Come as a shepherd: guard and keep
This fold from Satan and from sin;
Nourish the lambs, and feed the sheep;
The wounded heal; the lost bring in.
- 3 Come as a watchman: take thy stand
Upon the tower on Zion's height;
And when the sword comes on the land,
Warn us to fly, or teach to fight.
- 4 Come as an angel: hence to guide
A band of pilgrims on their way;
That, safely walking at thy side,
We never fail, nor faint, nor stray.
- 5 Come as a teacher: sent from God,
Charged his whole counsel to declare;
Lift o'er our ranks the prophet's rod,
While we uphold thy hands with prayer.
- 6 Come as a messenger of peace:
Filled with the Spirit, fired with love;
Live to behold our large increase,
And die to meet us all above.

552

L. M. BALFOUR.

The Missionary Charged.

GO, messenger of peace and love,
To people plunged in shades of night;
Like angels sent from fields above,
Be thine to shed celestial light.

- 2 On barren rock and desert isle,
Go bid the rose of Sharon bloom;
Till arid wastes around thee smile,
And bear to heaven a sweet perfume.
- 3 Go to the hungry — food impart;
To paths of peace the wanderer guide,
And lead the thirsty, panting heart
Where streams of living water glide.
- 4 Go, bid the bright and morning star
From Bethlehem's plains resplendent shine,
And, piercing through the gloom afar,
Shed heavenly light and love divine.
- 5 Oh, faint not in the day of toil,
When harvest waits the reaper's hand;
Go, gather in the glorious spoil,
And joyous in his presence stand.

553

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

Comfort the People.

COMFORT, ye ministers of grace!
Comfort the people of your Lord;
Oh, lift ye up the fallen race,
And cheer them by the gospel word.

- 2 Go into every nation, go;
Speak to their trembling hearts, and cry,
Glad tidings unto all we show:
Jerusalem! thy God is nigh.
- 3 The glory of the Lord displayed
Shall all mankind together view;
And what his mouth in truth hath said,
His own almighty hand shall do.

554

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

The Minister's Only Business.

- J**ESUS, the Name high over all
 In hell, or earth, or sky;
 Angels and men before it fall,
 And devils fear and fly.
- 2 Jesus, the Name to sinners dear —
 The Name to sinners given;
 It scatters all their guilty fear;
 It turns their hell to heaven.
- 3 Jesus the pris'ner's fetters breaks,
 And bruises Satan's head;
 Power into strengthless souls he speaks,
 And life into the dead.
- 4 Oh, that the world might taste and see
 The riches of his grace;
 The arms of love that compass me,
 Would all mankind embrace.
- 5 His only righteousness I show —
 His saving truth proclaim:
 'Tis all my business here below
 To cry — Behold the Lamb!
- 6 Happy, if with my latest breath
 I may but gasp his name;
 Preach him to all, and cry, in death,
 Behold, behold the Lamb!

555

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

Minister's Prayer.

SAVIOUR of men, thy searching eye
 Doth all my inmost thoughts descry:
 Doth aught on earth my wishes raise,
 Or the world's pleasures or its praise?

- 2 The love of Christ doth me constrain
To seek the wand'ring souls of men ;
With cries, entreaties, tears, to save,
To snatch them from the gaping grave.
- 3 For this let men revile my name —
No cross I shun, I fear no shame ;
All hail reproach, and welcome pain !
Only thy terrors, Lord, restrain.
- 4 My life, my blood, I here present,
If for thy truth they must be spent ;
Fulfill thy sov'reign counsel, Lord !
Thy will be done, thy name adored !
- 5 Give me thy strength, O God of power ;
Then let winds blow, or thunders roar,
Thy faithful witness will I be ;
'Tis fixed, I can do all through thee.

556

C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Watching for Souls.

LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take th' alarm they give ;
Now let them from the mouth of God
Their awful charge receive.

- 2 'Tis not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands,
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And fill'd a Saviour's hands.
- 3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego —
For souls which must forever live
In rapture or in woe.
- 4 May they that Jesus, whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer, see ;
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

557

L. M. ROWLAND HILL.

For a Pastor.

WITH heavenly power, O Lord, defend
Him whom we now to thee commend;
His person bless, his soul secure,
And make him to the end endure.

- 2 Gird him with all-sufficient grace,
Direct his feet in paths of peace;
Thy truth and faithfulness fulfill,
And help him to obey thy will.
- 3 Enlarge, inflame, and fill his heart;
In him thy mighty power exert;
That thousands yet unborn may praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.

558

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

The Plenteous Harvest.

L ORD of the harvest, hear
Thy needy servants cry;
Answer our faith's effectual prayer,
And all our wants supply.

- 2 On thee we humbly wait;
Our wants are in thy view;
The harvest truly, Lord! is great
The laborers are few.
- 3 Convert and send forth more
Into thy church abroad;
And let them speak thy word of power,
As workers with their God.
- 4 Give the pure gospel word,
The word of general grace;
Thee let them preach, the common Lord,
The Saviour of our race.

- 5 Oh, let them spread thy name ;
Their mission fully prove ;
Thy universal grace proclaim,
Thy all-redeeming love.
- 6 On all mankind, forgiven,
Empower them still to call,
And tell each creature under heaven
That thou hast died for all.

559

S. M.

WATTS.

The Welcome Messengers.

- H**OW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill !
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal !
- 2 How charming is their voice !
How sweet the tidings are !
Zion, behold thy Saviour, King ;
He reigns and triumphs here.
 - 3 How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound !
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found.
 - 4 How bless'd are our eyes
That see this heavenly light !
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.
 - 5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.
 - 6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad ;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

DEDICATION.

560

L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Tokens of His Grace.

AND will the great, eternal God
On earth establish his abode?
And will he, from his radiant throne,
Accept our temples for his own?

- 2 These walls we to thy honor raise;
Long may they echo with thy praise:
And thou, descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of thy grace.
- 3 Here let the great Redeemer reign,
With all the graces of his train;
While power divine his word attends,
To conquer foes, and cheer his friends.
- 4 And in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear
That crowds were born to glory here.

561

7s. MONTGOMERY.

Dedication.

LORD of hosts! to thee we raise
Here a house of prayer and praise;
Thou thy people's hearts prepare,
Here to meet with praise and prayer.

- 2 Let the living here be fed
With thy word, the heavenly bread:
Here, in hope of glory blest,
May the dead be laid to rest.
- 3 Here to thee a temple stand,
While the sea shall gird the land:

DEDICATION.

Here reveal thy mercy sure,
While the sun and moon endure.

- 4 Hallelujah! — earth and sky
To the joyful sound reply:
Hallelujah! hence ascend
Prayer and praise till time shall end.

562

H. M.

CHANDLER.

Corner-Stone.

CHRIST is our Corner-stone —
On him alone we build;
With his true saints alone

The courts of heaven are filled:
On his great love Our hopes we place,
Of present grace And joys above.

- 2 Oh, then, with hymns of praise
These hallowed courts shall ring!
Our voices we will raise,
The Three in One to sing;
And thus proclaim In joyful song,
Both loud and long, That glorious name.

- 3 Here, gracious God, do thou
For evermore draw nigh;
Accept each faithful vow,
And mark each suppliant sigh:
In copious shower, On all who pray,
Each holy day, Thy blessings pour.

- 4 Here may we gain from heaven
The grace which we implore,
And may that grace, once given,
Be with us evermore —
Until that day When all the blest
To endless rest Are called away.

563

L. M.

O. JOHNSON.

Dedication.

FATHER in heaven! within these walls,
Which we have builded to thy name,
As now we lift our song of praise,
Set thou our hearts and tongues aflame!

- 2 Open our ears to hear thy voice,
And let our eyes thy glory see,
That we may worship thee in truth,
And in thy Spirit's liberty.
- 3 No vain oblation would we bring,
No hollow rite or empty form,
But minds obedient to thy will,
And hearts by love to thee made warm.
- 4 Here may the gospel of thy Son,
His quickening word of truth and grace,
Be preached with power by lips sincere,
While his pure spirit fills the place.
- 5 And while, O God! these walls shall stand,
May peace and joy prevail within,
Discord and strife be banished hence,
And love a ceaseless victory win.

564

L. M.

J. G. ADAMS.

Dedication of a School-House.

GOD of our fathers! from whose hand
Came all our lights and blessings down;
Who this devoted, favored land
Dost with thy choicest mercy crown!

- 2 To learning and to knowledge reared —
We dedicate with prayer and praise
This edifice to thee, revered
Above all gods, through endless days!

- 3 Accept the offering — deign to dwell
 With thy confiding children here;
 The shades of ignorance dispel —
 In Truth's omnipotence appear!
- 4 Here, through successive years may come
 The youthful mind — fair wisdom's guest;
 Long be this house Instruction's home,
 When those who reared it sink to rest.

565

H. M.

FRANCIS.

Invoking the Divine Presence.

- I N sweet, exalted strains,
 The King of glory praise;
 O'er heaven and earth he reigns,
 Through everlasting days;
 Beneath this roof, oh, deign to show
 How God can dwell with men below.
- 2 Here may thine ears attend
 Our interceding cries;
 And grateful praise ascend,
 All fragrant to the skies;
 Here may thy word melodious sound,
 And spread the joys of heaven around.
- 3 Here may th' attentive throng
 Imbibe thy truth and love;
 And converts join the song
 Of seraphim above;
 And willing crowds surround thy board,
 With sacred joy and sweet accord.
- 4 Here may our unborn sons
 And daughters sound thy praise,
 And shine like polished stones
 Through long-succeeding days;
 Here, Lord! display thy saving power,
 While temples stand, and men adore.

566

C. M.

WATTS.

Laying a Corner-Stone.

BEHOLD the sure Foundation-stone
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.

- 2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
We now adore thy Name;
We trust our whole salvation here,
Nor can we suffer shame.
- 3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain;
Yet on this Rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.
- 4 What though the gates of hell withstood,
Yet must this building rise;
'Tis thine own work, almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

567

S. M.

WATTS.

The Sure Foundation.

SEE, what a living stone
The builders did refuse:
Yet God hath built his church thereon,
In spite of envious Jews.

- 2 The scribe and angry priest
Reject thine only Son;
Yet on this rock shall Zion rest,
As the chief corner-stone.
- 3 The work, O Lord! is thine,
And wondrous in our eyes;
This day declares it all divine:
This day did Jesus rise.

DEDICATION.

- 4 This is the glorious day
That our Redeemer made :
Let us rejoice, and sing, and pray ;
Let all the church be glad.
- 5 Hosanna to the King,
Of David's royal blood ;
Bless him, ye saints ! he comes to bring
Salvation from your God.
- 6 We bless thy holy word,
Which all this grace displays ;
And offer, on thine altar, Lord,
Our sacrifice of praise.

568

C. M.

BRYANT.

Dedication Hymn.

- O** THOU, whose own vast temple stands
Built over earth and sea,
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised to worship thee.
- 2 Lord, from thine inmost glory send,
Within these courts to bide,
The peace that dwelleth, without end,
Serenely by thy side.
- 3 May erring minds that worship here
Be taught the better way ;
And they who mourn, and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.
- 4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise,
While round these hallowed walls the swarm
Of earth-born passion dies !

569

L. M.

PIERPONT.

The House of God.

O H, bow thine ear, Eternal One !
 On thee our heart adoring calls ;
 To thee the followers of thy Son
 Have raised, and now devote these walls.

- 2 Here let thy holy days be kept ;
 And be this place to worship given,
 Like that bright spot where Jacob slept,
 The house of God, the gate of heaven.
- 3 Here may thine honor dwell ; and here,
 As incense, let thy children's prayer,
 From contrite hearts and lips sincere,
 Rise on the still and holy air.
- 4 Here be thy praise devoutly sung ;
 Here let thy truth beam forth to save,
 As when, of old, thy Spirit hung,
 On wings of light, o'er Jordan's wave.
- 5 And when the lips, that with thy name
 Are vocal now, to dust shall turn,
 On others may devotion's flame
 Be kindled here, and purely burn !

MISSIONARY.

570

L. M.

COLLYER.

Missionary Meeting.

A SSEMBLED at thy great command,
 Before thy face, dread King, we stand :
 The voice that marshaled every star
 Has called thy people from afar.

- 2 We meet through distant lands to spread
The truth for which the martyrs bled;
Along the line — to either pole —
The anthem of thy praise to roll.
- 3 Our prayers assist; accept our praise;
Our hopes revive; our courage raise;
Our counsels aid; to each impart
The single eye, the faithful heart.
- 4 Forth with thy chosen heralds come;
Recall the wandering spirits home:
From Zion's mount send forth the sound,
To spread the spacious earth around.

571

C. M.

GIBBONS.

The World's Good Tidings.

GREAT God! the nations of the earth
Are by creation thine;
And in thy works, by all beheld,
Thy radiant glories shine.

- 2 But, Lord! thy greater love has sent
Thy gospel to mankind,
Unveiling what rich stores of grace
Are treasured in thy mind.
- 3 Lord! when shall these glad tidings spread
The spacious earth around,
'Till every tribe and every soul
Shall hear the joyful sound?
- 4 Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt
To spread the gospel's rays,
And build on sin's demolished throne
The temples of thy grace.

572

C. M.

ANON.

For Every Creature.

COME, bless'd Lord! let every shore,
 And answering island, sing
 The praises of thy royal name,
 And own thee as their King.

2 Bid the whole earth responsive, now,
 To the bright world above,
 Break forth in sweetest strains of joy,
 In memory of thy love.

3 Jesus! thy fair creation groans,
 The air, the earth, the sea,
 In unison with all our hearts,
 And calls aloud for thee.

4 Thine was the cross, with all its fruits
 Of grace and peace divine;
 Be thine the crown of glory, now,
 The palm of victory thine.

573

8s, 7s, & 4s.

WILLIAMS.

The Subduing Gospel.

O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
 Cheered by no celestial ray,
 Sun of Righteousness! arising,
 Bring the bright, the glorious day;
 Send the gospel
 To the earth's remotest bound.

2 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness —
 Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
 And, from eastern coast to western,
 May the morning chase the night;
 And redemption,
 Freely purchased, win the day.

- 3 Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel !
 Win and conquer — never cease ;
 May thy lasting, wide dominion
 Multiply and still increase :
 Sway thy scepter,
 Saviour ! all the world around.

574

C. M. BICKERSTETH'S COL.

The Light of the World.

- FOR Zion's sake I will not rest,
 I will not hold my peace
 Until Jerusalem be blest
 And Judah dwell at ease :
- 2 Until her righteousness return
 As daybreak after night —
 The lamp of her salvation burn
 With everlasting light.
- 3 The Gentiles shall her glory see,
 And kings declare her fame ;
 Appointed unto her shall be
 A new and holy name.
- 4 The watchmen on her walls appear,
 And day and night proclaim,
 Zion's Deliverer is near ;
 Make mention of his name.
- 5 The Lord upholds her with his hand,
 And claims her for his own —
 The diadem of Judah's land,
 The glory of his crown.
- 6 Go through, go through, prepare the way,
 The gates wide open fling ;
 With loudest voice let heralds say,
 Behold thy coming King.

575

IIS & IOS.

ANON.

Daughter of Zion.

DAUGHTER of Zion, awake from thy
sadness;

Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no
more;

Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of
gladness;

Arise, for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.

2 Strong were thy foes; but the arm that sub-
dued them,

And scattered their legions, was mightier
far;

They fled like the chaff from the scourge
that pursued them;

Vain were their steeds and their chariots
of war.

3 Daughter of Zion, the power that hath saved
thee

Extolled with the harp and the timbrel
should be;

Shout, for the foe is destroyed that enslaved
thee;

The oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is
free.

576

L. M.

ANON.

The Missionary.

YE Christian heralds! go, proclaim
Salvation through Immanuel's name;

To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the Rose of Sharon there.

2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire,
With flaming zeal your breast inspire,

Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And hush the tempest into peace.

- 3 And when our labors all are o'er,
Then we shall meet to part no more —
Meet with the blood-bought throng, to fall,
And crown our Jesus — Lord of all!

577 7s (Double). CONDER.
Head of the Church.

KING of Glory! Prince of Peace!
Whose dominion ne'er shall cease;
He who liveth, yet was dead;
Zion's King, the Church's Head.
He has fixed his court on high,
Angels on his errands fly;
Worshiped there in rapturous strains,
There o'er earth and heaven he reigns.

578 L. M. MONTGOMERY.
For Missionary Zeal.

THE heathen perish; day by day
Thousands on thousands pass away!
O Christians! to their rescue fly,
Preach Jesus to them ere they die.

- 2 Wealth, labor, talents, freely give,
Yea, life itself, that they may live;
What hath your Saviour done for you!
And what for him will ye not do?
- 3 Thou Spirit of the Lord! go forth;
Call in the south, wake up the north;
Of every clime, from sun to sun,
Gather God's children into one.

579

8s, 7s, & 4s.

ANON.

God giveth the Increase.

WHO but thou, almighty Spirit!
 Can the heathen world reclaim?
 Men may preach, but till thou favor,
 Pagans will be still the same.
 ·Mighty Spirit!
 Witness to the Saviour's name.

- 2 Thou hast promised, by the prophets,
 Glorious light in latter days;
 Come, and bless bewildered nations,
 Change our prayers and tears to praise.
 Promised Spirit!
 Round the world diffuse thy rays.
- 3 All our hopes and prayers and labors
 Must be vain without thine aid;
 But thou wilt not disappoint us;
 All is true that thou hast said.
 Faithful Spirit!
 O'er the world thine influence shed.

580

7s (Double).

BOWRING.

The Watchman's Cry.

WATCHMAN, tell us of the night,
 What its signs of promise are:
 Traveler, o'er yon mountain's height,
 See that glory-beaming star!
 Watchman, doth its beauteous ray
 Aught of hope or joy foretell?
 Traveler, yes; it brings the day —
 Promised day of Israel.

- 2 Watchman, tell us of the night —
 Higher yet that star ascends:

Traveler, blessedness and light,
 Peace and truth its course portends.
 Watchman, will its beams alone
 Gild the spot that gave them birth?
 Traveler, ages are its own;
 See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

- 3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
 For the morning seems to dawn:
 Traveler, darkness takes its flight;
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
 Watchman, let thy wanderings cease,
 Hie thee to thy quiet home:
 Traveler, lo, the Prince of Peace!
 Lo, the Son of God is come!

581

7s.

MARSDEN.

The Banner of the Cross.

GO, ye messengers of God;
 Like the beams of morning, fly;
 Take the wonder-working rod;
 Wave the banner-cross on high.

- 2 Go to many a tropic isle
 In the bosom of the deep,
 Where the skies forever smile,
 And th' oppress'd forever weep.
- 3 O'er the pagan's night of care
 Pour the living light of heaven;
 Chase away his wild despair;
 Bid him hope to be forgiven.
- 4 Where the golden gates of day
 Open on the palmy East,
 High the bleeding cross display;
 Spread the gospel's richest feast.

The Trumpet of Jubilee.

- B**LOW ye the trumpet, blow !
 The gladly solemn sound ;
 Let all the nations know,
 To earth's remotest bound,
 The year of jubilee is come !
 Return ! ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 2 Jesus, our great High-Priest,
 Hath full atonement made ;
 Ye weary spirits, rest ;
 Ye mourning souls, be glad.
 The year of jubilee has come !
 Return ! ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 3 Extol the Lamb of God,
 The all-atoning Lamb ;
 Redemption in his blood
 Throughout the world proclaim.
 The year of jubilee is come
 Return ! ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 4 Ye who have sold for nought
 Your heritage above,
 Shall have it back unbought,
 The gift of Jesus' love.
 The year of jubilee has come !
 Return ! ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 5 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
 Your liberty receive,
 And safe in Jesus dwell,
 And blest in Jesus live.
 The year of jubilee has come !
 Return ! ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 6 The gospel trumpet hear,
 The news of heavenly grace ;

And, saved from earth, appear
 Before your Saviour's face.
 The year of jubilee is come!
 Return! ye ransomed sinners, home.

533

L. M.

DOANE.

Fling Out the Banner.

FLING out the banner! let it float
 Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
 The sun that lights its shining folds,
 The Cross on which the Saviour died.

- 2 Fling out the banner! angels bend
 In anxious silence o'er the sign,
 And vainly seek to comprehend
 The wonder of the Love divine.
- 3 Fling out the banner! heathen lands
 Shall see from far the glorious sight;
 And nations, crowding to be born,
 Baptize their spirits in its light.
- 4 Fling out the banner! sin-sick souls,
 That sink and perish in the strife,
 Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,
 And spring immortal into life.
- 5 Fling out the banner! let it float
 Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
 Our glory, only in the Cross,
 Our only hope, the Crucified.
- 6 Fling out the banner! wide and high,
 Seaward and skyward, let it shine;
 Nor skill, nor might, nor merit, ours;
 We conquer only in that sign.

584

7s & 6s. S. F. SMITH.

The Holy War.

- THE morning light is breaking ;
 The darkness disappears ;
 The sons of earth are waking
 To penitential tears ;
 Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
 Brings tidings from afar,
 Of nations in commotion,
 Prepared for Zion's war.
- 2 See heathen nations bending
 Before the God we love,
 And thousand hearts ascending
 In gratitude above ;
 While sinners, now confessing,
 The gospel call obey,
 And seek the Saviour's blessing —
 A nation in a day.
- 3 Blest river of salvation !
 Pursue thine onward way ;
 Flow thou to every nation,
 Nor in thy richness stay :
 Stay not till all the lowly
 Triumphant reach their home :
 Stay not till all the holy
 Proclaim — The Lord is come !

585

8s & 7s. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Missionaries Charged.

ONWARD, onward, men of heaven ;
 Bear the gospel banner high ;
 Rest not till its light is given —
 Star of every pagan sky :
 Send it where the pilgrim stranger
 Faints beneath the torrid ray ;

Bid the hardy forest-ranger
Hail it, ere he fades away.

- 2 Where the Arctic Ocean thunders,
Where the tropics fiercely glow,
Broadly spread its page of wonders,
Brightly bid its radiance flow:
India marks its lustre stealing,
Shivering Greenland loves its rays;
Afric, 'mid her deserts kneeling,
Lifts the untaught strain of praise.
- 3 Rude in speech, or wild in feature,
Dark in spirit, though they be,
Show that light to every creature —
Prince or vassal, bond or free:
Lo! they haste to every nation;
Host on host the ranks supply:
Onward! Christ is your salvation,
And your death is victory.

586

L. M.

BAP. MAG.

The Earth is the Lord's.

SOON may the last glad song arise
Through all the millions of the skies —
That song of triumph which records
That all the earth is now the Lord's!

- 2 Let thrones and powers and kingdoms be
Obedient, mighty God, to thee!
And over land and stream and main
Wave thou the scepter of thy reign!
- 3 Oh, let that glorious anthem swell;
Let host to host the triumph tell
That not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns!

587

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Triumphant Zion.

- T**RIUMPHANT Zion, lift thy head
 From dust and darkness, and the dead;
 Though humbled long, awake at length,
 And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.
- 2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
 And let thy various charms be known:
 The world thy glories shall confess,
 Decked in the robes of righteousness.
- 3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
 And fill thy hallowed halls with dread;
 No more shall hell's insulting host
 Their victory and thy sorrows boast.
- 4 God, from on high, thy groans will hear;
 His hand thy ruins shall repair;
 Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
 To guard thee in eternal peace.

588

I IS & IOS.

HASTINGS.

The Blossoming Deserts.

- H**AIL to the brightness of Zion's glad
 morning!
 Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain
 Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourn-
 ing;
 Zion, in triumph, begins her mild reign.
- 2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
 Long by the prophets of Israel foretold!
 Hail to the millions from bondage returning!
 Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.
- 3 Lo, in the desert rich flowers are springing;
 Streams ever copious are gliding along;

Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are
ringing ;

Wastes rise in verdure, and mingle in song.

- 4 See, from all lands, from the isles of the ocean,
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high ;
Fallen are the engines of war and commotion ;
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

589

7s & 6s.

HASTINGS.

The Gospel Banner.

NOW be the gospel banner
In every land unfurled ;
And be the shout, Hosanna,
Re-echoed through the world ;
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.

- 2 What though th' embattled legions
Of earth and hell combine !
His arm, throughout their regions,
Shall soon resplendent shine :
Ride on, O Lord, victorious,
Immanuel, Prince of Peace !
Thy triumph shall be glorious —
Thine empire shall increase.

- 3 Yes ; thou shalt reign for ever,
O Jesus, King of kings ;
Thy light, thy love, thy favor
Each ransomed captive sings ;
The isles for thee are waiting,
The deserts learn thy praise ;
The hills and valleys, greeting,
The song responsive raise.

590

7s & 6s. MONTGOMERY.

The Lord's Anointed.

HAIL to the Lord's Anointed!
 Great David's greater Son!
 Hail, in the time appointed,
 His reign on earth begun!
 He comes to break oppression,
 To set the captive free;
 To take away transgression,
 And rule in equity.

2 He comes, with succor speedy,
 To those who suffer wrong;
 To help the poor and needy,
 And bid the weak be strong;
 To give them songs for sighing,
 Their darkness turn to light,
 Whose souls, condemned and dying,
 Were precious in his sight.

3 He shall come down like showers
 Upon the fruitful earth,
 And love and joy, like flowers,
 Spring in his path to birth;
 Before him, on the mountains,
 Shall peace, the herald, go,
 And righteousness, in fountains,
 From hill to valley flow.

591

L. M.

JOYCE.

The Jews.

OH, why should Israel's sons, once blest,
 Still roam the scorning world around,
 Disowned of heaven, by man oppressed,
 Outcasts from Zion's hallowed ground?

- 2 O God of Israel ! view their race ;
 Back to thy fold the wanderers bring ;
 Teach them to seek thy slighted grace,
 To hail in Christ their promised King.
- 3 The vail of darkness rend in twain,
 Which hides their Shiloh's glorious light :
 The severed olive-branch again
 Back to its parent stock unite.
- 4 Haste, glorious day ! expected long,
 When Jew and Greek one prayer shall raise,
 With eager feet one temple throng,
 One God with grateful rapture praise.

592

C. M. MONTGOMERY.

Emancipation Day.

DAUGHTER of Zion ! from the dust
 Exalt thy fallen head ;
 Again in thy Redeemer trust,
 He calls thee from the dead.

- 2 Awake ! awake ! put on thy strength,
 Thy beautiful array ;
 The day of freedom dawns at length,
 The Lord's appointed day.
- 3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
 And send thy heralds forth ;
 Say to the South, Give up thy charge,
 And keep not back, O North.
- 4 They come, they come ! thine exiled bands,
 Where'er they rest or roam,
 Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
 And hasten to their home.

Condition of the Heathen.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand,
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.

- 2 What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
 Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile!
 In vain, with lavish kindness,
 The gifts of God are strown:
 The heathen, in his blindness,
 Bows down to wood and stone.
- 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
 By wisdom from on high,
 Shall we to men benighted
 The light of life deny?
 Salvation! oh, salvation!
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till earth's remotest nation
 Has learned Messiah's name.
- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole;
 Till o'er our ransomed nature,
 The Lamb, for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

594

L. M.

WATTS.

The Saviour's Reign.

- J**ESUS shall reign where'er the sun
 Does his successive journeys run ;
 His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
 Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 Behold, the islands, with their kings,
 And Europe her best tribute brings ;
 From north to south the princes meet,
 To pay their homage at his feet.
- 3 There Persia, glorious to behold ;
 There India shines in Eastern gold ;
 And barbarous nations, at his word,
 Submit, and bow, and own their Lord.
- 4 To him shall endless prayer be made,
 And praises throng to crown his head ;
 His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
 With every morning sacrifice.

595

7s.

LYLE.

Prayer for the Latter Days.

- H**ASTEN, Lord, the glorious time,
 When, beneath Messiah's sway,
 Every nation, every clime,
 Shall the gospel-call obey.
- 2 Then the kings thy power shall own,
 Heathen tribes thy name adore ;
 Satan and his host o'erthrown,
 Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.
- 3 Then shall wars and tumults cease,
 Then be broken slavery's chain ;
 Righteousness and joy and peace,
 Undisturbed, shall ever reign.
- 4 Bless we then our gracious Lord ;
 Ever praise his glorious name ;
 All his mighty acts record ;
 All his wondrous love proclaim.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

CONSECRATION AND ACTIVITY.

596

7s.

MAUDE.

Thine Forever.

THINE forever! God of love,
Hear us from thy throne above!
Thine forever may we be,
Here, and in eternity!

- 2 Thine forever! oh, how blest
They who find in thee their rest!
Saviour, Guardian, Heavenly Friend,
Oh, defend us to the end!
- 3 Thine forever! Saviour, keep
These thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath thy care,
Let us all thy goodness share.
- 4 Thine forever! thou our Guide —
All our wants by thee supplied —
All our sins by thee forgiven —
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven!

597

L. M.

DAVIES.

The Vow Sealed at the Cross.

LORD, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent thine I would be,
And own thy sov'reign right in me.

- 2 Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of thy grace;

A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransom'd by Immanuel's blood.

- 3 Thine would I live — thine would I die;
Be thine through all eternity;
The vow is past beyond repeal,
And now I set the solemn seal.
- 4 Here, at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God —
Thee, my new Master, now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all.
- 5 Do thou assist a feeble worm
The great engagement to perform;
Thy grace can full assistance lend,
And on that grace I dare depend.

598

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

For Diligence and Watchfulness.

A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

To servē the present age,
My calling to fulfill —
Oh! may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.

- 2 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And oh! thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.
Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

599

6 lines 7s.

C. WESLEY.

Consecration.

NOW, O God, thine own I am!
 Now I give thee back thine own:
 Freedom, friends, and health and fame,
 Consecrate to thee alone:
 Thine I live, thrice happy I!
 Happier still if thine I die.

- 2 Take me, Lord, and all my powers;
 Take my mind and heart and will;
 All my goods, and all my hours,
 All I know, and all I feel,
 All I think or speak or do—
 Take my soul and make it new.

600

L. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Service and Sanctification.

JESUS! our best belovèd Friend,
 On thy redeeming name we call;
 Jesus! in love to us descend,
 Pardon and sanctify us all.

- 2 Our souls and bodies we resign,
 To fear and follow thy commands;
 Oh! take our hearts, our hearts are thine,
 Accept the service of our hands.
- 3 Firm, faithful, watching unto prayer,
 Our Master's voice will we obey,
 Toil in the vineyard here, and bear
 The heat and burden of the day.
- 4 Yet, Lord, for us a resting-place,
 In heaven, at thy right hand, prepare;
 And till we see thee face to face,
 Be all our conversation there.

601

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

Self-Consecration.

L ORD, in the strength of grace,
With a glad heart and free,
Myself, my residue of days,
I consecrate to thee.

- 2 Thy ransomed servant, I
Restore to thee thine own;
And from this moment live or die
To serve my God alone.

602

C. M.

MORAVIAN.

The Busy Christian.

S ON of the carpenter ! receive
This humble work of mine,
Worth to my meanest labor give,
By joining it to thine.

- 2 Servant of all, to toil for man
Thou wouldst not, Lord, refuse ;
Thy majesty did not disdain
To be employed for us.
- 3 Thy bright example I pursue,
To thee in all things rise ;
And all I think or speak or do
Is but one sacrifice.
- 4 Careless through outward cares I go,
From all distraction free ;
My hands are but engaged below,
My heart is still with thee.
- 5 Oh ! when wilt thou, my life, appear ?
How gladly would I cry —
'Tis done, the work thou gav'st me here,
'Tis finished, Lord ! and fly.

603

L. M.

ANON.

Grace to Live.

WHILE others pray for grace to die,
 O Lord, I pray for grace to live;
 For every hour a fresh supply;
 Oh, see my need, and freely give.

2 I do not dread the hour of death,
 If I am thine, no fears remain;
 I know that with my parting breath
 I yield forever mortal pain.

3 E'en if the darkness should appear
 Too deep for faith as well as sight,
 If I am thine thou wilt be near,
 And take me to thy heavenly light.

4 But, oh! my Lord, in life's highway
 I crave the sunshine of thy face:
 And every moment of the day
 I need thy strong supporting grace.

5 I dare not — will not — Lord, deny
 That heart and feet both go astray;
 Therefore the more to thee I cry
 To keep me in the chosen way.

6 The more my sin and unbelief
 Keep me from walking near to thee,
 The more, Lord Jesus, is my grief —
 The more I long thy face to see.

604

S. M.

SIGOURNEY.

Active Effort.

LABORERS of Christ, arise,
 And gird you for the toil!
 The dew of promise from the skies
 Already cheers the soil.

- 2 Go where the sick recline,
Where mourning hearts deplore;
And where the sons of sorrow pine,
Dispense your hallowed store.
- 3 So shall you share the wealth
That earth may ne'er despoil,
And the blest gospel's saving health
Repay your arduous toil.

605

L. M.

GREGG.

Not Ashamed of Jesus.

- JESUS, and can it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee!
Blush at the thought, ye rich and poor;
Bow at his footstool and adore!
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
May evening blush to own a star:
Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
May midnight be ashamed of noon.
 - 3 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no crimes to wash away;
No tears to wipe, no joys to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save!
 - 4 Ashamed of Jesus, that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No: when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.
 - 5 Till then — nor is my boasting vain —
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain!
And oh! may this my portion be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

606

C. M. DODDRIDGE.

Personal Courage.

- A WAKE, my soul ! stretch every nerve,
 And press with vigor on ;
 A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
 And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around
 Hold thee in full survey ;
 Forget the steps already trod,
 And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
 That calls thee from on high ;
 'Tis his own hand presents the prize
 To thine aspiring eye.
- 4 Blest Saviour ! introduced by thee,
 Have I my race begun ;
 And, crowned with victory, at thy feet
 I'll lay my honors down.

607

S. M. C. WESLEY.

Embracing the All-sufficient Portion.

- A ND can I yet delay
 My little all to give ?
 To tear my soul from earth away
 For Jesus to receive ?
- 2 Nay, but I yield, I yield ;
 I can hold out no more :
 I sink, by dying love compelled,
 And own thee conqueror.
- 3 Though late, I all forsake ;
 My friends, my all, resign :
 Gracious Redeemer, take, oh, take,
 And seal me ever thine.

- 4 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove;
Settle and fix my wav'ring soul
With all thy weight of love.
- 5 My one desire be this —
Thy only love to know;
To seek and taste no other bliss,
No other good below.
- 6 My life, my portion thou;
Thou all-sufficient art:
My hope, my heavenly treasure, now
Enter, and keep my heart.

608

L. M.

BONAR.

Labor On !

GO, labor on; spend and be spent,—
Thy joy to do the Father's will;
It is the way the Master went:
Should not the servant tread it still?

- 2 Go, labor on; 't is not for naught;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not:
The Master praises, — what are men?
- 3 Go, labor on; enough, while here,
If he shall praise thee, if he deign
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer:
No toil for him shall be in vain.
- 4 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal: Behold, I come!

609

8s & 7s.

HASTINGS.

Sowing and Reaping.

HE that goeth forth with weeping,
 Bearing precious seed in love,
 Never tiring, never sleeping,
 Findeth mercy from above.

2 Soft descend the dews of heaven ;
 Bright the rays celestial shine ;
 Precious fruits will thus be given,
 Through the influence all divine.

3 Sow thy seed : be never weary ;
 Let no fears thy soul annoy ;
 Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
 Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.

4 Lo ! the scene of verdure brightening,
 In the rising grain appear ;
 Look again ; the fields are whitening,
 For the harvest-time is near.

610

C. M.

BAXTER.

Personal Duty.

NOW it belongs not to my care
 Whether I die or live ;
 To love and serve thee is my share,
 And this thy grace must give.

2 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
 Than he went through before :
 He that to God's kingdom comes,
 Must enter by this door.

3 Come, Lord ! when grace hath made me meet
 Thy bless'd face to see ;
 For if thy work on earth be sweet,
 What will thy glory be !

611

C. M.

FRENCH.

Make Channels for the Streams of Love.

MAKE channels for the streams of love,
Where they may broadly run;
And love has overflowing streams
To fill them every one.

- 2 But if at any time we cease
Such channels to provide,
The very founts of love for us
Will soon be parched and dried.
- 3 For we must share, if we would keep,
That blessing from above :
Ceasing to give, we cease to have ;
Such is the law of love.

612

C. M.

FABER.

The Will of God.

I WORSHIP thee, sweet Will of God,
And all thy ways adore ;
And every day I live, I seem
To love thee more and more.

- 2 I love to see thee bring to naught
The plans of wily men ;
Where simple hearts outwit the wise,
Oh, thou art loveliest then.
- 3 I love to kiss each print where thou
Hast set thine unseen feet ;
I cannot fear thee, blessèd Will !
Thine empire is so sweet.
- 4 Ride on, ride on, triumphantly,
Thou glorious Will ! ride on ;
Faith's pilgrim sons, behind thee, take
The road that thou hast won.

613

8s & 7s (Double).

LYLE.

All for Jesus.

JESUS! I my cross have taken,
 All to leave and follow thee;
 Destitute, despised, forsaken,
 Thou, henceforth, my all shalt be.
 Perish every fond ambition,
 All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
 Yet how rich is my condition!
 God and heaven are still my own.

2 Let the world despise and leave me:
 They have left my Saviour too;
 Human hearts and looks deceive me;
 Thou art not, like them, untrue:
 And while thou shalt smile upon me,
 God of wisdom, love, and might!
 Foes may hate, and friends may shun me;
 Show thy face, and all is bright.

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
 Come, disaster, scorn, and pain!
 In thy service pain is pleasure,
 With thy favor, loss is gain.
 I have called thee, Abba, Father,
 I have stayed my heart on thee!
 Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
 All must work for good to me.

614

L. M.

LYLE.

What shall I Render unto Thee.

REDEEMED from guilt, redeemed from
 fears,
 My soul enlarged, and dried my tears,
 What can I do, O Love Divine,
 What, to repay such gifts as thine?

- 2 What can I do, so poor, so weak,
But from thy hands new blessings seek,
A heart to feel thy mercies more,
A soul to know thee, and adore ?
- 3 Oh, teach me at thy feet to fall,
And yield thee up myself, my all !
Before thy saints my debts to own,
And live and die to thee alone !
- 4 Thy Spirit, Lord, at large impart,
Expand and raise and fill my heart !
So may I hope my life shall be
Some faint return, O Lord, to thee.

615

C. M.

BEDDOME.

We will Serve the Lord.

YE men and angels, witness now —
Before the Lord we speak ;
To him we make our solemn vow —
A vow we dare not break :

- 2 That long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield,
Nor from his cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.
- 3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on his grace rely ;
May he, with our returning wants,
All needful aid supply.
- 4 Oh, guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in thy ways ;
And while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn thou our prayers to praise.

616

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

All Service Due.

MY gracious Lord, I own thy right
 To every service I can pay,
 And call it my supreme delight
 To hear thy dictates and obey.

- 2 What is my being, but for thee,
 Its sure support, its noblest end?
 Thine ever-smiling face to see,
 And serve the cause of such a Friend.
- 3 I would not breathe for worldly joy,
 Or to increase my worldly good;
 Nor future days nor powers employ
 To spread a sounding name abroad.
- 4 'Tis to my Saviour I would live,
 To him who for my ransom died;
 Nor could the bowers of Eden give
 Such bliss as blossoms at his side.
- 5 His work my hoary age shall bless,
 When youthful vigor is no more;
 And my last hour of life confess
 His dying love, his saving power.

617

C. M.

BARTON.

Walking in Light.

WALK in the light; so shalt thou know
 That fellowship of love
 His Spirit only can bestow,
 Who reigns in light above.

- 2 Walk in the light; and thou shalt find
 Thy heart made truly his,

Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.

3 Walk in the light ; and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear ;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

4 Walk in the light ; and thou shalt see
A path, though thorny, bright ;
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God himself is light.

618

C. M.

T. H. GILL.

Serving God.

OH, not to fill the mouth of fame
My longing soul is stirred ;
Oh, give me a diviner name —
Call me thy servant, Lord.

2 Sweet title that delighteth me —
Rank earnestly implored ;
Oh, what can reach my dignity ?
I am thy servant, Lord.

3 For ever, Lord, thy servant choose —
Naught of thy claim abate ;
The glorious name I would not lose,
Nor change the sweet estate.

4 In life, in death, on earth, in heaven,
No other name for me ;
The same dear style and title given
Through all eternity.

TRIAL AND PATIENCE.

619

C. M.

STEELE.

Dangers by the Way.

- A**LAS! what hourly dangers rise!
 What snares beset my way!
 To heaven, oh, let me lift mine eyes,
 And hourly watch and pray.
- 2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
 And melt in flowing tears!
 My weak resistance, ah, how vain!
 How strong my foes and fears!
- 3 O gracious God! in whom I live,
 My feeble efforts aid;
 Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
 Though trembling and afraid.
- 4 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
 When foes and fears prevail;
 And bear my fainting spirit up,
 Or soon my strength will fail.
- 5 Oh, keep me in thy heavenly way,
 And bid the tempter flee!
 And let me never, never stray
 From happiness and thee.

620

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

Safety and Security in the Arms of Jesus.

GOD of my life, whose gracious power
 Through varied deaths my soul hath led,
 Or turned aside the fatal hour,
 Or lifted up my sinking head:

TRIAL AND PATIENCE.

- 2 In all my ways, thy hand I own —
Thy ruling providence I see :
Assist me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to thee.
- 3 Whither, oh, whither should I fly,
But to my loving Saviour's breast !
Secure within thine arms to lie,
And safe beneath thy wings to rest.
- 4 I have no skill the snare to shun,
But thou, O Christ, my wisdom art :
I ever into ruin run,
But thou art greater than my heart.
- 5 Foolish, and impotent, and blind,
Lead me a way I have not known ;
Bring me where I my heaven may find —
The heaven of loving thee alone.

621

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Sanctified Affliction.

- G**LORY to thee, thou righteous God ;
Righteous, yet kind to me ;
For under thy paternal rod,
Paternal love I see.
- 2 Though humbled in the lowest deep,
Thy gracious hand I bless ;
And, thinking of thy love, I weep
For my unfaithfulness.
- 3 Thou dost in tenderness chastise,
And graciously reprove :
My father! — all within me cries —
Thy ways are truth and love.

622

L. M. DODDRIDGE.

Shall Reap in Joy.

THE darkened sky, how thick it lowers!
 Troubled with storms, and big with
 showers,

No cheerful gleam of light appears,
 But nature pours forth all her tears.

2 Yet let the sons of grace revive;
 He bids the soul that seeks him, live;
 And from the gloomiest shade of night
 Calls forth a morning of delight.

3 The seeds of ecstasy unknown
 Are in these watered furrows sown;
 See the green blades, how thick they rise,
 And with fresh verdure bless our eyes!

4 In secret foldings they contain
 Unnumbered ears of golden grain;
 And heaven shall pour its beams around,
 Till the ripe harvest load the ground.

623

L. M. C. WESLEY.

Trial and Faith of Abraham.

ABRAHAM, when severely tried,
 His faith by his obedience showed;
 He with the harsh command complied,
 And gave his Isaac back to God.

2 His son the father offered up —
 Son of his age, his only son;
 Object of all his joy and hope,
 And less beloved than God alone.

3 Oh, for a faith like his, that we
 The bright example may pursue;

- May gladly give up all to thee,
 To whom our more than all is due.
- 4 Is there a thing than life more dear?
 A thing from which we cannot part?
 We can, we now rejoice to tear
 The idol from our bleeding heart.
- 5 Jesus, accept our sacrifice;
 All things for thee we count but loss:
 Lo! at thy word our idol dies—
 Dies on the altar of thy cross.
- 6 For what to thee, O Lord, we give,
 A hundred-fold we here obtain;
 And soon with thee shall all receive,
 And loss shall be eternal gain.

624

C. M.

COTTON.

The Safe Pilot.

- AFFLICTION is a stormy deep,
 Where wave resounds to wave;
 Though o'er our heads the billows roll,
 We know the Lord can save.
- 2 When darkness, and when sorrows rose,
 And pressed on every side,
 The Lord hath still sustained our steps,
 And still hath been our Guide.
- 3 Perhaps, before the morning dawn,
 He will restore our peace;
 For he who bade the tempest roar,
 Can bid the tempest cease.
- 4 Here will we rest, here build our hopes,
 Nor murmur at his rod;
 He's more to us than all the world,
 Our Health, our Life, our God.

625

C. M. RAY PALMER.

Resting in Faith Alone.

- J**ESUS, these eyes have never seen
 That radiant form of thine;
 The vail of sense hangs dark between
 Thy blessèd face and mine.
- 2 I see thee not, I hear thee not,
 Yet art thou oft with me;
 And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot
 As where I meet with thee.
- 3 Like some bright dream that comes unsought
 When slumbers o'er me roll,
 Thine image ever fills my thought
 And charms my ravished soul.
- 4 Yet, though I have not seen, and still
 Must rest in faith alone,
 I love thee, dearest Lord, and will,
 Unseen, but not unknown.
- 5 When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
 And still this throbbing heart,
 The rending vail shall thee reveal,
 All glorious as thou art.

626

C. M. BERNARD.

Jesus, our Only Joy.

- J**ESUS, the very thought of thee
 With sweetness fills the breast;
 But sweeter far thy face to see,
 And in thy presence rest.
- 2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
 Nor can the memory find
 A sweeter sound than thy blest Name,
 O Saviour of mankind!

- 3 O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek —
To those who fall, how kind thou art,
How good to those who seek.
- 4 But what to those who find? ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show :
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but his loved ones know.
- 5 Jesus, our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize wilt be ;
Jesus, be thou our glory now
And through eternity.

627

L. M.

COWPER.

The Mourner's Plea.

GOD of my life, to thee I call ;
Afflicted, at thy feet I fall ;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

- 2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where should I lodge my deep complaint ?
Where, but with thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor ?
- 3 Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse that mourner's plea ?
Does not the word still fixed remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain ?
- 4 Poor though I am, despised, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not ;
And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

628

C. M.

STEELE.

The Soul's Refuge.

DEAR Refuge of my weary soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

- 2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.
- 3 But, oh! when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.
- 4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.
- 5 Thy mercy-seat is open still,
Here let my soul retreat,
With humble hope attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet.

629

S. M. D.

J. WESLEY.

He Ruleth All Things Well.

GIVE to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head: .
Through waves and clouds and storms
He gently clears thy way:
Wait thou his time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

- 2 Still heavy is thy heart ?
 Still sink thy spirits down ?
 Cast off the weight — let fear depart,
 And every care be gone.
 What though thou rulest not ;
 Yet heaven and earth and hell
 Proclaim — God sitteth on the throne,
 And ruleth all things well.
- 3 Leave to his sov'reign sway
 To choose and to command ;
 So shalt thou, wond'ring, own his way,
 How wise, how strong his hand !
 Far, far above thy thought
 His counsel shall appear,
 When fully he the work hath wrought
 That caused thy needless fear.

630

C. M.

COWPER.

Submissive Resignation.

- O** LORD ! my best desire fulfill,
 And help me to resign
 Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
 And make thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
 Whose love forbids my fears ?
 Or tremble at the gracious hand
 That wipes away my tears ?
- 3 No, rather let me freely yield
 What most I prize, to thee,
 Who never hast a good withheld,
 Or wilt withhold from me.
- 4 Thy favor, all my journey through,
 Shall be my rich supply ;
 What else I want, or think I do,
 Let wisdom still deny.

631

C. M.

ANON.

It is Good that I have been Afflicted.

- I**N trouble and in grief, O God,
Thy smile hath cheered my way ;
And joy hath budded from each thorn
That round my footsteps lay.
- 2 The hours of pain have yielded good
Which prosperous days refused ;
As herbs, though scentless when entire,
Spread fragrance when they 're bruised.
- 3 The oak strikes deeper as its boughs
By furious blasts are driven ;
So life's tempestuous storms the more
Have fixed my heart in heaven.
- 4 All-gracious Lord, whate'er my lot
In other times may be,
I'll welcome still the heaviest grief
That brings me near to thee.

632

C. M.

MOORE.

The Only Solace in Sorrow.

- O** THOU who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee.
- 2 The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown ;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.
- 3 But Christ can heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

- 4 When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And e'en the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
Is dimmed and vanished too :
- 5 Oh, who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not his wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom,
Our peace-branch from above.
- 6 Then sorrow, touched by him, grows bright,
With more than rapture's ray ;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

633

S. M.

TOPLADY.

Walking by Faith.

- I**F on a quiet sea
Toward heaven we calmly sail,
With grateful hearts, O God, to thee,
We'll own the fav'ring gale.
- 2 But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm,
Which drives us nearer home.
 - 3 Soon shall our doubts and fears
All yield to thy control :
Thy tender mercies shall illumine
The midnight of the soul.
 - 4 Teach us, in every state,
To make thy will our own ;
And when the joys of sense depart,
To live by faith alone.

634

7s.

C. WESLEY.

Weak and Helpless.

SON of God, thy blessing grant;
 Still supply my every want;
 Tree of life, thine influence shed:
 From thy fullness I am fed.

2 Tend'rest branch, alas, am I —
 Wither without thee and die;
 Weak as helpless infancy:
 Oh, confirm my soul in thee!

3 Unsustained by thee, I fall;
 Send the help for which I call:
 Weaker than a bruised reed,
 Help I every moment need.

4 All my hopes on thee depend;
 Love me, save me to the end;
 Give me persevering grace:
 Take the everlasting praise.

635

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Fearless in the Furnace of Affliction.

GOD of thine Israel's faithful three,
 Who braved the tyrant's ire,
 Who nobly scorned to bow the knee,
 And walked, unhurt, in fire:
 Oh, breathe their faith into my breast,
 In every trying hour;
 And stand, O Son of Man, confessed
 In all thy saving power!

2 While thou, Almighty Lord, art nigh,
 My soul disdains to fear;
 Both sin and Satan I defy,
 Still impotently near:

The earth and hell their wars may wage—
 I mark their vain design :
 And calmly smile to see them rage
 Against a child of thine.

636

L. M.

MONTGOMERY.

The Deliverer from Trouble.

THE tempter to my soul hath said,
 There is no help in God for thee ;
 Lord ! lift thou up thy servant's head ;
 My glory, shield, and solace be.

2 Thus to the Lord I raised my cry,
 He heard me from his holy hill ;
 At his command the waves rolled by ;
 He beckoned — and the winds were still.

3 I laid me down, and slept—I woke—
 Thou, Lord ! my spirit didst sustain ;
 Bright from the east the morning broke —
 Thy comforts rose on me again.

4 I will not fear, though armed throngs
 Compass my steps in all their wrath ;
 Salvation to the Lord belongs ;
 His presence guards his people's path.

637

C. M.

DARWIN.

Resignation.

FOR me, O Lord, whatever lot
 The hours commissioned bring —
 If all my withering blessings die,
 Or fairer clusters spring :

2 Oh, grant that still with faithful heart
 My years resigned may run !
 'Tis thine to give or to resume,
 And may thy will be done.

638

S. M.

Haweis.

The Unchangeable Truth and Love of Jesus.

SUBMISSIVELY, my God,
 I all to thee resign,
 And bow before thy chast'ning rod;
 Nor will I, Lord, repine.

2 Why should my heart complain,
 When wisdom, truth, and love
 Direct the stroke, inflict the pain,
 And point to joys above?

3 How short my suff'rings here!
 How needful every cross!
 Away with doubt, distrust, and fear,
 Nor call my gain my loss.

4 Then give, or take away,
 I'll bless thy sacred Name:
 Jesus to-day, and yesterday,
 And ever, is the same.

COURAGE AND TRIUMPH.

639

C. M.

Faber.

The Right must Win.

WORKMAN of God, oh, lose not heart,
 But learn what God is like;
 And in the darkest battle-field
 Thou shalt know where to strike.

COURAGE AND TRIUMPH.

- 2 For blest is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.
- 3 Oh, learn to scorn the praise of men ;
Oh, learn to lose with God ;
For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee this road.
- 4 For right is right, since God is God ;
And right the day must win ;
To doubt will be disloyalty
To falter would be sin.

640

S. M. ANNA STEELE.

Courage to Live.

WHILE my Redeemer's near,
My Shepherd and my Guide,
I bid farewell to anxious fear—
My wants are all supplied.

- 2 Dear Shepherd, if I stray,
My wand'ring feet restore ;
To thy fair pastures guide my way,
And let me rove no more.
-

- 3 All praise to thee at last,
Dear Saviour, shall be given,
When earthly trials all are past,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

641

S. M. D.

C. WESLEY.

Spiritual Enemies to be Encountered.

ANGELS our march oppose,
Who still in strength excel —
Our secret, sworn, eternal foes,
Countless, invisible ;
From thrones of glory driven,
By flaming vengeance hurled,
They throng the air, and darken heaven,
And rule this lower world.

- 2 But shall believers fear ?
But shall believers fly ?
Or see the bloody cross appear,
And all their powers defy ?
By all hell's host withstood ;
We all hell's host o'erthrow ;
And, conq'ring them through Jesus' blood,
We on to conquer go.

642

S. M. D.

C. WESLEY.

Courage Insures Victory.

URGE on your rapid course,
Ye blood-besprinkled bands ;
The heavenly kingdom suffers force ;
'Tis seized by violent hands :
See there the starry crown
That glitters through the skies ;
Satan, the world, and sin tread down,
And take the glorious prize.

- 2 Through much distress and pain,
Through many a conflict here,
Through blood ye must the entrance gain,
Yet, oh, disdain to fear :

Courage, your Captain cries,
 Who all your toil foreknew;
 Toil ye shall have, yet all despise;
 I have o'ercome for you.

- 3 The world can not withstand
 Its ancient Conqueror;
 The world must sink beneath the Hand
 Which arms us for the war:
 This is the victory —
 Before our faith they fall;
 Jesus hath died for you and me;
 Believe, and conquer all.

643

C. M.

WATTS.

Remission of Sins.

A M I a soldier of the cross,
 A follower of the Lamb?
 And shall I fear to own his cause?
 Or blush to speak his name?

- 2 Are there no foes for me to face?
 Must I not stem the flood?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace,
 To help me on to God?
- 3 Sure I must fight — if I would reign;
 Increase my courage, Lord!
 I'll bear the toil — endure the pain
 Supported by thy word.
- 4 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
 Shall conquer, though they die;
 They see the triumph from afar,
 And seize it with their eye.
- 5 When that illustrious day shall rise,
 And all thy armies shine
 In robes of victory through the skies,
 The glory shall be thine.

644

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

Victory.

- I** THE good fight have fought —
 Oh, when shall I declare!
 The vict'ry by my Saviour got,
 I long with Paul to share.
- 2 Oh, may I triumph so,
 When all my warfare's past;
 And, dying, find my latest foe
 Under my feet at last!
- 3 This bless'd word be mine,
 Just as the port is gained —
 Kept by the power of grace divine,
 I have the faith maintained.
- 4 The apostles of my Lord,
 To whom it first was given,
 They could not speak a greater word,
 Nor all the saints in heaven.

645

C. P. M.

ALTENBURG.

Fear Not.

- F**EAR not, O little flock, the foe
 Who madly seeks your overthrow;
 Dread not his rage and power:
 What though your courage sometimes faints
 His seeming triumph o'er God's saints
 Lasts but a little hour.
- 2 Be of good cheer; your cause belongs
 To him who can avenge your wrongs;
 Leave it to him, our Lord!
 Though hidden yet from all our eyes,
 He sees the Gideon that shall rise
 To save us, and his word.

- 3 As true as God's own word is true,
Not earth nor hell with all their crew
Against us shall prevail ;
A jest and byword are they grown ;
God is with us, we are his own,
Our victory can not fail !
- 4 Amen, Lord Jesus, grant our prayer !
Great Captain, now thine arm make bare,
Fight for us once again !
So shall thy saints and martyrs raise
A mighty chorus to thy praise,
World without end : Amen !

646

8s & 7s.

BOWRING.

Glorying in the Cross.

- I N the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time ;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.
- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me ;
Lo ! it glows with peace and joy.
- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more luster to the day.
- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified ;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.
- 5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time ;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

647

S. M.

HEATH.

Watch !

MY soul, be on thy guard ;
 Ten thousand foes arise ;
 The hosts of sin are pressing hard
 To draw thee from the skies.

- 2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray ;
 The battle ne'er give o'er ;
 Renew it boldly every day,
 And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the victory won,
 Nor lay thine armor down :
 Thy arduous work will not be done
 Till thou obtain thy crown.
- 4 Fight on, my soul, till death
 Shall bring thee to thy God :
 He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
 To his divine abode.

648

L. P. M.

ANON.

They Looked to Him and were Lightened.

I LOOK to thee in every need,
 And never look in vain ;
 I feel thy strong and tender love,
 And all is well again :
 The thought of thee is mightier far
 Than sin and death and sorrow are.

- 2 Discouraged in the work of life,
 Disheartened by its load,
 Shamed by its failures or its fears,
 I sink beside the road :
 But let me only think of thee,
 And then new heart springs up in me.

- 3 Thy calmness bends serene above,
 My restlessness to still;
 Around me flows thy quickening life,
 To nerve my faltering will;
 Thy presence fills my solitude;
 Thy providence turns all to good.
- 4 Embosomed in thy cov'nant love,
 Held in thy law I stand;
 Thy hand in all things I behold,
 And all things in thy hand;
 Thou ledest me by unsought ways,
 And turn'st my mourning into praise.

649

C. M.

ALLEN.

Bearing the Cross.

- M**UST Jesus bear the cross alone,
 And all the world go free?
 No, there's a cross for every one,
 And there's a cross for me.
- 2 This consecrated cross I'll bear,
 Till death shall set me free;
 And then go home my crown to wear,
 For there's a crown for me.
- 3 Upon the crystal pavement, down
 At Jesus' pierc'd feet,
 Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,
 And his dear name repeat.
- 4 And palms shall wave, and harps shall ring,
 Beneath heaven's arches high;
 The Lord that lives, the ransomed sing,
 That lives no more to die.
- 5 Oh, precious cross! oh, glorious crown!
 Oh, resurrection day!
 Ye angels, from the stars come down,
 And bear my soul away.

650

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

The Mind that was in Christ.

- E**QUIP me for the war,
 And teach my hands to fight;
 My simple, upright heart prepare,
 And guide my words aright.
- 2 Control my every thought;
 My whole of sin remove;
 Let all my works in thee be wrought;
 Let all be wrought in love.
- 3 Oh, arm me with the mind,
 Meek Lamb, that was in thee;
 And let my glowing zeal be joined
 With perfect charity.
- 4 With calm and tempered zeal
 Let me enforce thy call;
 And vindicate thy gracious will,
 Which offers life to all.
- 5 Oh, may I love like thee —
 In all thy footsteps tread:
 Thou hatest all iniquity,
 But nothing thou hast made.
- 6 Oh, may I learn the art,
 With meekness to reprove;
 To hate the sin with all my heart,
 But still the sinner love.

651

S. M. D.

C. WESLEY.

The Standard of the Cross.

HARK, how the watchmen cry!
 Attend the trumpet's sound;
 Stand to your arms, the foe is nigh,
 The powers of hell surround.
 Who bow to Christ's command,
 Your arms and hearts prepare,

The day of battle is at hand —
Go forth to glorious war.

- 2 See, on the mountain-top
The standard of your God ;
In Jesus' name 't is lifted up,
All stained with hallowed blood.
His standard-bearers now
To all the nations call :
To Jesus' cross, ye nations, bow ;
He bore the cross for all.
- 3 Go up with Christ your Head ;
Your Captain's footsteps see ;
Follow your Captain, and be led
To certain victory.
All power to him is given ;
He ever reigns the same :
Salvation, happiness, and heaven
Are all in Jesus' name.

652

S. M.

P. H. BROWN.

For Revival.

O LORD, thy work revive,
In Zion's gloomy hour,
And let our dying graces live
By thy restoring power.

- 2 Oh, let thy chosen few
Awake to earnest prayer ;
Their covenant again renew,
And walk in filial fear.
- 3 Thy spirit then will speak
Through lips of humble clay,
Till hearts of adamant shall break —
Till rebels shall obey.
- 4 Now lend thy gracious ear ;
Now listen to our cry :
Oh, come, and bring salvation near ;
Our souls on thee rely.

653

L. M.

KELLY.

Fight the Good Fight of Faith.

- O** ISRAEL, to thy tents repair:
 Why thus secure on hostile ground?
 Thy King commands thee to beware,
 For many foes thy camp surround.
- 2 The trumpet gives a martial strain:
 O Israel, gird thee for the fight!
 Arise, the combat to maintain,
 And put thine enemies to flight.
- 3 Thou shouldst not sleep, as others do;
 Awake, be vigilant, be brave!
 The coward and the sluggard too,
 Must wear the fetters of the slave.
- 4 A nobler lot is cast for thee;
 A kingdom waits thee in the skies:
 With such a hope, shall Israel flee,
 Or yield, through weariness, the prize?
- 5 No! let a careless world repose
 And slumber on through life's short day,
 While Israel to the conflict goes,
 And bears the glorious prize away!

654

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

Be Strong in the Lord.

- S**OLDIERS of Christ, arise!
 And put your armor on,
 Strong in the strength which God supplies
 Through his beloved Son.
- 2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
 And in his mighty power;
 Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
 Is more than conqueror.

- 3 Stand, then, in his great might,
With all his strength endued ;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.
- 4 Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul ;
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole.
- 5 That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
You may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

655

L. M.

WATTS.

The Heavenly Race.

- A** WAKE, our souls ! away, our fears !
Let every trembling thought be gone ;
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.
- 2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint ;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint.
 - 3 The mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new, and ever young,
And firm endures while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.
 - 4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a full supply ;
While such as trust their native strength,
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.
 - 5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode ;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amid the heavenly road.

656

7s & 6s.

DUFFIELD.

Stand Up for Jesus.

STAND up! stand up for Jesus,
 Ye soldiers of the cross;
 Lift high his royal banner,
 It must not suffer loss:
 From victory unto victory
 His army shall be led,
 Till every foe is vanquished,
 And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
 The trumpet-call obey;
 Forth to the mighty conflict,
 In this his glorious day:
 Ye that are men, now serve him,
 Against unnumbered foes;
 Your courage rise with danger,
 And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
 Stand in his strength alone;
 The arm of flesh will fail you —
 Ye dare not trust your own:
 Put on the gospel armor,
 And, watching unto prayer,
 Where duty calls, or danger,
 Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
 The strife will not be long;
 This day the noise of battle,
 The next the victor's song:
 To him that overcometh,
 A crown of life shall be;
 He with the King of Glory
 Shall reign eternally!

DECLENSION AND RENEWAL.

657

L. M. MONTGOMERY.

Backsliding.

I LEFT the God of truth and light,
 I left the God who gave me breath,
 To wander in the wilds of night,
 And perish in the snares of death.

- 2 In riches when I sought for joy,
 And placed in sordid gains my trust,
 I found that gold was all alloy,
 And worldly treasures fleeting dust.
- 3 Heart-broken, friendless, poor, cast down,
 Where shall the chief of sinners fly,
 Almighty vengeance, from thy frown?
 Eternal justice, from thine eye?
- 4 Lo, through the gloom of guilty fears,
 My face discerns a dawn of grace;
 The Sun of Righteousness appears
 In Jesus' reconciling face.
- 5 My suffering, slain, and risen Lord,
 In sore distress I turn to thee;
 I claim acceptance on thy word;
 My God, my God, forsake not me!
- 6 Prostrate before thy mercy-seat,
 I dare not, if I would, despair;
 None ever perished at thy feet,
 And I will lie forever there.

658

L. M.

KELLY.

No Peace Without God.

- OH, where is now that glowing love
That marked our union with the Lord?
Our hearts were fixed on things above,
Nor could the world a joy afford.
- 2 Where is the zeal that led us then
To make our Saviour's glory known,
That freed us from the fear of men,
And kept our eye on him alone?
- 3 Where are the happy seasons spent
In fellowship with him we loved,
The sacred joy, the sweet content,
The blessedness that then we proved?
- 4 Behold, again we turn to thee,
Oh, cast us not away, though vile;
No peace we have, no joy we see,
O Lord, our God, but in thy smile.

659

6 lines 7s.

NEWTON.

For Renewal.

- ONCE I thought my mountain strong,
Firmly fixed no more to move;
Then my Saviour was my song,
Then my soul was filled with love:
Those were happy, golden days,
Sweetly spent in prayer and praise.
- 2 Little then myself I knew,
Little thought of Satan's power;
Now I feel my sins renew,
Now I feel the stormy hour:
Sin has put my joys to flight,
Sin has turned my day to night.

- 3 Saviour, shine and cheer my soul,
 Bid my dying hopes revive,
 Make my wounded spirit whole,
 Far away the tempter drive :
 Speak the word and set me free,
 Let me live alone to thee.

660

C. M.

COWPER.

Walking with God.

- O H, for a closer walk with God,
 A calm and heavenly frame,
 And light to shine upon the road
 That leads me to the Lamb.
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
 When first I saw the Lord?
 Where is the soul-refreshing view
 Of Jesus and his word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
 How sweet their mem'ry still!
 But they have left an aching void
 The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O Holy Dove, return,
 Sweet Messenger of rest;
 I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
 And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
 Whate'er that idol be,
 Help me to tear it from thy throne,
 And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
 Calm and serene my frame;
 So purer light shall mark the road
 That leads me to the Lamb.

661

8s, 7s, & 4s.

KELLY.

The Sacred Herald.

ON the mountain's top appearing,
 Lo, the sacred herald stands,
 Welcome news to Zion bearing,
 Zion, long in hostile lands :
 Mourning captive,
 God himself shall loose thy bands.

- 2 Lo, thy Sun is risen in glory,
 God himself appears thy friend ;
 All thy foes shall flee before thee,
 Here their boasted triumphs end :
 Great deliverance
 Zion's King vouchsafes to send.
- 3 Enemies no more shall trouble,
 All thy warfare now is past ;
 For thy shame thou shalt have double,
 Days of peace are come at last :
 All thy conflicts
 End in everlasting rest.

662

H. M.

ANON.

In Time of Declension.

WHERE is the Saviour now,
 Whose smiles I once possessed ?
 Till he return I bow,
 By heavy grief oppressed :
 My days of happiness are gone,
 And I am left to weep alone.

- 2 Where can the mourner go,
 And tell his tale of grief ?
 Ah, who can soothe his woe,
 Ah, who can give relief ?

Earth can not heal the wounded breast,
Or give the troubled conscience rest.

- 3 Jesus, thy smiles impart ;
My gracious Lord, return ;
Bind up my broken heart,
And bid me cease to mourn !
Then shall this night of sorrow flee,
And peace and heaven be found in thee.

663

C. M.

WATTS.

Spiritual Sloth Reproved.

MY drowsy powers, why sleep ye so ?
Awake, my sluggish soul !
Nothing has half thy work to do,
Yet nothing's half so dull.

- 2 Go to the ants — for one poor grain :
See how they toil and strive ;
Yet we, who have a heaven t'obtain,
How negligent we live !
- 3 We, for whom God the Son came down,
And labored for our good :
How careless to secure that crown
He purchased with his blood !
- 4 Lord, shall we live so sluggish still,
And never act our parts ?
Come, Holy Dove, from Zion's hill,
And warm our frozen hearts !
- 5 Help us, with active warmth to move,
With vigorous souls to rise ;
With hands of faith, and wings of love,
To fly and take the prize.

664

C. M.

WATTS.

Invocation for Spiritual Help.

COME, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove!
 With all thy quickening powers;
 Kindle a flame of heavenly love
 In these cold hearts of ours.

- 2 Look, how we grovel here below,
 Fond of these trifling toys;
 Our souls can neither fly nor go
 To reach eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
 In vain we strive to rise;
 Hosannas languish on our tongues,
 And our devotion dies.
- 4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
 At this poor dying rate?
 Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
 And thine to us so great?
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
 With all thy quickening powers;
 Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
 And that shall kindle ours.

665

8s & 7s.

HASTINGS.

The Church in the Desert.

ZION, dreary and in anguish,
 In the desert hast thou strayed?
 Oh, thou weary, cease to languish,
 Jesus shall lift up thy head.

- 2 Still lamenting and bemoaning,
 'Mid thy follies and thy woes,

Soon repenting, and returning,
All thy solitude shall close.

3 Though benighted and forsaken,
Though afflicted and oppressed,
His Almighty arm shall waken,
Zion's King shall give thee rest.

4 Cease thy sadness, unbelieving,
Soon his glory shalt thou see,
Joy and gladness and thanksgiving,
And the voice of melody.

666 6 lines L. M. C. WESLEY.

Wanderer Returning.

WEARY of wandering from my God,
And now made willing to return,
I hear, and bow me to the rod:
Yet not in hopeless grief I mourn;
I have an Advocate above,
A Friend, before the throne of love.

2 O Jesus, full of truth and grace —
More full of grace than I of sin;
Yet once again I seek thy face,
Open thine arms and take me in!
And freely my backslidings heal,
And love thy faithless servant still.

3 Thou know'st the way to bring me back,
My fallen spirit to restore;
Oh, for thy truth and mercy's sake,
Forgive, and bid me sin no more:
The ruins of my soul repair,
And make my heart a house of prayer.

667

8s (Double).

NEWTON.

All-Sufficiency of Jesus.

HOW tedious and tasteless the hours
 When Jesus no longer I see!
 Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers
 Have lost all their sweetness to me:
 The midsummer sun shines but dim,
 The fields strive in vain to look gay;
 But when I am happy in him,
 December's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,
 And sweeter than music his voice;
 His presence disperses my gloom,
 And makes all within me rejoice:
 I should, were he always thus nigh,
 Have nothing to wish or to fear;
 No mortal so happy as I —
 My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,
 My all to his pleasure resigned,
 No changes of season or place
 Would make any change in my mind:
 While blest with a sense of his love,
 A palace a toy would appear;
 And prisons would palaces prove,
 If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 My Lord, if indeed I am thine,
 If thou art my sun and my song,
 Say, why do I languish and pine?
 And why are my winters so long?
 Oh, drive these dark clouds from my sky;
 Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
 Or take me to thee up on high,
 Where winter and clouds are no more.

CONFIDENCE.

CONFIDENCE.

668

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

Creating and Redeeming Love.

FATHER, in whom we live,
In whom we are, and move,
The glory, power, and praise receive
Of thy creating love.

2 Let all the angel throng
Give thanks to God on high,
While earth repeats the joyful song,
And echoes through the sky.

3 Incarnate Deity,
Let all the ransomed race
Render in thanks their lives to thee,
For thy redeeming grace.

4 The grace to sinners showed,
Ye heavenly choirs proclaim,
And cry — Salvation to our God,
Salvation to the Lamb!

669

L. M.

STEELE.

Trust in God.

THE God of my salvation lives;
My nobler life he will sustain;
His word immortal vigor gives,
Nor shall my glorious hope be vain.

2 Thy presence, Lord, can cheer my heart,
Though every earthly comfort die;
Thy smile can bid my pains depart,
And raise my sacred pleasures high.

3 Oh, let me hear thy blissful voice,
Inspiring life and joy divine!
The barren desert shall rejoice;
'Tis paradise, if thou art mine.

670

L. M.

J. WESLEY.

Unfailing Mercy.

THOUGH waves and storms go o'er my
head, [gone;

Though strength and health and friends be

Though joys be withered all, and dead,

Though every comfort be withdrawn ;

On this my steadfast soul relies —

Father, thy mercy never dies.

2 Fixed on this ground will I remain,

Though my heart fail, and flesh decay ;

This anchor shall my soul sustain,

When earth's foundations melt away :

Mercy's full power I then shall prove,

Loved with an everlasting love.

671

C. M.

ANON.

The Martyr Spirit.

G LORY to God ! whose witness-train,

Those heroes bold in faith,

Could smile on poverty and pain,

And triumph even in death.

2 Oh, may that faith our hearts sustain,

Wherein they fearless stood,

When, in the power of cruel men,

They poured their willing blood.

3 God, whom we serve, our God, can save,

Can damp the scorching flame,

Can build an ark, can smooth the wave,

For such as love his name.

4 Lord ! if thine arm support us still

With its eternal strength,

We shall o'ercome the mightiest ill,

And conquerors prove at length.

672

L. M.

HOLMES.

God is Near.

- O** LOVE divine, that stooped to share
 Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear;
 On thee we cast each earth-born care;
 We smile at pain while thou art near.
- 2 Though long the weary way we tread,
 And sorrows crown each lingering year,
 No path we shun, no darkness dread,
 Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near!
- 3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
 And trembling faith is changed to fear,
 The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
 Shall softly tell us thou art near!
- 4 On thee we fling our burdening woe,
 O Love divine, for ever dear,
 Content to suffer while we know,
 Living or dying, thou art near!

673

C. M.

COWPER.

Christian Comfort.

- O** GOD, whose favorable eye
 The sin-sick soul revives;
 Holy and heavenly is the joy
 Thy shining presence gives.
- 2 Be mine the comforts that reclaim
 The soul from Satan's power,
 That makes me blush for what I am,
 And hate my sin the more.
- 3 'Tis joy enough, my all in all,
 At thy dear feet to lie;
 Thou wilt not let me lower fall,
 And none can higher fly.

GROWTH IN GRACE.

674

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

Groaning for Deliverance.

WHEN shall thy love constrain,
And force me to thy breast?
When shall my soul return again
To her eternal rest?

- 2 Ah! what avail my strife,
My wand'ring to and fro?
Thou hast the words of endless life:
Ah! whither should I go?
- 3 Thy condescending grace
To me did freely move;
It calls me still to seek thy face,
And stoops to ask my love.
- 4 Lord, at thy feet I fall;
I groan to be set free;
I fain would now obey the call,
And give up all for thee.

675

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

For a Holy Heart.

OH, for a heart to praise my God!
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely spilled for me;

- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

- 3 Oh, for a lowly, contrite heart,
 Believing, true, and clean !
 Which neither life nor death can part
 From him that dwells within :
- 4 A heart in every thought renewed,
 And full of love divine ;
 Perfect and right, and pure and good,
 A copy, Lord, of thine.
- 5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart ;
 Come quickly from above ;
 Write thy new name upon my heart —
 Thy new, best name of Love.

676

C. M.

WATTS.

Triumphant Joy.

- M**Y God! the spring of all my joys,
 The life of my delights ;
 The glory of my brightest days,
 And comfort of my nights.
- 2 In darkest shades, if he appear,
 My dawning is begun ;
 He is my soul's sweet Morning Star,
 And he my rising Sun.
- 3 The opening heavens around me shine
 With beams of sacred bliss,
 While Jesus shows his heart is mine,
 And whispers I am his.
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay,
 At that transporting word !
 Run up with joy the shining way,
 T' embrace my dearest Lord.
- 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
 I'd break through every foe ;
 The wings of love, and arms of faith,
 Shall bear me conqueror through.

677

C. M.

TURNER.

The Power of Faith.

FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
 And saves me from its snares;
 Its aid in every duty brings,
 And softens all my cares:

2 Extinguishes the thirst of sin,
 And lights the sacred fire
 Of love to God and heavenly things,
 And feeds the pure desire.

3 Wide it unvails celestial worlds,
 Where deathless pleasures reign;
 And bids me seek my portion there,
 Nor bids me seek in vain.

678

L. M.

COTTERIL.

Living to the Glory of God.

THOU! who hast at thy command
 The hearts of all men in thy hand;
 Our wayward, erring hearts incline
 To have no other will but thine.

2 Our wishes, our desires control;
 Mould every purpose of the soul,
 O'er all may we victorious prove
 That stands between us and thy love.

3 Thrice blessed will all our blessings be,
 When we can look through them to thee;
 When each glad heart its tribute pays
 Of love and gratitude and praise.

- 4 And while we to thy glory live,
 May we to thee all glory give,
 Until the final summons come
 That calls thy willing servants home.

679

L. M.

NEWTON.

Prayer Answered by Crosses.

- I ASKED the Lord that I might grow
 In faith and love, and every grace;
 Might more of his salvation know,
 And seek more earnestly his face.
- 2 'Twas he who taught me thus to pray,
 And he, I trust, has answered prayer;
 But it has been in such a way
 As almost drove me to despair.
- 3 I hoped that in some favored hour
 At once he'd answer my request,
 And by his love's constraining power,
 Subdue my sins and give me rest.
- 4 Instead of this, he made me feel
 The hidden evils of my heart,
 And let the angry powers of hell
 Assault my soul in every part.
- 5 Lord, why is this? I trembling cried,
 Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death?
 'Tis in this way, the Lord replied,
 I answer prayer for grace and faith:
- 6 These inward trials I employ
 From self and pride to set thee free,
 And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
 That thou may'st seek thy all in me.

680

6s & 4s. · SARAH F. ADAMS.

Approach to God.

N EARER, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

E'en though it be a cross

That raiseth me;

Still all my song shall be —

Nearer, my God, to thee,

Nearer to thee!

2 Though, like the wanderer,

The sun gone down,

Darkness be over me,

My rest a stone;

Yet in my dreams I'd be

Nearer, my God, to thee,

Nearer to thee!

3 There let the way appear,

Steps unto heaven;

All that thou sendest me,

In mercy given;

Angels to beckon me

Nearer, my God, to thee,

Nearer to thee!

4 Then, with my waking thoughts

Bright with thy praise,

Out of my stony griefs,

Bethel I'll raise;

So by my woes to be

Nearer, my God, to thee,

Nearer to thee!

5 Or if on joyful wing,

Cleaving the sky,

Sun, moon, and stars forgot,

Upward I fly;

Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee !

681

S. M.

WATTS.

Heaven upon Earth.

MY God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee I call ;
I can not live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

- 2 Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell ;
'Tis paradise when thou art here ;
If thou depart, 't is hell.
- 3 The smilings of thy face,
How amiable they are !
'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace ;
And nowhere else but there.
- 4 To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss ;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.
- 5 Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.
- 6 Nor earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford,
Nor yield one drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.
- 7 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll ;
The circle where my passions move,
And center of my soul.

682

6 lines L. M. T. WESLEY.

Pressing toward the Mark.

- I** THANK thee, uncreated Sun,
That thy bright beams on me have shined;
I thank thee, who hast overthrown
My foes and healed my wounded mind;
I thank thee, whose enlivening voice
Bids my freed heart in thee rejoice.
- 2 Uphold me in the doubtful race,
Nor suffer me again to stray;
Strengthen my feet, with steady pace
Still to press forward in thy way;
My soul and flesh, O Lord of might,
Fill, satiate, with thy heavenly light.
- 3 Give to mine eyes refreshing tears;
Give to my heart chaste, hallowed fires;
Give to my soul, with filial fears,
The love that all heaven's host inspires,
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.
- 4 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown;
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God;
Thee will I love, beneath thy frown
Or smile, thy scepter, or thy rod.
What though my flesh and heart decay?
Thee shall I love in endless day.

683

L. M.

MEDLEY.

I Know that my Redeemer Liveth.

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives!
What comfort this sweet sentence gives!
He lives, he lives, who once was dead;
He lives—my ever-living head.

- 2 He lives, to bless me with his love ;
 He lives, to bleed for me above ;
 He lives, my hungry soul to feed ;
 He lives, to help in time of need.
- 3 He lives, and grants me daily breath ;
 He lives, and I shall conquer death ;
 He lives, my mansion to prepare —
 He lives, to bring me safely there.
- 4 He lives — all glory to his name !
 He lives — my Jesus, still the same ;
 Oh, the sweet joy this sentence gives,
 I know that my Redeemer lives !

684

C. P. M.

ANON.

Complete in Him.

COME, join, ye saints, with heart and voice,
 Alone in Jesus to rejoice,
 And worship at his feet ;
 Come, take his praises on your tongues,
 And raise to him your thankful songs,
 In him ye are complete !

- 2 In him, who all our praise excels,
 The fullness of the Godhead dwells,
 And all perfections meet :
 The head of all celestial powers,
 Divinely theirs, divinely ours :
 In him ye are complete !
- 3 Still onward urge your heavenly way,
 Dependent on him day by day,
 His presence still entreat ;
 His precious name for ever bless,
 Your glory, strength, and righteousness :
 In him ye are complete !

685

C. M.

WATTS.

Heavenly Rest in Anticipation.

WHEN I can read my title clear
 To mansions in the skies,
 I'll bid farewell to every fear,
 And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
 And fiery darts be hurled,
 Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
 And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
 Let storms of sorrow fall —
 So I but safely reach my home,
 My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
 In seas of heavenly rest,
 And not a wave of trouble roll
 Across my peaceful breast.

686

C. M. D.

C. WESLEY.

At the Feet of Jesus.

GOD of all grace and majesty,
 Supremely great and good,
 If I have mercy found with thee
 Through the atoning blood;
 The guard of all thy mercies give,
 And to my pardon join
 A fear lest I should ever grieve
 The Comforter divine.

2 If mercy is indeed with thee,
 May I obedient prove,
 Nor e'er abuse my liberty,
 Or sin against thy love:

This choicest fruit of faith bestow
 On a poor sojourner;
 And let me pass my days below
 In humbleness and fear.

- 3 Still may I walk as in thy sight;
 My strict observer see;
 And thou, by rev'rent love, unite
 My child-like heart to thee:
 Still let me, till my days are past,
 At Jesus' feet abide:
 So shall he lift me up at last,
 And seat me by his side.

687

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Abide with Us.

SPEAK with us, Lord; thyself reveal,
 While here on earth we rove;
 Speak to our hearts, and let us feel
 The kindlings of thy love.

- 2 With thee conversing, we forget
 All toil and time and care;
 Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,
 If thou art present there.
- 3 Here then, my God, be pleased to stay,
 And bid my heart rejoice;
 My bounding heart shall own thy sway,
 And echo to thy voice.
- 4 Thou callest me to seek thy face;
 Thy face, O God, I seek,
 Attend the whispers of thy grace,
 And hear thee inly speak.

688

L. M.

ANON.

Heavenly Bliss in Prospect.

ARISE, my soul, on wings sublime,
Above the vanities of time;
Let faith now pierce the veil, and see
The glories of eternity.

- 2 Born by a new, celestial birth,
Why should I grovel here on earth?
Why grasp at vain and fleeting toys,
So near to heaven's eternal joys?
- 3 Shall aught beguile me on the road —
The narrow road that leads to God?
Or can I love this earth so well,
As not to long with God to dwell?
- 4 To dwell with God — to taste his love,
Is the full heaven enjoyed above,
The glorious expectation now
Is heavenly bliss begun below.

689

C. M.

MOORE.

Freedom in Christ.

THE bird let loose in eastern skies,
Returning fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam.

- 2 But high she shoots, through air and light,
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.
- 3 So grant me, Lord, from every snare
Of sinful passion free,
Aloft, through faith's serener air,
To hold my course to thee.
- 4 No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
My soul, as home she springs,

Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom in her wings.

690

L. M.

WATTS.

Consistency.

SO let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God;
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.
- 3 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope —
The bright appearance of the Lord;
And faith stands leaning on his word.

691

7s.

CENNICK.

The Pilgrim's Song.

CHILDREN of the Heavenly King,
As we journey let us sing —
Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

- 2 We are trav'ling home to God,
In the way our fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 Oh, ye banished seed, be glad;
Christ our Advocate is made;
Us to save, our flesh assumes —
Brother to our souls becomes.
- 4 Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of our land;
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us, undismayed, go on.

HUMILITY AND WATCHFULNESS.

692

7s.

C. WESLEY.

A Prayer for Humility.

LORD, if thou thy grace impart —
 Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
 I shall, as my Master, be
 Rooted in humility.

- 2 Simple, teachable, and mild,
 Changed into a little child;
 Pleased with all the Lord provides,
 Weaned from all the world besides.
- 3 Father, fix my soul on thee;
 Every evil let me flee;
 Nothing want, beneath, above —
 Happy in thy precious love.
- 4 Oh, that all may seek and find
 Every good in Jesus joined!
 Him let Israel still adore,
 Trust him, praise him evermore.

693

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

Prayer for Self-Consecration.

O GOD, my strength, my hope,
 On thee I cast my care,
 With humble confidence look up,
 And know thou hearest prayer.

- 2 Oh, for a godly fear,
 A quick-discerning eye,
 That looks to thee when sin is near,
 And sees the tempter fly!
- 3 A spirit still prepared,
 And armed with jealous care,

For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer!

- 4 Lord, let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
To better worlds above.

694

C. H. M.

HASTINGS.

Watch and Pray.

GO, watch and pray: thou canst not tell
How near thine hour may be;
Thou canst not know how soon the bell
May toll its notes for thee:
Death's countless snares beset thy way;
Frail child of dust! go, watch and pray.

- 2 Fond youth, while free from blighting care,
Does thy firm pulse beat high?
Do hope's glad visions, bright and fair,
Dilate before thine eye?
Soon these must change — must pass away;
Frail child of dust! go, watch and pray.

- 3 Thou aged man! life's wintry storm
Hath seared thy vernal bloom;
With trembling limbs and wasting form,
Thou'rt bending o'er the tomb;
And can vain hope lead *thee* astray?
Go, weary pilgrim! watch and pray.

- 4 Ambition, stop thy panting breath!
Pride, sink thy lifted eye!
Behold the caverns, dark with death,
Before you open lie;
The heavenly warning now obey;
Ye sons of pride, go, watch and pray.

695

C. M.

BONAR.

Calmness.

- C**ALM me, my God, and keep me calm;
 Let thine outstretch'd wing
 Be like the shade of Elim's palm,
 Beside her desert spring.
- 2 Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude
 The sounds my ear that greet —
 Calm in the closet's solitude,
 Calm in the bustling street —
- 3 Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
 Calm in the hour of pain,
 Calm in my poverty or wealth,
 Calm in my loss or gain —
- 4 Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
 Like him who bore my shame,
 Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng,
 Who hate thy holy name.
- 5 Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
 Soft resting on thy breast;
 Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
 And bid my spirit rest.

696

L. M.

ANON.

Conscience.

- M**Y God, I thank thee for the guide
 Thou hast implanted in my soul,
 O'er passion's stormy waves to ride
 And bring self-love to its control.
- 2 Whene'er the tempter lingers near,
 In sinful paths my soul to lure,

Teach me that warning voice to hear;
And in obeying keep me pure.

- 3 Oh, let no gilded sin deceive,
To blind my eyes, my soul betray;
The steadfast truth may I believe,
And follow where it leads the way.
- 4 The single eye shall thus be mine,
And light improved new light convey,
And brighter still my path shall shine
To portals of eternal day.

697 6 lines 7s. NEWTON.

Tranquillity.

QUIET, Lord, my froward heart,
Make me teachable and mild;
Upright, simple, free from art,
Make me as a wean'd child;
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases thee.

- 2 What thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to thy wisdom leave:
'Tis enough that thou wilt care;
Why should I the burden bear?
- 3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone:
Let me thus with thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

698

S. M.

DODDRIDGE.

The Watchful Servant.

- YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait;
With joy obey his heavenly word,
And watch before his gate.
- 2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
For awful is his name.
- 3 Watch! 'tis your Lord's command;
And while we speak, he's near;
Mark every signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.
- 4 Oh, happy servant he
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

699

C. M.

STEELE.

Humble Devotion.

- FATHER! whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign hand denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise:
- 2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.
- 3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

700

C. M.

ANON.

'Tis I; Be not Afraid.

WHEN waves of trouble round me swell,
 My soul is not dismayed;
 I hear a voice I know full well, —
'Tis I; be not afraid.

- 2 When black the threatening skies appear,
 And storms my path invade,
 Those accents tranquilize each fear, —
'Tis I; be not afraid.
- 3 There is a gulf that must be crossed :
 Saviour, be near to aid !
 Whisper, when my frail bark is tossed,
'Tis I; be not afraid.
- 4 There is a dark and fearful vale ;
 Death hides within its shade ;
 Then say, when heart and flesh shall fail,
'Tis I; be not afraid.

701

C. M.

FABER.

Humility.

THY home is with the humble, Lord !
 The simple are the best ;
 Thy lodging is in child-like hearts ;
 Thou makest there thy rest.

- 2 Dear Comforter ! eternal Love !
 If thou wilt stay with me,
 Of lowly thoughts and simple ways,
 I'll build a house for thee.
- 3 Who made this breathing heart of mine
 But thou, my Heavenly Guest ?
 Let no one have it, then, but thee,
 And let it be thy rest !

702

C. M.

WATTS.

Contentment.

IS there ambition in my heart?
 Search, gracious God, and see;
 Or do I act a haughty part?
 Lord, I appeal to thee.

2 I charge my thoughts, be humble still,
 And all my carriage mild;
 Content, my Father, with thy will,
 And quiet as a child.

3 The patient soul, the lowly mind,
 Shall have a large reward;
 Let saints in sorrow lie resigned,
 And trust a faithful Lord.

HONOR AND INFLUENCE.

703

S. M.

MONTGOMERY.

Sow thy Seed.

SOW in the morn thy seed,
 At eve hold not thy hand,
 To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
 Broadcast it o'er the land.

2 And duly shall appear,
 In verdure, beauty, strength,
 The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
 And the full corn at length.

3 Thou canst not toil in vain:
 Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
 Shall foster and mature the grain
 For garners in the sky.

- 4 And when the glorious end,
 The day of God shall come,
 Then angel reapers shall descend,
 And heaven sing Harvest home.

704

8s & 7s.

SHIRLEY.

Before the Cross.

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
 Which before the cross we spend;
 Life and health and peace possessing,
 From the sinner's dying Friend.

- 2 Truly bless'd is this station,
 Low before his cross to lie,
 While we see divine compassion
 Beaming in his gracious eye.
- 3 Love and grief our hearts dividing,
 With our tears his feet we bathe;
 Constant still, in faith abiding,
 Life deriving from his death.
- 4 For thy sorrows we adore thee,
 For the pains that wrought our peace;
 Gracious Saviour, we implore thee
 In our souls thy love increase.
- 5 Here we feel our sins forgiven,
 While upon the Lamb we gaze;
 And our thoughts are all of heaven,
 And our lips o'erflow with praise.
- 6 Still in ceaseless contemplation,
 Fix our hearts and eyes on thee,
 Till we taste thy full salvation,
 And, unvailed, thy glories see.

705

8s (Double).

ANON.

The Father's Love.

HOW wondrous that manner of love,
The Father on us hath bestowed;
Preparing us mansions above,
And calling us children of God!
The world our adoption despise,
Our Saviour they will not receive;
They know not the joys that arise
In the bosom of those that believe.

- 2 Belovèd, now are we the sons,
The children of infinite grace,
The heirs of bright scepters and crowns
On high in the regions of peace:
Though ling'ring in darkness and fear,
We trust in the Saviour's glad word;
We know that when he shall appear,
We shall see and resemble our Lord.

706

C. M.

BATES.

Speak Gently.

SPEAK gently — it is better far
To rule by love than fear;
Speak gently — let no harsh word mar
The good we may do here.

- 2 Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear;
Pass through this life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care.
- 3 Speak gently to the agèd one,
Grieve not the careworn heart;
The sands of life are nearly run —
Let them in peace depart.

- 4 Speak gently to the erring ones ;
 They must have toiled in vain ;
 Perchance unkindness made them so ;
 Oh, win them back again !
- 5 Speak gently — 't is a little thing,
 Dropped in the heart's deep well ;
 The good, the joy, that it may bring,
 Eternity shall tell.

707

C. M.

LOGAN.

Happy is the Man that findeth Wisdom.

- O**H, happy is the man who hears
 Instruction's warning voice,
 And who celestial wisdom makes
 His early, only choice.
- 2 For she hath treasures greater far
 Than east or west unfold,
 And her rewards more precious are
 Than gems or stores of gold.
- 3 Her right hand offers to the just
 Immortal, happy days ;
 Her left, imperishable wealth
 And heavenly crowns displays.
- 4 She guides the young with innocence,
 In pleasure's paths to tread ;
 A crown of glory she bestows
 Upon the hoary head.
- 5 And as her holy labors rise,
 So her rewards increase ;
 Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
 And all her paths are peace.

708

C. M.

WATTS.

The Change Effected by Grace.

- WHEN God revealed his gracious name,
 And changed my mournful state,
 My raptures seemed a pleasing dream,
 The grace appeared so great.
- 2 The world beheld the glorious change,
 And did thy hand confess ;
 My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
 And sung surprising grace.
- 3 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
 Can give us day for night ;
 Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
 To rivers of delight.
- 4 Let those who sow in sadness wait
 Till the fair harvest come :
 They shall confess their sheaves are great,
 And shout the blessings home.

709

C. M.

BONAR.

Excellencies of Religion.

- OPPRESSED with noonday's scorching
 To yonder cross I flee ; [heat,
 Beneath its shelter take my seat :
 No shade like this for me !
- 2 Beneath that cross clear waters burst —
 A fountain sparkling free ;
 And there I quench my desert thirst :
 No spring like this for me !
- 3 A stranger here, I pitch my tent
 Beneath this spreading tree ;
 Here shall my pilgrim life be spent :
 No home like this for me !

- 4 For burdened ones a resting-place
Beside that cross I see ;
I here cast off my weariness :
No rest like this for me !

710

C. M.

KIRKHAM.

Glorying in the Cross.

DIDST thou, Lord Jesus, suffer shame,
And bear the cross for me ?
And shall I fear to own thy name,
Or thy disciple be ?

- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should dread
To suffer shame or loss ;
Oh, let me in thy footsteps tread,
And glory in thy cross.

711

6s & 4s. W. T. MOORE.

To Him be Glory.

JESUS has died for me,
Glory to God !
From sin he set me free,
Glory to God !
And if I trust his grace,
I soon shall win the race ;
Then see his lovely face,
Glory to God !

- 2 Soon I shall sing above,
Glory to God !
Tell of his wondrous love,
Glory to God !
Free from all death and wrong,
Then shall my notes prolong
One loud, triumphant song,
Glory to God !

THE CHRISTIAN FAMILY.

THE HOME ALTAR.

712

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

Household Consecration.

THE power to bless my house
Belongs to God alone;
Yet rendering him my constant vows,
He sends his blessings down.

- 2 Shall I not then engage
My house to serve the Lord,
To search the soul-converting page,
And feed upon his word?
- 3 To ask, with faith and hope,
The grace which he supplies,
In prayer and praise to offer up
Their daily sacrifice?
- 4 Saviour of men! incline
The hearts which thou hast made,
Which thou hast bought with love divine,
To ask thy promised aid.

713

L. M.

STEELE.

For Daily Blessings.

GREAT God, to thee my evening song
With humble gratitude I raise;
Oh let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.

- 2 My days, unclouded as they pass,
And every gentle, rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to thy love and power.
- 3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
Too oft regardless of thy love,
Ungrateful, can from thee depart,
And, fond of trifles, vainly rove.
- 4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Jesus; his dear name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God!
And kind acceptance at thy throne.
- 5 Let this blest hope mine eyelids close;
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to thy name.

714

L. M.

WATTS.

A Song for Morning and Evening.

MY God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new,
And morning mercies from above
Gently distill, like early dew.

- 2 Thou spreadst the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours!
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.
- 3 I yield my powers to thy command;
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

715

L. M.

KEN.

Early Hours for God.

A WAKE, my soul, and with the sun
 Thy daily course of duty run;
 Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
 To pay thy morning sacrifice.

- 2 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
 And with the angels bear thy part,
 Who all night long unwearied sing
 High praises to th' eternal King.
- 3 Glory to thee, who safe hast kept,
 And hast refreshed me while I slept:
 Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
 I may of endless life partake.
- 4 Lord, I my vows to thee renew;
 Scatter my sins as morning dew;
 Guard my first springs of thought and will,
 And with thyself my spirit fill.
- 5 Direct, control, suggest this day
 All I design, or do, or say;
 That all my powers, with all their might,
 In thy sole glory may unite.
- 6 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
 Praise him, all creatures here below;
 Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

716

C. M.

WATTS.

A Morning Song.

O NCE more, my soul, the rising day
 Salutes thy waking eyes;
 Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
 To him who rules the skies.

THE HOME ALTAR.

- 2 Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heaven on which he sits
To turn the seasons round.
- 3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame;
My tongue shall speak his praise:
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.
- 4 Great God, let all my hours be thine,
While I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline
And bring a peaceful night.

717

S. M.

LELAND.

The Close of the Day.

THE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
Oh, may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.

- 2 Lord! keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.
- 3 And when we early rise,
And view th' unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.
- 4 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
Oh, may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

718

L. M.

WATTS.

A Morning Hymn.

GOD of the morning, at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And, like a giant, doth rejoice

To run his journey through the skies —

2 From the fair chambers of the east

The circuit of his race begins,
And, without weariness or rest,

• Round the whole earth he flies and shines.

3 Oh, like the sun may I fulfill

Th' appointed duties of the day;

With ready mind, and active will,

March on, and keep my heavenly way.

719

C. M.

H. K. WHITE.

Domestic Peace and Quiet.

O LORD, another day is flown;
And we, a lowly band,
Are met once more before thy throne,
To bless thy fostering hand.

2 And wilt thou bend a listening ear

To praises low as ours?

Thou wilt! for thou dost love to hear

The song which meekness pours.

3 Thy heavenly grace to each impart;

All evil far remove;

And shed abroad in every heart

Thy everlasting love.

4 Thus chastened, cleansed, entirely thine,

A flock by Jesus led,

The Sun of Holiness shall shine

In glory on our head.

- 5 And thou wilt turn our wandering feet,
 And thou wilt bless our way ;
 Till worlds shall fade, and faith shall greet
 The dawn of lasting day.

720

S. M.

CONDER.

Saturday Evening.

THE hours of evening close ;
 Its lengthened shadows, drawn
 O'er scenes of earth, invite repose,
 And wait the Sabbath dawn.

- 2 So let its calm prevail
 O'er forms of outward care ;
 Nor thought for many things assail
 The still retreat of prayer.
- 3 Our guardian Shepherd near
 His watchful eye will keep ;
 And safe from violence or fear
 Will fold his flock to sleep.
- 4 So may a holier light
 Than earth's our spirits rouse,
 And call us, strengthened by his might,
 To pay the Lord our vows.

721

7s.

DOANE.

Evening Contemplation.

SOFTLY, now, the light of day
 Fades upon my sight away ;
 Free from care, from labor free,
 Lord, I would commune with thee.

- 2 Soon, for me, the light of day
 Shall for ever pass away ;
 Then, from sin and sorrow free,
 Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.

722

L. M.

KEN.

Evening Song.

GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
 For all the blessings of the light;
 Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings!
 Beneath the shadow of thy wings.

- 2 Forgive me, Lord! for thy dear Son,
 The ill that I this day have done;
 That with the world, myself, and thee,
 My soul, this night, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
 The grave as little as my bed;
 Teach me to die, that so I may
 Rise glorious, at the judgment-day.
- 4 Oh, may my faith on thee repose;
 May gentle sleep my eyelids close,
 That shall my frame more vigorous make,
 To serve my God when I awake.
- 5 Lord, let my soul for ever share
 The bliss of thy parental care;
 'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
 To see thy face, and sing thy love.

723

L. M.

WATTS.

Memorials of Divine Grace.

THUS far the Lord has led me on,
 Thus far his power prolongs my days;
 And every evening shall make known
 Some fresh memorial of his grace.

- 2 Much of my time has run to waste,
 And I perhaps am near my home;
 But he forgives my follies past,
 He gives me strength for days to come.

- 3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.
- 4 Thus when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

724

C. M.

ANON.

Children's Evening Hymn.

- NOW condescend, almighty King,
To bless this little throng;
And kindly listen while we sing
Our pleasant evening song.
- 2 Brothers and sisters, hand in hand,
Our lips together move:
Oh, smile upon this little band,
Unite our hearts in love.
 - 3 We come to own the power divine
That watches o'er our days;
For this our feeble voices join;
To God we give the praise.
 - 4 May we in safety sleep to-night,
From every danger free;
For, Lord, the darkness and the light
Are both alike to thee.
 - 5 And when the rising sun displays
His cheering beams abroad,
Then may our grateful morning lays
Declare the love of God.

725

C. M.

ANON.

Going to a New Habitation.

GREAT God! where'er we pitch our tent,
 Let us an altar raise;
 And there, with humble frame, present
 Our sacrifice of praise.

- 2 To thee we give our health and strength,
 While health and strength shall last;
 For future mercies humbly trust,
 Nor e'er forget the past.

 BIRTHDAY.

726

7s.

FAWCETT.

A Birthday Hymn.

I MY Ebenezer raise
 To my kind Redeemer's praise;
 With a grateful heart I own
 Hitherto thy help I've known.

- 2 I my all to thee resign;
 Father, let thy will be mine;
 May but all thy dealings prove
 Fruits of thy paternal love.
- 3 Let my few remaining days
 Be directed to thy praise;
 So the last, the closing scene,
 Shall be tranquil and serene.

- 4 To thy will I leave the rest ;
Grant me but this one request —
Both in life and death to prove
Tokens of thy special love.

727

H. M.

C. WESLEY.

Birthday Dedication.

GOD of my life, to thee
My cheerful soul I raise ;
Thy goodness bade me be,
And still prolongs my days ;
I see my natal hour return,
And bless the day that I was born.

2 My soul and all its powers
Thine, wholly thine, shall be ;
All, all my happy hours
I consecrate to thee ;
Whate'er I have, whate'er I am,
Shall magnify my Maker's name.

3 Long as I live beneath,
To thee, oh, let me live !
To thee my every breath,
In thanks and praises give !
Creating and preserving grace
Let all that is within me praise.

4 Then, when the work is done,
The work of faith and power,
Receive thy rescued son
In death's triumphant hour ;
Like Moses, to thyself convey
My soul, to live in endless day.

PRIVATE DEVOTION.

728

C. M.

ANON.

Secret Prayer.

SWEET is the prayer whose holy stream
 In earnest pleading flows;
 Devotion dwells upon the theme,
 And warm and warmer glows.

- 2 Faith grasps the blessing she desires;
 Hope points the upward gaze;
 And Love, celestial Love inspires
 The eloquence of praise.
- 3 But sweeter far the still small voice
 Unheard by human ear,
 When God has made the heart rejoice
 And dried the bitter tear.
- 4 No accents flow, no words ascend;
 All utterance faileth there;
 But sainted spirits comprehend,
 And God accepts the prayer.

729

C. M.

ANON.

Private Prayer.

FATHER Divine, thy piercing eye
 Sees through the darkest night:
 In deep retirement thou art nigh,
 With heart-discerning sight.

- 2 There may thy piercing eye survey
 My solemn homage paid,
 With every morning's dawning ray,
 And every evening's shade.
- 3 Oh, let thine own celestial fire
 The incense still inflame;

While my warm vows to thee aspire
Through my Redeemer's name.

- 4 So shall the visits of thy love
My soul in secret bless ;
So shalt thou deign in worlds above
Thy suppliant to confess.

730

C. M. WM. RINEHART.

The Christian to his Soul.

O H, why art thou cast down, my soul ?
Why sunk within me so ?
Hope thou in God — he is thy Guide
And Guardian here below.

- 2 Has not the Saviour died for thee,
And shed his precious blood ?
Has he not groaned on Calvary,
To bring thee home to God ?
- 3 Then why art thou cast down, my soul ?
Shake off thy gloomy fears ;
Thy toils and conflicts soon shall end
In this dark vale of tears.
- 4 What though the powers of earth and hell
Against thee should combine ?
Amidst thy conflicts, O my soul,
A glorious hope is thine.
- 5 This world and all created things
In ruins soon shall lie ;
But thou, my soul, shalt dwell secure,
Beyond the starry sky.
- 6 There thou shalt rest with Christ above,
Where he, eternal, reigns,
And ever sing redeeming love
With sweet, angelic strains.

731

S. M.

WATTS.

Daily Devotion.

LET sinners take their course,
 And choose the road to death;
 But in the worship of my God,
 I'll spend my daily breath.

2 My thoughts address his throne,
 When morning brings the light;
 I seek his blessing every noon,
 And pay my vows at night.

3 Thou wilt regard my cries,
 O my eternal God,
 While sinners perish in surprise
 Beneath thine angry rod.

732

C. M.

MRS. BROWN.

Secret Prayer at Twilight.

I LOVE to steal awhile away
 From every cumb'ring care;
 And spend the hours of setting day
 In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love in solitude to shed
 The penitential tear;
 And all his promises to plead,
 Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
 And future good implore;
 And all my cares and sorrows cast
 On him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
 Of brighter scenes in heaven:
 The prospect does my strength renew,
 While here by tempests driven.

- 5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
 May its departing ray
 Be calm as this impressive hour,
 And lead to endless day.

733

6s & 4s.

PALMER.

For the Saviour's Guidance.

MY faith looks up to thee,
 Thou Lamb of Calvary :
 Saviour divine,
 Now hear me while I pray ;
 Take all my guilt away :
 Oh, let me, from this day,
 Be wholly thine.

- 2 May thy rich grace impart
 Strength to my fainting heart ;
 My zeal inspire :
 As thou hast died for me,
 Oh, may my love to thee
 Pure, warm, and changeless be —
 A living fire.
- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
 And griefs around me spread,
 Be thou my Guide :
 Bid darkness turn to day ;
 Wipe sorrow's tears away,
 Nor let me ever stray
 From thee aside.
- 4 When ends life's transient dream ;
 When death's cold, sullen stream
 Shall o'er me roll,
 Blest Saviour, then, in love,
 Fear and distress remove ;
 Oh, bear me safe above —
 A ransomed soul.

734

C. M.

COWPER

Retirement and Meditation.

FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
 From strife and tumult far ;
 From scenes where Satan wages still
 His most successful war.

- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
 With prayer and praise agree ;
 And seem by thy sweet bounty made
 For those who follow thee.
- 3 There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
 And grace her mean abode,
 Oh, with what peace, and joy, and love,
 She communes with her God !
- 4 Author and guardian of my life,
 Sweet source of light divine,
 And all harmonious names in one,
 My Saviour, thou art mine !

735

L. M.

PALMER.

The Quiet Hours.

THOU, Saviour, from thy throne on high
 Enrobed in light and girt with power,
 Dost note the thought, the prayer, the sigh,
 Of hearts that love the tranquil hour.

- 2 Oft thou thyself didst steal away
 At eventide, from labor done,
 In some still, peaceful shade to pray
 Till morning watches were begun.
- 3 Thou hast not, dearest Lord, forgot
 Thy wrestlings on Judea's hills ;
 And still thou lovest the quiet spot
 Where praise the lowly spirit fills.

- 4 Now to our souls, withdrawn awhile
 From earth's rude noise, thy face reveal;
 And, as we worship, kindly smile,
 And for thine own our spirits seal.
- 5 To thee we bring each grief and care,
 To thee we fly while tempests lower;
 Thou wilt the weary burdens bear
 Of hearts that love the tranquil hour.

736

S. M. A. H. BASSETT.

Midnight Praise.

- RISE up, and bless your God,
 Early his praise declare;
 Make haste, attend upon his word,
 And breathe your midnight prayer.
- 2 Let your first thoughts ascend,
 And reach the Holy One;
 Your earliest wishes ever tend
 To his celestial throne.
- 3 Let not the world, nor care,
 Nor sense, nor self have place;
 Midnight be given to praise and prayer,
 Through the Redeemer's grace.
- 4 Lord, in this solemn hour,
 All thoughts be thoughts of thee;
 Into my soul thy fullness pour —
 Be all in all to me.
- 5 Keep, ever keep my heart,
 Leaving no room for sin;
 Wisdom, and strength, and love impart,
 Making a heaven within.
- 6 Oh, may I live to love,
 And fear, and honor thee;
 Then sing with ransomed hosts above,
 In blest eternity.

CHANGES.

737

8s, 7s, & 4s.

ANON.

Traveler's Melody.

THOU who art the ever-present
 And all-seeing gracious God,
 Make our journey useful, pleasant ;
 Guard and bless us on the road,
 As we travel —
 Traveling still to thine abode.

- 2 In this journey, and life's travel,
 Go with us — thy love display ;
 May we see a bright to-morrow
 Through the storm-clouds of to-day ;
 Give thine angels
 Charge to keep us on the way.

738

7s.

NEWTON.

At Parting.

FOR a season called to part,
 Let us now ourselves commend
 To the gracious eye and heart
 Of our ever-present Friend.

- 2 Jesus, hear our humble prayer,
 Tender shepherd of thy sheep !
 Let thy mercy and thy care
 All our souls in safety keep.
- 3 In thy strength may we be strong ;
 Sweeten every cross and pain ;
 Give us, if we live, ere long
 In thy peace to meet again.
- 4 Then, if thou thy help afford,
 Ebenezers shall be reared ;
 And our souls shall praise the Lord,
 Who our poor petitions heard.

739

8s & 7s. MONTGOMERY.

Always Protected.

CALL Jehovah thy salvation,
 Rest beneath the Almighty's shade ;
 In his secret habitation

Dwell, nor ever be dismayed.

- 2 Since, with firm and pure affection,
 Thou on God hast set thy love,
 With the wings of his protection
 He will shield thee from above.
- 3 Thou shalt call on him in trouble,
 He will hearken, he will save ;
 Here, for grief reward thee double,
 Crown with life beyond the grave.

740

L. M. DODDRIDGE.

The Christian Farewell.

THY presence, everlasting God,
 Wide o'er all nature spreads abroad :
 Thy watchful eyes, which can not sleep,
 In every place thy children keep.

- 2 While near each other we remain,
 Thou dost our lives and souls sustain ;
 When sep'rate, happy if we share
 Thy smiles, thy counsels, and thy care.
- 3 To thee we all our ways commit,
 And seek our comforts near thy feet ;
 Still on our souls vouchsafe to shine,
 And guard and guide us still as thine.
- 4 Give us in thy belov'd house
 Again to pay our grateful vows ;
 Or, if that joy no more be known,
 Give us to meet around thy throne.

PARENTAL CARE.

741

C. M.

WATTS.

Maternal Association.

GREAT God, we would to thee make
known

Each fond maternal care;
For this we gather round thy throne,
And bring our children there.

2 Lord, hear the parents' earnest cry,
And save our children dear;
Now send thy Spirit from on high,
And fill them with thy fear.

3 Oh, make them love thy holy law,
And joyful walk therein;
Their hearts to new obedience draw,
Save them from every sin.

742

P. M.

ANON.

Family Unity.

OH! sweet as vernal dews that fill
The closing buds on Zion's hill,
When evening clouds draw thither;
So sweet, so heavenly 'tis to see
The members of one family
Live peacefully together!

2 The children, like the lily flowers
On which descend the sun and showers,
Their hues of beauty blending;
The parents, like the willow boughs
On which the lovely foliage grows,
Their friendly shade extending.

- 3 But leaves the greenest will decay,
And flowers the brightest fade away,
When autumn winds are sweeping;
And be the household e'er so fair,
The hand of death will soon be there,
And turn the scene to weeping.
- 4 Yet leaves again will clothe the trees,
And lilies wave beneath the breeze,
When spring comes smiling hither;
And friends, who parted at the tomb,
May yet renew their loveliest bloom,
And meet in heaven together.

743 8s, 7s, & 4s. UNION MINSTREL.

Children Exhorted.

- C**HILDREN, hear the melting story
Of the Lamb that once was slain;
'Tis the Lord of life and glory:
Shall he plead with you in vain?
Oh, receive him,
And salvation now obtain.
- 2 Yield no more to sin and folly,
So displeasing in his sight;
Jesus loves the pure and holy;
They alone are his delight:
Seek his favor,
And your hearts to him unite.
 - 3 All your sins to him confessing,
Who is ready to forgive;
Seek the Saviour's richest blessing,
On his precious name believe:
He is waiting,
Will you not his grace receive?

744

L. M.

HYDE.

Children Committed to the Good Shepherd.

DEAR Saviour, if these lambs should stray
Beyond thy blest enclosure's bound ;
And, lured by worldly joys away,
Among the thoughtless crowd be found ;

2 Remember, still, that they are thine,
And that thy sacred name they bear ;
The precious seal of love divine,
The sign of cov'nant grace they wear.

3 In all their wand'rings, hopes, and fears,
Oh, let them ne'er forgotten be ;
Remember all the prayers and tears
Which made them consecrate to thee.

4 And when these lips no more can pray,
These eyes can weep for them no more,
Still turn their feet from folly's way ;
The wand'ers to thy fold restore.

745

C. M.

MRS. T.

Prayer for Children's Conversion.

O LORD, behold us at thy feet,
A small paternal band ;
As suppliants 'round thy mercy-seat,
We come at thy command.

2 'Tis for our children we would plead,
The offspring thou hast given ;
Where shall we go, in time of need,
But to the God of heaven ?

3 We ask not for them wealth and fame,
Amid the worldly strife ;

But in thy all-prevailing name
We ask eternal life.

- 4 We seek the Spirit's quick'ning grace,
To make them pure in heart,
That they may stand before thy face,
And see thee as thou art.

746

7s.

ANON.

Instruction of Children.

GRANT us wisdom, gracious Lord,
To instruct our children dear ;
And thy special aid afford
While for them we kneel in prayer.

- 2 Oh, how ignorant and weak !
How imperfect in our zeal !
Guilty, while to heaven we speak —
Jesus, Lord, our pardon seal !
- 3 Help us still our work of love
Daily, hourly, to pursue ;
While thy Spirit from above
Shall our children's souls renew.
- 4 For this blessing now we plead ;
Send thy Holy Spirit down ;
Smile on us and on our seed,
Make thy power and glory known.
- 5 Thou hast heard our solemn prayer —
We are thine, for ever thine :
Take these children to thy care,
Fill their hearts with grace divine.

747

C. M.

FAWCETT.

Obedience to Parents and Teachers.

LET children that would fear the Lord,
 Hear what their teachers say;
 With reverence meet their parents' word,
 And with delight obey.

2 Judgments that fill the soul with awe
 Are written by the Lord,
 For him that breaks his father's law,
 Or mocks his mother's word.

3 But those who worship God, and give
 Their parents honor due,
 The blessings of this life receive,
 And life hereafter, too.

THE WEDDING.

748

7s & 6s.

ANON.

Invocation.

BE present, bless'd Father,
 To give away this bride,
 As Eve thou gav'st to Adam
 Out of his own pierced side.

2 Be present, Son of Mary!
 To join their loving hands,
 As thou didst join two natures
 In thine eternal bands.

3 Thy presence, Holy Spirit!
 Thy Witness, may they feel,
 As thou for Christ the Bridegroom
 The heavenly Spouse dost seal.

749

7s.

COLLYER.

They Twain shall be One.

FATHER of the human race,
 Sanction with thy heavenly grace
 What on earth hath now been done,
 That these twain be truly one.

- 2 One in sickness and in health,
 One in poverty and wealth;
 And as year rolls after year,
 Each to other still more dear.
- 3 One in purpose, one in heart,
 Till the mortal stroke shall part;
 One in cheerful piety,
 One for ever, Lord, with thee.

750

L. M.

ANON.

The Nuptial Vow.

WITH grateful hearts and tuneful lays
 We sing before th' eternal throne,
 And offer up our humble praise,
 To him whose name is God alone.

- 2 At this auspicious hour draw near,
 And shed thy richest blessings down;
 Fill every heart with love sincere,
 And all thy faithful mercies crown.
- 3 Grant now thy presence, gracious Lord,
 And hearken to our fervent prayer;
 The nuptial vow in heaven record,
 And bless the newly-married pair.
- 4 Oh, guide them safe this desert through,
 'Mid all the cares of life and love;
 May they with joy thy glories view
 In the eternal world of love.

751

7s & 6s.

KEBLE.

The First Marriage.

THE voice that breathed o'er Eden,
That earliest wedding-day,
The primal marriage blessing,
It hath not passed away.

- 2 Still in the pure espousal
Of Christian man and maid,
The Holy Three are with us,
The threefold grace is said.

752

7s & 6s.

ANON.

Benedictory.

OH, spread thy pure wing o'er them!
Let no ill Power find place,
While onward from thine altar
The hallowed path they trace.

- 2 Oh, make them, soul and body,
Thy living sacrifice,
Till to the home of gladness
With Christ's own Bride they rise.

WIDOWHOOD AND ORPHANAGE.

753

L. M.

PRATT'S COLL.

Pity for the Poor.

BLEST is the man whose tender care
Relieves the poor in their distress;
Whose pity wipes the widow's tear,
Whose hand supports the fatherless.

2 His heart contrives for their relief
 More good than his own hand can do ;
 He, in the time of general grief,
 Shall find the Lord has pity too.

3 Or, if he languish on his bed,
 God will pronounce his sins forgiven ;
 Will save from death his sinking head,
 Or take his willing soul to heaven.

754

C. M.

ANON.

The Widow's Prayer.

THOUGH faint and sick, and worn away
 With poverty and woe,
 My widowed feet are doomed to stray
 'Mid thorny paths below.

2 Be thou, O Lord, my Father still,
 My confidence and guide :
 I know that perfect is thy will,
 Whate'er that will decide.

3 I know the soul that trusts in thee
 Thou never wilt forsake ;
 And though a bruised reed I be,
 That reed thou wilt not break.

4 Then keep me, Lord, where'er I go,
 Support me on my way,
 Though, worn with poverty and woe,
 My widowed footsteps stray.

5 To give my weakness strength, O God,
 Thy staff shall yet avail ;
 And though thou chasten with thy rod,
 That staff shall never fail.

755

L. M. MRS. NICHOLS.

Anniversary of an Orphan Asylum.

OUR Father! we may lisp that name,
When lowly at thy feet we bow;
Thy little children lightly blame,
For thou 'rt our only parent now!

2 We are a stricken, humble band,
With hearts that thrill to words of love,
And cling confiding to the hand
That points us to a home above.

3 Though 'mong the lowly of the earth,
Contented with our homely fare,
How cheerful was the orphan's hearth
Before cold Death had entered there!

4 No mother's voice soothes us to rest —
No father's smile our vision greets:
Yet we've a home in every breast
That with a tender feeling beats.

5 And thou hast raised us many a friend,
Not bound by ties of kindred blood;
Then let our hearts in prayer ascend
To thee, our Father, Saviour, God!

756

L. M.

RIPPON.

Helping the Poor.

OH, what stupendous mercy shines
Around the majesty of heaven!
Rebels he deigns to call his sons —
Their souls renewed, their sins forgiven.

2 Go, imitate the grace divine —
The grace that blazes like a sun;
Hold forth your fair, though feeble light,
Through all your lives let mercy run.

- 3 Upon your bounty's willing wings
Swift let the great salvation fly;
The hungry feed, the naked clothe;
To pain and sickness help apply.
- 4 Pity the weeping widow's woe,
And be her counselor and stay;
Adopt the fatherless, and smoothe
To useful, happy life, his way.
- 5 When all is done, renounce your deeds,
Renounce self-righteousness with scorn:
Thus will you glorify your God,
And thus the Christian name adorn.

757

C. M.

ANON.

The Orphan.

- W**HERE shall the child of sorrow find
A place for calm repose?
Thou, Father of the fatherless,
Pity the orphan's woes!
- 2 What Friend have I in heaven or earth,
What Friend to trust but thee?
My father's dead, my mother's dead;
My God, remember me!
 - 3 Thy gracious promise now fulfill,
And bid my trouble cease;
In thee the fatherless shall find
Pure mercy, grace, and peace.
 - 4 I've not a secret care or pain,
But he that secret knows;
Thou, Father of the fatherless,
Pity the orphan's woes!

758

L. P. M.

ANON.

Blessedness of the Merciful.

BLEST who with generous pity glows,
 Who learns to feel another's woes;
 Bows to the poor man's wants his ear,
 And wipes the helpless orphan's tear:
 In every want, in every woe,
 Himself thy pity, Lord, shall know.

- 2 Thy love his life shall guard — thy hand
 Give to his lot the chosen land;
 Nor leave him, in the dreadful day,
 To unrelenting foes a prey.
 In sickness thou shalt raise his head,
 And make with tenderest care his bed.

759

L. M.

ANON.

The Poor.

THOU God of hope, to thee we bow!
 Thou art our Refuge in distress;
 The Husband of the widow, thou
 The Father of the fatherless.

- 2 The poor are thy peculiar care;
 To them thy promises are sure:
 Thy gifts the poor in spirit share;
 Oh! may we always thus be poor!
- 3 May we thy law of love fulfill,
 To bear each other's burdens here;
 Endure and do thy righteous will,
 And walk in all thy faith and fear.

THE CHRISTIAN NATION.

AT PEACE.

760

L. M.

STEELE.

Thanksgiving for National Peace.

GR^{EAT} Ruler of the earth and skies,
A word of thine almighty breath
Can sink the world, or bid it rise :
Thy smile is life, thy frown is death.

- 2 When angry nations rush to arms,
And rage, and noise, and tumult reign,
And war resounds its dire alarms,
And slaughter dyes the hostile plain —
- 3 Thy sov'reign eye looks calmly down,
And marks their course, and bounds their
power ;
Thy law the angry nations own,
And noise and war are heard no more.
- 4 Then peace returns with balmy wing ; —
Sweet peace, with her what blessings fled !
Glad plenty laughs, the valleys sing,
Reviving commerce lifts her head.
- 5 To thee we pay our grateful songs ;
Thy kind protection still implore :
Oh, may our hearts, and lives, and tongues
Confess thy goodness, and adore.

761

7s.

ANON.

Praise for Deliverance and Peace.

PEACE! the welcome sound proclaim;
 Dwell with rapture on the theme:
 Loud, still louder, swell the strain —
 Peace on earth, good-will to men!

2 Breezes, whisp'ring soft and low,
 Gently murmur as ye blow,
 Now, when war and discord cease,
 Praises to the God of peace.

3 Ocean's billows, far and wide,
 Rolling in majestic pride,
 Loud, still louder swell the strain —
 Peace on earth, good-will to men!

762

6s & 10s.

DWIGHT.

Peace.

NO war nor battle's sound
 Was heard the earth around —
 No hostile chiefs to furious combat ran;
 But peaceful was the night
 In which the Prince of Light
 His reign of peace upon the earth began.

2 No conqueror's sword he bore,
 Nor warlike armor wore,
 Nor haughty passions roused to contest wild;
 In peace and love he came,
 And gentle was the reign
 Which o'er the earth he spread by influence
 mild.

3 Unwilling kings obeyed,
 And sheathed the battle-blade,

And called their bloody legions from the field;
 In silent awe they wait,
 And close the warrior's gate,
 Nor know to whom their homage thus they
 yield.

4 The peaceful Conqueror goes,
 And triumphs o'er his foes,
 His weapons drawn from armories above;
 Behold the vanquished sit
 Submissive at his feet,
 And strife and hate are changed to peace and
 love.

763

L. M.

CAMPBELL.

He Maketh Wars to Cease.

O GOD of love! O King of peace!
 Make wars throughout the world to
 cease;

The wrath of sinful man restrain:
 Give peace, O God! give peace again.

2 Remember, Lord, thy works of old,
 The wonders that our fathers told;
 Remember not our sins' dark stain:
 Give peace, O God! give peace again.

3 Whom shall we trust but thee, O Lord?
 Where rest but on thy faithful word?
 None ever called on thee in vain:
 Give peace, O God! give peace again.

4 Where saints and angels dwell above,
 All hearts are knit in holy love;
 Oh, bind us in that heavenly chain:
 Give peace, O God! give peace again.

764

IOS.

ANON.

National Concord.

RESTORE, O Father, to our times restore,
The peace which filled thine infant
church of yore,

Ere lust of power had sown the seeds of strife,
And quenched the new-born charities of life.

2 Oh, never more may different judgments part
From kindly sympathy a brother's heart!
But, linked in one, believing thousands kneel,
And share with each the sacred joy they feel.

3 From soul to soul, quick as the sunbeam's ray,
Let concord spread one universal day;
And faith by love lead all mankind to thee,
Parent of peace, and fount of harmony!

 IN WAR.

765

7s.

BOKER.

In the Field.

GOD, to thee we humbly bow,
Hand unarmed and naked brow;
Musket, lance, and sheath'd sword
At thy feet we lay, O Lord!
Gone is all the soldier's boast
In the valor of the host:
Kneeling here, we do our most.

2 Of ourselves we nothing know:
Thou and thou alone canst show,
By the favor of thy hand,
Who hast drawn the guilty brand.

If our foemen have the right,
Show thy judgments in our sight,
Through the fortunes of the fight.

- 3 Now, O God, once more we rise,
Marching on beneath thy eyes ;
And we draw the sacred sword
In thy name and at thy word.
May our spirits clearly see
Thee through all that is to be,
In defeat or victory.
-

FAST-DAY.

766

C. M.

MRS. STEELE.

Turn Us again, O Lord God of Hosts.

SEE, gracious God ! before thy throne
Thy mourning people bend ;
'Tis on thy sovereign grace alone
Our humble hopes attend.

- 2 Dark, frowning judgments from thy hand
Thy dreadful power display ;
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And still we live to pray.
- 3 How changed, alas ! are truths divine,
For error, guilt, and shame !
What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the Christian name !
- 4 Oh, turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
By thy resistless grace ;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And humbly seek thy face.

767

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

The Day of Vengeance.

SINNERS, the call obey —
 The latest call of grace;
 The day is come, the vengeful day
 Of a devoted race:
 Devils and men combine
 To plague the faithless seed,
 And phials full of wrath divine
 Are bursting on your head.

- 2 Enter into the Rock,
 Ye trembling slaves of sin —
 The Rock of your salvation, struck
 And cleft to take you in:
 To shelter the distressed,
 He did the cross endure;
 Enter into the clefts, and rest
 In Jesus' wounds secure.

768

L. P. M.

C. WESLEY.

Unfaithfulness Acknowledged and Lamented.

O GOD, thy righteousness we own;
 Judgment is at thy house begun;
 With humble awe thy rod we hear,
 And guilty in thy sight appear;
 We can not in thy judgment stand,
 But sink beneath thy mighty hand.

- 2 Our mouth as in the dust we lay,
 And still for mercy, mercy pray;
 Unworthy to behold thy face,
 Unfaithful stewards of thy grace,
 Our sin and wickedness we own,
 And deeply for acceptance groan.

- 3 We have not, Lord, thy gifts improved,
But basely from thy statutes roved;
Yet do not drive us from thy face,
A stiff-necked and hard-hearted race:
The melting power of love impart;
Soften the marble of our heart.

769

L. M. S. W. WIDNEY.

Fast-Day Hymn.

LORD, on this sadly-solemn day,
We bow our souls — we fast and pray;
Before our eyes our sins appear,
And give us sorrow, shame, and fear.

- 2 Our private sins of heart and thought,
Our words and deeds with errors fraught,
Obnoxious to thy holiness,
We mourn before thee, and confess.
- 3 The demon with the poisonous bowl
That kills the body — damns the soul —
O'er bleeding bosoms stalks along,
With maniac laugh and drunken song.
- 4 In vain they fast, they pray in vain,
Who lift the hands that forge the chain
To bind the body or the soul
A slave to man or to the bowl.
- 5 Forgive us, Lord; regard us now,
While here we pledge our solemn vow,
To shun the vile oppressor's ways,
And labor fallen man to raise.

770

C. M. RIPPON'S COLL.

Public Supplication.

- WHEN Abraham, full of sacred awe,
 Before Jehovah stood,
 And, with an humble, fervent prayer,
 For guilty Sodom sued,
- 2 With what success, what wondrous grace,
 Was his petition crowned !
 The Lord would spare, if in this place
 Ten righteous men were found.
- 3 And could a single pious soul
 So rich a boon obtain ?
 Great God, and shall a nation cry,
 And plead with thee in vain ?
- 4 Are not the righteous dear to thee
 Now, as in ancient times ?
 Or does this sinful land exceed
 Gomorrah in her crimes ?
- 5 Still we are thine ; we bear thy name ;
 Here yet is thine abode :
 Long has thy presence blest our land :
 Forsake us not, O God.

771

7s.

HATFIELD.

Fast.

- WHY, O God ! thy people spurn ?
 Why permit thy wrath to burn ?
 God of mercy ! turn once more ;
 All our broken hearts restore.
- 2 Thou hast made our land to quake,
 Heal the sorrows thou didst make ;
 Bitter is the cup we drink,
 Suffer not our souls to sink.

- 3 Be thy banner now unfurled,
Show thy truth to all the world;
Save us, Lord, we cry to thee,
Lift thine arm — thy chosen free.
- 4 Give us now relief from pain —
Humain aid is all in vain :
We, through God, shall yet prevail,
He will help when foes assail.
- 5 Sing we to our God above
Praise eternal as his love ;
Praise him, all ye heavenly host —
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost —

772 8s & 6s P. ALEXANDER CLARK.

Sudden National Calamity.

THE Lord is near ! with Sinai tread
He comes to earth again ;
From sudden darkness overhead,
A tongue of lightning, clear and dread,
Enough to wake the dusty dead,
Proclaims God's will to men.

- 2 Oh, bleeding country, now arise,
And call upon the Lord ;
Thy broken heart and tearful eyes
Win pity on thee from the skies,
Through Christ, the world's slain sacrifice,
Who saves thee by his word.
- 3 Thou God of nations, hear our prayer ;
We lift our thoughts to thee ;
Our sinful nation's life, oh, spare !
And may our grief thy grace declare,
By every Christly cross we bear
To bless and make men free.

773

S. M.

DRUMMOND.

The True Fast.

- IS this a fast for me?
 Thus saith the Lord our God:
 A day for man to vex his soul
 And feel affliction's rod?
- 2 No; is not this alone
 The sacred fast I choose —
 Oppression's yoke to burst in twain,
 The bands of guilt unloose?
- 3 To nakedness and want
 Your food and raiment deal,
 To dwell your kindred race among,
 And all their sufferings heal?
- 4 Then like the morning ray,
 Shall spring your health and light;
 Before you, righteousness shall shine,
 Behind, my glory bright!

774

L. M.

ANON.

Our Guilty Country, Spare.

- ON thee, O Lord our God, we call,
 Before thy throne devoutly fall;
 Oh, whither should the helpless fly?
 To whom but thee direct their cry?
- 2 Lord, we repent, we weep, we mourn,
 To our forsaken God we turn;
 Oh, spare our guilty country, spare
 The church thine hand hath planted here!
- 3 We plead thy grace, indulgent God!
 We plead thy Son's atoning blood;
 We plead thy gracious promises;
 And are they unavailing pleas?

THANKSGIVING.

- 4 These pleas, presented at thy throne,
Have brought ten thousand blessings down
On guilty lands in helpless woe :
Let them prevail to save us, too.
-

THANKSGIVING.

775

H. M.

J. TAYLOR.

Providence Acknowledged in the Seasons.

REJOICE! the Lord is King ;
Your Lord and King adore :
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore :

Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.

2 His wintry north winds blow,
Loud tempests rush amain ;
Yet his thick showers of snow
Defend the infant grain :

Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.

3 He wakes the genial spring,
Perfumes the balmy air ;
The vales their tribute bring,
The promise of the year :

Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice :
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.

4 He leads the circling year ;
His faith the hills adorn ;
He fills the golden ear,

And loads the field with corn ;
Oh, happy morning, raise your voice ;
Rejoice, in sacred lays rejoice.

776

C. M.

GIBBON.

His Tender Mercies are over all His Works.

THY goodness, Lord, our souls confess;
 Thy goodness we adore:

A spring, whose blessings never fail;
 A sea without a shore!

- 2 Sun, moon, and stars, thy love attest
 In every golden ray:
 Love draws the curtains of the night,
 And love brings back the day.
- 3 Thy bounty every season crowns
 With all the bliss it yields;
 With joyful clusters loads the vines,
 With strengthening grain, the fields.
- 4 But chiefly thy compassion, Lord,
 Is in the gospel seen;
 There, like a sun, thy mercy shines,
 Without a cloud between.
- 5 There pardon, peace, and holy joy
 Through Jesus' name are given;
 He on the cross was lifted high,
 That we might reign in heaven.

777

7s. HARTFORD COLL.

Civil and Religious Blessings.

SWELL the anthem, raise the song—
 Praises to our God belong;
 Saints and angels join to sing
 Praise to heaven's almighty King.

- 2 Blessings from his liberal hand
 Pour around this happy land;
 Let our hearts, beneath his sway,
 Hail the bright, triumphant day.

THANKSGIVING.

- 3 Here, beneath a virtuous sway,
May we cheerfully obey;
Never feel a tyrant's rod,
Ever own and worship God.
- 4 Hark! the voice of nature sings
Praises to the King of kings;
Let us join the choral song,
And the heavenly notes prolong.

778

L. M.

ANON.

God in National Blessings.

- G**REAT God of nations! now to thee
Our hymn of gratitude we raise;
With humble heart, and bending knee,
We offer thee our song of praise.
- 2 Thy name we bless, Almighty God!
For all the kindness thou hast shown
To this fair land the pilgrims trod —
This land we fondly call our own.
- 3 Here, freedom spreads her banner wide,
And casts her soft and hallowed ray —
Here, thou our fathers' steps didst guide
In safety through their dangerous way.
- 4 We praise thee that the gospel's light
Through all our land its radiance sheds;
Dispels the shades of error's night,
And heavenly blessings round us spreads.
- 5 Great God! preserve us in thy fear;
In dangers still our guardian be:
Oh, spread thy truth's bright precepts here;
Let all the people worship thee.

779

L. M. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Harvest Bounty.

GOD of the year! with songs of praise
 And hearts of love, we come to bless
 Thy bounteous hand, for thou hast shed
 Thy manna o'er our wilderness.

- 2 In early spring-time thou didst fling
 O'er earth its robe of blossoming ;
 And its sweet treasures, day by day,
 Rose quickening in thy bless'd ray.
- 3 God of the seasons ! thou hast blest
 The land with sunlight and with showers,
 And plenty o'er its bosom smiles
 To crown the sweet autumnal hours.
- 4 Praise, praise to thee ! our hearts expand
 To view these blessings of thy hand,
 And on the incense-breath of love
 Ascend to their bright home above.

780

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

God's Goodness Crowns the Year.

ETERNAL Source of every joy !
 Well may thy praise our lips employ,
 While in thy temple we appear,
 Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

- 2 The flowery spring, at thy command,
 Embalms the air, and paints the land ;
 The summer rays with vigor shine,
 To raise the corn and cheer the vine.
- 3 Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours
 Through all our coasts redundant stores ;
 And winters, softened by thy care,
 No more a face of horror wear.

THANKSGIVING.

- 4 Seasons and months, and weeks and days,
Demand successive songs of praise ;
Still be the cheerful homage paid,
With opening light and evening shade.

781

S. M.

BURGESS.

In Harvest.

THE harvest dawn is near,
The year delays not long ;
And he who sows with many a tear,
Shall reap with many a song.

- 2 Sad to his toil he goes ;
His seed with weeping leaves ;
But he shall come, at twilight's close,
And bring his golden sheaves.

782

C. M.

NEEDHAM.

Summer and Harvest.

TO praise the ever-bounteous Lord,
My soul, wake all thy powers :
He calls — and at his voice came forth
The smiling harvest hours.

- 2 His covenant with the earth he keeps :
My tongue, his goodness sing :
Summer and winter know their time,
The harvest crowns the spring.
- 3 Well pleased the husbandmen behold
The waving, yellow crop ;
With joy they bear the sheaves away,
And sow again in hope.
- 4 Thus teach me, gracious God, to sow
The seeds of righteousness ;
Smile on my soul, and with thy beams
The ripening harvest bless.

PATRIOTISM.

783

8s, 7s & 4s. WM. HUNTER.

Independence.

HAIL the day that bought our freedom,
 Bought with our forefathers' blood ;
 Thou, our conquering God, didst lead them
 Through the flame and through the flood.
 Independence !

Echo it through field and flood.

- 2 Lo ! their happy sons and daughters,
 On this glad and festal day,
 By the springs of limpid waters,
 O'er the hills and valleys stray.

Independence !

Chorus still of every lay.

- 3 Here we, in thy presence bending,
 Happiest of the happy throngs,
 Up to heaven our prayers are sending —
 Up to heaven our rapturous songs.

Independence !

Swells the triumph, and prolongs.

- 4 Oh ! thou God of our salvation,
 Who dost blessings richly shower,
 Let us make our Declaration
 In this spirit-stirring hour.

Independence !

From the tyrant Satan's power.

- 5 Father ! oh, prepare us better
 For the blessings richly given ;
 Break off every sinful fetter,
 Purge out every sinful leaven.

Independence !

Then shall clear our path to heaven.

For the Fourth of July. — The Union.

HAIL, our country's natal morn!
 Hail, our spreading kindred born
 Hail, thou banner, not yet torn,
 Waving o'er the free!
 While this day, in festal throng,
 Millions swell the patriot's song,
 Shall not we the notes prolong?
 Hallowed jubilee!

- 2 Who would sever freedom's shrine?
 Who would draw the invidious line?
 Though by birth one spot be mine,
 Dear is all the rest —

Dear to me the South's fair land,
 Dear the central mountain band,
 Dear New England's rocky strand,
 Dear the prairied West.

- 3 By our altars pure and free,
 By our law's deep-rooted tree,
 By the past's dread memory,
 By our Washington —
 By our common kindred tongue,
 By our hopes — bright, buoyant, young,
 By the tie of country strong,
 We will still be one.

- 4 Fathers! have ye bled in vain?
 Ages, must ye droop again?
 Maker, shall we rashly stain
 Blessings sent by thee?
 No! receive our solemn vow,
 While before thy throne we bow,
 Ever to maintain as now,
 Union — Liberty!

785

L. M.

ANON.

Prayer for the Country.

- G**OD grant a blessing on this land!
 May this Republic ever stand,
 A home of peace, a resting-place
 For earth's oppressed, down-trodden race.
- 2 On our chief Magistrate bestow
 Wisdom to guide and power to do ;
 Around him place, in posts of trust,
 Men who are honest, firm, and just.
- 3 And may our legislative halls
 Be filled with men whom duty calls,—
 Unselfish, patriotic, pure,
 To right and country ever sure.
- 4 With even scales may justice show
 The rights of all, both high and low ;
 So shall our land from flood to flood,
 Be that blest land whose King is God.

786

C. M.

W. H.

Land of Liberty.

- G**OD of our fathers ! whose right hand
 Their galling fetters broke,
 And set our now delightful land
 Free from a foreign yoke.
- 2 We thank thee for the blessings given,
 Prosperity and peace ;
 And raise our prayerful hearts to heaven,
 That these may still increase.
- 3 Our warrior sires, who stood in arms,
 In death's long slumber rest,
 While we, secure from war's alarms,
 By their hard toils are blest.

- 4 We, in our own thrice blissful bowers,
 In safety now recline;
 These blessings, gracious Lord, are ours:
 The praise be ever thine.

787

6s & 4s.

S. F. SMITH.

National.

- M**Y country, 'tis of thee,
 Sweet land of liberty,
 Of thee I sing;
 Land where my fathers died!
 Land of the pilgrims' pride!
 From every mountain-side
 Let freedom ring!
- 2 My native country, thee,
 Land of the noble, free,
 Thy name I love;
 I love thy rocks and rills,
 Thy woods and templed hills;
 My heart with rapture thrills,
 Like that above.
- 3 Let music swell the breeze,
 And ring from all the trees
 Sweet freedom's song:
 Let mortal tongues awake,
 Let all that breathe partake,
 Let rocks their silence break —
 The sound prolong.
- 4 Our fathers' God! to thee,
 Author of liberty,
 To thee we sing:
 Long may our land be bright
 With freedom's holy light:
 Protect us by thy might,
 Great God, our King!

788

8s, 7s & 4s.

ROBINSON.

The Union.

GOD of every land and nation,
 On this glorious jubilee,
 Let the incense of oblation
 From each heart arise to thee;
 Save our country:
 Long preserve her liberty.

- 2 Let thy richest blessings ever
 Rest upon our happy land;
 May no fierce contention sever
 This confederated band;
 In sweet union,
 May we still unshaken stand.
- 3 May we all be safely guided,
 Saviour, by thy gracious will:
 When life's storms shall have subsided,
 And our tongues in death are still,
 May we praise thee,
 Where immortal glories thrill.

789

L. M. SAMUEL WOLCOTT.

Prayer for the Republic.

GOD of our fathers, let thy face
 Toward the Republic ever be!
 Encompass it with strength and grace,
 And law combine with liberty.

- 2 Unto our President impart
 Sustaining trust, discerning sight,
 The homage of the loyal heart,
 The steadfast courage for the right.
- 3 Within our Congress let the fire
 Of patriotic love abide;

- Its counsels lead, its acts inspire,
And in the nation's halls preside.
- 4 Upon our Judges let the seal
Of thy divine anointing be —
The wisdom calm, the righteous zeal,
The robes of truth and equity.
- 5 God of our fathers, let thy face
Toward the Republic ever be!
Encompass it with strength and grace,
And law combine with liberty.

790

6s & 4s. J. G. ADAMS.

Song of Freedom.

- L** OUD raise the notes of joy;
Freemen, your songs employ
As well ye may;
Let your full hearts go out
In the exulting shout,
And with your praise devout,
Greet this glad day!
- 2 Children of lisping tongue,
Those whose full hearts are young,
Lift up the song!
Manhood and hoary age,
Let naught your joy assuage,
In the high theme engage,
Praises prolong!
- 3 God of our fathers' land!
Long may our temples stand
Sacred to thee!
Let thy bright light divine
On all the people shine,
Make us for ever thine,
From sin set free!

791

C. M.

WREFORD.

Prayer for our Native Land.

LORD, while for all mankind we pray,
 Of every clime and coast,
 Oh, hear us for our native land —
 The land we love the most.

- 2 Oh, guard our shores from every foe;
 With peace our borders bless —
 Our cities with prosperity,
 Our fields with plenteousness.
- 3 Unite us in the sacred love
 Of knowledge, truth, and thee;
 And let our hills and valleys chant
 The songs of liberty.
- 4 Lord of the nations, thus to thee
 Our country we commend;
 Be thou her refuge and her trust —
 Her everlasting friend.

792

6s & 4s.

J. S. DWIGHT.

God Save the State.

GOD bless our native land!
 Firm may she ever stand
 Through storm and night;
 When the wild tempests rave,
 Ruler of wind and wave!
 Do thou our country save
 By thy great might.

- 2 For her our prayers shall rise
 To God above the skies;
 On him we wait.
 Thou who hast heard each sigh,
 Watching each weeping eye,
 Be thou for ever nigh:
 God save the State!

793

125. T. H. STOCKTON.

National Hymn.

IN the name of Jehovah our banner we raise,
 With its stars and its stripes pledged anew
 to his praise :

'Tis the ensign of truth, 'tis the standard of
 right,

'Tis the herald of liberty, union, and right.

Chorus.

And the flag of our fathers, in God's name
 unfurled,

O'er their children shall wave to the end
 of the world.

2 If it ever prove false to its glorious trust,
 May its foes drag it down with contempt to
 the dust ;

But as long as 'tis true to the blazon it holds,
 Shall the arm of Omnipotence bear up its folds.

3 Here at home, with one sky and one land, let
 it be

But the flag of one people, harmonious and
 free ;

From the north to the south, from the east to
 the west,

With no treason to part it, no war to molest.

4 So abroad on all seas and all shores let it shine
 As the symbol of manhood, redeemed and
 divine ;

That the down-trodden nations in triumph
 may rise,

With their feet on their chains, and their
 brows to the skies.

794

7s & 5s.

ANON.

A Favored Land.

CHILDREN of a free-born race,
 Happy in your dwelling-place,
 As your blessings ye retrace,
 Think from whence they flow :
 Think of that Creative Hand,
 Author of the sea and land,
 By whose power the nations stand
 In their weal or woe.

- 2 Here are freedom, health, and peace ;
 Here oppression's surges cease ;
 Streams of knowledge here increase,
 Deepening far and wide :
 Science here her tribute pours,
 Industry collects her stores,
 Wealth flows in from foreign shores
 Like a swelling tide.
- 3 Here, religion undefiled,
 With an influence pure and mild,
 Reaches to the humblest child,
 E'en from door to door :
 Let us then our offerings bring,
 Thanks unto the heavenly King ;
 From the heart his praises sing
 Now and evermore.

795

C. M. ASPLAND'S COL.

The Virtuous Love of Country.

PARENT of all, omnipotent !
 In heaven and earth below !
 Through all creation's vast extent,
 Whose streams of goodness flow :

FREEDOM.

- 2 Teach me to know from whence I rose,
And unto what designed ;
No private aims may I propose,
That injure human kind.
- 3 To hear my country's lawful voice,
May my best thoughts incline ;
'Tis reason's law, 'tis virtue's choice,
'Tis nature's call, and thine.
- 4 Me from fair freedom's sacred cause
May nothing e'er divide ;
Nor grandeur, gold, nor vain applause,
Nor friendship false, misguide.
-

FREEDOM.

796

6s & 4s.

DUNCAN.

Universal Emancipation.

ROLL on, thou joyful day,
When tyranny's proud sway,
Stern as the grave,
Shall to the ground be hurled,
And freedom's flag, unfurled,
Shall wave throughout the world
O'er every slave.

- 2 Free, too, the captive mind
By darkness long confined
In slavery's night ;
The Saviour's reign extend,
Virtue with freedom blend,
And full salvation send
With freedom's light.

797

7s.

MONTGOMERY.

Human Birthright.

GOD made all his creatures free ;
 Life itself is liberty ;
 God ordained no other bands
 Than united hearts and hands.

2 Sin the primal charter broke :—
 Sin, itself earth's heaviest yoke ;
 Tyranny with sin began,
 Man o'er brute, and man o'er man.

3 But a better day shall be ;
 Life again be liberty ;
 And the wide world's only bands
 Love-knit hearts and love-linked hands.

4 So shall every slavery cease,
 All God's children dwell in peace,
 And the new-born earth record
 Love, and Love alone, is Lord.

798

C. M.

HASTINGS.

Remember those in Bonds.

FOR those in bonds as bound with them,
 To thee, O God ! we pray,
 That some celestial, radiant beam
 May bring a brighter day.

2 Pity, O Lord ! that injured race,
 And thy deliverance send ;
 Grant them the treasures of thy grace,
 And bid their bondage end.

3 They sit in darkness, slow to learn
 The blessings that they need ;
 Nor can our anxious thought discern
 How best their cause to plead.

- 4 All helpless, and without a plan,
 We come before thy throne;
 We put no confidence in man,
 But trust in thee alone.
- 5 The means of rescue, and the hour,
 Thy mercy will reveal:
 Thine is the wisdom, thine the power;
 Teach us to do thy will.

799

7s (Double).

LOWELL.

True Liberty.

MEN! whose boast it is, that ye
 Come of fathers brave and free,
 If there breathe on earth a slave,
 Are ye truly free and brave?
 If ye do not feel the chain,
 When it works a brother's pain,
 Are ye not base slaves, indeed —
 Slaves unworthy to be freed?

- 2 Is true freedom but to break
 Fetters for our own dear sake,
 And with leathern hearts forget
 That we owe mankind a debt?
 No! true freedom is to share
 All the chains our brothers wear,
 And with heart and hand to be
 Earnest to make others free!
- 3 They are slaves, who fear to speak
 For the fallen and the weak;
 They are slaves, who will not choose
 Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
 Rather than in silence shrink
 From the truth they needs must think;
 They are slaves, who dare not be
 In the right with two or three.

800

12S.

WHITTIER.

Freedom for All.

MAY freedom speed onward, wherever
 the blood
 Of the wronged and the guiltless is crying
 to God;
 Wherever from kindred, torn rudely apart,
 Comes the sorrowful wail of the broken of
 heart.

- 2 Wherever the shackles of tyranny bind
 In silence and darkness the God-given mind,
 There, Lord, speed it onward! the truth shall
 be felt,
 The bonds shall be loosened, the iron will melt.
- 3 Help us turn from the cavil of words, to unite
 Once again for the poor in defense of the right,
 Unappalled by the danger, the shame, or the
 pain,
 And counting each trial for truth as our gain.

801

6s & 4s.

NICHOLL.

God Save the Poor.

LORD, from thy bless'd throne,
 Sorrow look down upon!
 God save the poor!
 Teach them true liberty,
 Make them from tyrants free,
 Let their homes happy be!
 God save the poor!

- 2 The arms of wicked men
 Do thou with might restrain;
 God save the poor!

BROTHERHOOD.

Raise thou their lowliness,
Succor thou their distress,
Thou whom the meanest bless ;
- God save the poor !

- 3 Give them stanch honesty,
Let their pride manly be ;
God save the poor !
Help them to hold the right,
Give them both truth and might,
Lord of all life and light !
God save the poor !
-

BROTHERHOOD.

802

S. M.

JOHNSON.

Universal Brotherhood.

HUSH the loud cannon's roar,
The frantic warrior's call !
Why should the earth be drenched with gore ?
Are we not brothers all ?

- 2 Want, from the wretch depart !
Chains, from the captive fall !
Sweet mercy, melt th' oppressor's heart —
Suff'ers are brothers all.
- 3 Churches and sects, strike down
Each mean partition wall !
Let love each harsher feeling drown —
Christians are brothers all.
- 4 Let love and truth alone
Hold human hearts in thrall,
That heaven its work at length may own,
And men be brothers all.

803

C. M.

MARTINEAU.

Human Equality.

- ALL men are equal in their birth,
 Heirs of the earth and skies ;
 All men are equal when that earth
 Fades from their dying eyes.
- 2 God meets the throngs who pay their vows
 In courts that hands have made,
 And hears the worshiper who bows
 Beneath the plantain shade.
- 3 Oh, let man hasten to restore
 To all their rights of love ;
 In power and wealth exult no more ;
 In wisdom lowly move.
- 4 Ye great, renounce your earth-born pride ;
 Ye low, your shame and fear ;
 Live, as ye worship, side by side ;
 Your brotherhood revere.

804

L. M.

ANON.

The World's Unity.

- NATURE hath seasons of repose ;
 Her slumbering clouds and quiet sky ;
 And many a bright-faced stream that flows
 Onward for ever noiselessly.
- 2 The stormy winds are hushed to rest,
 And hang self-poised upon their wings ;
 And, nursed on mother nature's breast,
 Sweet flowers lie like sleeping things.
- 3 The ocean, that in mountains ran,
 Spreads boundlessly without a wave ;
 And is it only said of man,
 His peace is in the gloomy grave ?

- 4 Oh, for the coming of the end,
 The last long Sabbath-day of time,
 When peace from heaven shall descend
 Like heaven's own light, on every clime.
- 5 When men in ships far off at sea
 Shall hear the happy nations raise
 The song of peace and liberty,
 The chant of overflowing praise.
- 6 Mankind shall be one brotherhood ;
 One human soul shall fill the earth ;
 And God shall say, The world is good,
 As in the day I gave it birth.

805

IOS.

ASHWORTH.

The Gospel Aggressive.

POUR, bless'd Gospel, glorious news for
 man !

Thy stream of life o'er springless deserts
 roll :

Thy bond of peace the mighty earth can span,
 And make one brotherhood from pole to
 pole.

- 2 On, piercing Gospel, on ! of every heart,
 In every latitude, thou own'st the key :
 From their dull slumbers savage souls shall
 start,
 With all their treasures first unlocked by
 thee.

- 3 Spread, mighty Gospel, spread thy soaring
 wings !

Gather thy scattered ones from every land :
 Call home the wanderers to the King of kings ;
 Proclaim them all thine own — 'tis Christ's
 command !

806

L. M.

WHITTIER.

No Caste in the Gospel.

- OH, fairest-born of Love and Light!
 Yet bending brow and eye severe
 On all which pains the holy sight,
 Or wounds the pure and perfect ear —
- 2 Beneath thy broad, impartial eye,
 How fade the lines of caste and birth!
 How equal in their sufferings lie
 The groaning multitudes of earth!
- 3 Still to a stricken brother true,
 Whatever clime hath nourished him;
 As stooped to heal the wounded Jew,
 The worshiper of Gerizim.
- 4 In holy words which can not die,
 In thoughts which angels learned to know,
 Christ gave thy message from on high,
 Thy mission to a world of woe.
- 5 That voice's echo hath not died;
 From the blue lake of Galilee,
 From Tabor's lonely mountain-side,
 It calls a struggling world to thee.

807

C. M.

WATTS.

Praise from All Nations.

- OH, all ye nations, praise the Lord,
 Each with a diff'rent tongue;
 And every language learn his word,
 And let his name be sung.
- 2 His mercy reigns through every land,—
 Proclaim his grace abroad:
 For ever firm his grace shall stand,—
 Praise ye the faithful God.

PROVISIONS OF THE GOSPEL.

808

8s, 7s & 4s.

KELLY.

The Glad Tidings.

MEN of God, go take your stations ;
Darkness reigns throughout the earth :
Go proclaim among the nations
Joyful news of heavenly birth ;
Bear the tidings
Of the Saviour's matchless worth.

2 Go to men in darkness sleeping,
Tell that Christ is strong to save ;
Go to men in bondage weeping ;
Publish freedom to the slave :
Tell the dying,
Christ has triumphed o'er the grave.

3 What though earth and hell united
Should oppose the Saviour's reign ;
Plead his cause to souls benighted ;
Fear ye not the face of men :
Vain their tumult,
Earth and hell will rage in vain.

4 When exposed to fears and dangers,
Jesus will his own defend ;
Borne afar 'midst foes and strangers,
Jesus will appear your friend,
And his presence
Shall be with you to the end.

809

L. M.

J. WESLEY.

Fullness and Sufficiency of the Atonement.

JESUS, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress :
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

- 2 Bold shall I stand in thy great day,—
For who aught to my charge shall lay
Fully absolved through these I am —
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.
- 3 The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,
Who from the Father's bosom came,—
Who died for me, e'en me t' atone,—
Now for my Lord and God I own.
- 4 Lord, I believe thy precious blood,
Which, at the mercy-seat of God,
For ever doth for sinners plead,
For me, e'en for my soul, was shed.
- 5 Lord, I believe were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,
Thou hadst for all a ransom paid,
For all a full atonement made.

810

7s & 6s.

ANON.

The Exceeding Riches of His Grace.

O LORD, thy love's unbounded !
So full, so sweet, so free !
Our thoughts are all confounded,
Whene'er we think on thee :
For us, thou cam'st from heaven,
For us to bleed and die ;
That, purchased and forgiven,
We might ascend on high.

- 2 Oh, let this love constrain us
 To give our hearts to thee ;
 Let nothing henceforth pain us
 But that which paineth thee !
 Our joy, our one endeavor,
 Through suffering, conflict, shame,
 To serve thee, gracious Saviour,
 And magnify thy name !

811 6 lines 7s. McCHEYNE.
How Much I Owe.

- WHEN this passing world is done,
 When has sunk yon glorious sun ;
 When we stand with Christ in glory,
 Looking o'er life's finished story,
 Then, Lord, shall I fully know —
 Not till then — how much I owe !
- 2 When I hear the wicked call
 On the rocks and hills to fall ;
 When I see them start and shrink,
 On the fiery deluge brink,
 Then, Lord, shall I fully know —
 Not till then — how much I owe !
- 3 When I stand before the throne,
 Clothed in beauty not my own ;
 When I see thee as thou art,
 Love thee with unsinching heart,
 Then, Lord, shall I fully know —
 Not till then — how much I owe !
- 4 When the praise of heaven I hear,
 Loud as thunders to the ear,
 Loud as many waters' noise,
 Sweet as harp's melodious voice,
 Then, Lord, shall I fully know —
 Not till then — how much I owe !

812

C. P. M.

C. WESLEY.

The Mystery of Christ's Love.

O THOU, who hast redeemed of old,
And bidd'st me of thy strength lay hold,
And be at peace with thee,
Help me thy benefits to own,
And hear me tell what thou hast done,
O dying Lamb! for me.

2 Love, only love, thy heart inclined,
And brought thee, Saviour of mankind,
Down from thy throne above;
Love made my God a Man of grief,
Distressed thee sore for my relief:
Oh, mystery of love!

3 As thou hast loved and died for me
So grant me, Saviour, love to thee,
And gladly I resign
Whate'er I have, whate'er I am:
My life be all with thine the same,
And all thy death be mine.

813

7s.

C. WESLEY.

God's Glorious Perfections Celebrated.

GLORY be to God on high,
God, whose glory fills the sky;
Peace on earth to man forgiven,
Man, the well-beloved of heaven.

2 Sov'reign Father, heavenly King,
Thee we now presume to sing;
Glad thine attributes confess,
Glorious all, and numberless.

3 Hail, by all thy works adored!
Hail, the everlasting Lord!

- Thee with thankful hearts we prove,
 God of power and God of love.
- 4 Christ our Lord and God we own,
 Christ, the Father's only Son;
 Lamb of God for sinners slain,
 Saviour of offending man.
- 5 Jesus, in thy name we pray,
 Take, oh take our sins away;
 Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
 Hear, the world's atonement, thou!
- 6 Hear, for thou, O Christ, alone,
 Art with thy great Father one;
 One the Holy Ghost with thee,
 One supreme eternal Three.

814

S. M.

BEDDOME.

None Other Name under Heaven.

- G**OD'S holy law, transgressed,
 Speaks nothing but despair;
 Burdened with guilt, with grief oppressed,
 We find no comfort there.
- 2 Not all our groans and tears,
 Nor works which we have done,
 Nor vows, nor promises, nor prayers,
 Can e'er for sin atone.
- 3 Relief alone is found
 In Jesus' precious blood:
 'Tis this that heals the mortal wound,
 And reconciles to God.
- 4 High lifted on the cross,
 The spotless victim dies:
 This is salvation's only source,
 Hence all our hopes arise.

815

L. M.

J. WESLEY.

Giving All to Christ.

- M**Y Saviour, how shall I proclaim,
How pay the mighty debt I owe?
Let all I have, and all I am,
Ceaseless to all thy glory show.
- 2 Too much to thee I can not give;
Too much I can not do for thee;
Let all thy love, and all thy grief,
Graven on my heart for ever be.
- 3 The meek, the still, the lowly mind,
Oh, may I learn from thee, my God!
And love, with softest pity joined,
For those that trample on thy blood!
- 4 Still let thy tears, thy groans, thy sighs
O'erflow my eyes, and heave my breast;
Till, loose from flesh and earth, I rise,
And ever in thy bosom rest.

816

H. M.

MONTGOMERY.

The Star of Hope.

- F**AIR shines the morning star:
The silver trumpets sound,
Their notes re-echoing far,
While dawns the day around:
Joy to the slave; the slave is free;
It is the year of jubilee.
- 2 Prisoners of hope, in gloom
And silence left to die,
With Christ's unfolding tomb,
Your portals open fly:
Rise with your Lord, he sets you free;
It is the year of jubilee.
- 3 Ye, who yourselves have sold
For debts to justice due,

Ransomed, but not with gold,
 He gave himself for you !
 The blood of Christ hath made you free ;
 It is the year of jubilee.

- 4 Captives of sin and shame,
 O'er earth and ocean, hear
 An angel's voice proclaim
 The Lord's accepted year ;
 Let Jacob rise, be Israel free ;
 It is the year of jubilee.

817 S. M. TURNER.

The Redemptive Scheme.

- BEYOND the starry skies,
 Far as the eternal hills,
 There, in boundless world of light,
 Our great Redeemer dwells.
- 2 Around him angels fair,
 In countless armies shine ;
 And ever in exalted lays
 They offer songs divine.
- 3 Hail, Prince of life ! they cry,
 Whose unexampled love
 Moved thee to quit those glorious realms
 And royalties above.
- 4 And when he stooped to earth,
 And suffered rude disdain,
 They cast their honors at his feet,
 And waited in his train.
- 5 They saw him on the cross,
 While darkness veiled the skies ;
 And when he burst the gates of death,
 They saw the Conqueror rise.
- 6 They thronged his chariot wheels,
 And bore him to his throne ;
 They swept their golden harps, and sung —
 The glorious work is done !

WARNINGS.

818

L. M.

WATTS.

The Broad Way to Death.

- B**ROAD is the road that leads to death,
 And thousands walk together there ;
 But wisdom shows a narrow path,
 With here and there a traveler.
- 2 Deny thyself, and take thy cross,
 Is the Redeemer's great command ;
 Nature must count her gold but dross,
 If she would gain this heavenly land.
- 3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
 And walks the way of God no more,
 Is but esteemed almost a saint,
 And makes his own destruction sure.
- 4 Lord! let not all my hopes be vain ;
 Create my heart entirely new, —
 Which hypocrites could ne'er attain ;
 Which false apostates never knew.

819

7s.

T. SCOTT.

The Accepted Time.

- H**ASTEN, sinner! to be wise ;
 Stay not for the morrow's sun :
 Wisdom, if thou still despise,
 Harder is it to be won.
- 2 Hasten mercy to implore ;
 Stay not for the morrow's sun,
 Lest thy season should be o'er,
 Ere this evening's stage be run.
- 3 Hasten, sinner! to return ;
 Stay not for the morrow's sun,

WARNINGS.

Lest thy lamp should cease to burn,
Ere salvation's work is done.

- 4 Hasten, sinner! to be blest;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest
Ere the morrow is begun.

820

7s (Double). C. WESLEY.

Why Will ye Die?

SINNERS, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you — Why?
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live;
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of his own hands —
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross his love, and die?

- 2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you — Why?
He, who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself, that ye might live.
Will ye let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace, and die?

- 3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you — Why?
He, who all your lives hath strove,
Urged you to embrace his love:
Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
Oh, ye dying sinners! why,
Why will ye for ever die?

821

L. M. HEGINBOTHAM.

Trim the Lamps.

- A** WAKE, awake, each sluggish soul!
 Awake, and view the setting sun!
 See how the shades of death advance,
 Ere half the task of life is done.
- 2 Soon will he close our drowsy eyes,
 Nor shall we hear these warnings more;
 Soon will the mighty Judge approach:
 E'en now he stands before the door!
- 3 O Saviour! let these awful scenes
 Be ever present to our view;
 Teach us to gird our loins about,
 And trim our dying lamps anew.
- 4 Then, when the king of terror comes,
 Our souls shall hail the happy day.
 Haste, then, O Saviour! from above,
 Nor let thy chariot-wheels delay!

822

8s, 7s & 4s.

ALLEN.

The Message from Above.

- S**INNERS! will you scorn the message
 Sent in mercy from above?
 Every sentence, oh, how tender!
 Every line is full of love.
 Listen to it!
 Every line is full of love.
- 2 Hear the heralds of the Gospel,
 News from Zion's King proclaim,
 To each rebel sinner, Pardon,
 Free forgiveness in his name.
 How important!
 Free forgiveness in his name.

3 Who hath our report believed?
 Who received the joyful word?
 Who embraced the news of pardon
 Offered to you by the Lord?
 Can you slight it?
 Offered to you by the Lord.

4 Oh, ye angels hovering round us!
 Waiting spirits, speed your way;
 Hasten to the court of heaven,
 Tidings bear without delay;
 Rebel sinners
 Glad the message will obey.

823 6 lines 7s. C. WESLEY.

What Sin has Done.

HEARTS of stone, relent, relent!
 Break, by Jesus' cross subdued;
 See his body, mangled, rent,
 Covered with a gore of blood;
 Sinful soul, what hast thou done?
 Murdered God's eternal Son!

2 Yes, our sins have done the deed,
 Drove the nails that fixed him there;
 Crowned with thorns his sacred head,
 Pierced him with a soldier's spear;
 Made his soul a sacrifice;
 For a sinful world he dies.

3 Will you let him die in vain?
 Still to death pursue your Lord?
 Open tear his wounds again,
 Trample on his precious blood?
 No! with all my sins I'll part:
 Saviour, take my broken heart.

824

C. M.

HASTINGS.

The Spirit's Call.

RETURN, O wanderer, to thy home,
Thy Father calls for thee :
No longer now an exile roam
In guilt and misery.

2 Return, O wanderer, to thy home,
Thy Saviour calls for thee :
The Spirit and the Bride say, Come ;
Oh, now for refuge flee !

3 Return, O wanderer, to thy home ;
'Tis madness to delay :
There are no pardons in the tomb ;
And brief is mercy's day !

825

C. M.

COLLYER.

The Invitation of Love.

RETURN, O wanderer, now return,
And seek thy Father's face !
Those new desires, which in thee burn,
Were kindled by his grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, now return !
He hears thy humble sigh ;
He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
When no one else is nigh.

3 Return, O wanderer, now return !
Thy Saviour bids thee live :
Go to his bleeding feet, and learn
How freely he 'll forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer, now return,
And wipe the falling tear !
Thy Father calls — no longer mourn :
His love invites thee near.

826

7s.

CLARK.

Haste Homeward.

BROTHER, hast thou wandered far
From thy Father's happy home,
With thyself and God at war?

Turn thee, brother ; homeward come.

- 2 Hast thou wasted all the powers
God for noble uses gave ?
Squandered life's most golden hours ?
Turn thee, brother ; God can save.

- 3 He can heal thy bitterest wound,
He thy faintest prayer can hear :
Seek him, for he may be found ;
Call upon him ; he is near.

827

7s.

TOPLADY.

Trust the Promises.

WEARY sinner, keep thine eyes
On th' atoning Sacrifice ;
View him bleeding on the tree,
Pouring out his life for thee.

- 2 Surely Christ thy griefs hath borne ;
Weeping soul, no longer mourn :
Now by faith the Son embrace,
Plead his promise, trust his grace.

- 3 Cast thy guilty soul on him ;
Find him mighty to redeem :
At his feet thy burden lay ;
Look thy doubts and care away.

- 4 Lord, come thou with power to heal ;
Now thy mighty arm reveal :
At thy feet myself I lay ;
Take, oh, take my sins away !

828

S. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Make no Delay.

THE swift-declining day,
How fast its moments fly!
While evening's broad and gloomy shade
Gains on the western sky.

- 2 Ye mortals! mark its pace,
And use the hours of light;
For know, its Maker can command
At once eternal night.
- 3 Give glory to the Lord,
Who rules the whirling sphere;
Submissive at his footstool bow,
And seek salvation there.
- 4 Then shall new luster break
Through death's impending gloom,
And lead you to unchanging light,
In your celestial home.

829

L. M.

WATTS.

The Time to Serve the Lord.

LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time t'insure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.

- 2 Life is the hour that God has given
To escape from hell and fly to heaven;
The day of grace; and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.
- 3 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might pursue;
Since no device, nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

- 4 There are no acts of pardon past
In the cold grave to which we haste;
But darkness, death, and long despair
Reign in eternal silence there.
-

INVITATIONS AND PROMISES.

830

C. M.

JONES.

The Sinner's Last Resolve.

COME, trembling sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve:

- 2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sins
Like mountains round me close;
I know his courts: I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.
- 3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace.
- 4 Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.
- 5 I can not perish if I go:
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die.

831

S. M.

STEELE.

The Bountiful Feast.

YE wretched, starving poor !
Behold a royal feast !

Where mercy spreads her bounteous store
For every humble guest.

- 2 Jesus, with open arms,
Is calling you to come ;
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms ;
But see, there yet is room.
- 3 Room in the Saviour's heart ;
There love and pity meet ;
Nor will he bid the soul depart
That trembles at his feet.
- 4 The Father, reconciled,
Invites your souls to come ;
The rebel shall be called a child,
And find in Christ a home.

832

S. M.

ONDERDONK.

Sinner, Come.

THE Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, Sinner, come !
The bride, the church of Christ, proclaims
To all his children, Come !

- 2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, Come !
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the fountain, come.
- 3 Yes, whosoever will,
Oh, let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life ;
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

- 4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,
 Declares, I quickly come :
 Lord, even so! we wait thine hour;
 O blest Redeemer, come !

833

I IS.

HASTINGS.

Free Salvation.

DELAY not, delay not, O sinner, draw near,
 The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
 No price is demanded, the Saviour is here;
 Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

- 2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
 The love and compassion of Jesus thy God?
 A fountain is open, how canst thou refuse
 To wash and be cleansed in his pardoning
 blood ?

- 3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
 For Mercy still lingers, and calls thee to-day;
 Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;
 Her message unheeded will soon pass away.

- 4 Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of grace,
 Long grieved and resisted, may take his sad
 flight,
 And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
 To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

- 5 Delay not, delay not; the hour is at hand,
 The earth shall dissolve, the heavens shall
 fade;
 The dead, small and great, in the judgment
 shall stand;
 What power then, O sinner, will lend thee
 its aid ?

834

L. M.

MRS. STEELE.

Free Grace.

- COME, weary souls ! with sins distressed,
Come, and accept the promised rest ;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.
- 2 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes ;
Pardon, and life, and endless peace —
How rich the gift, how free the grace !
- 3 Dear Saviour, let thy powerful love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove ;
Oh, sweetly reign in every breast,
And guide us to eternal rest.

835

C. M.

HUNTINGDON.

The Gospel Feast.

- COME, sinner, to the gospel feast ;
Oh, come without delay ;
For there is room in Jesus' breast
For all who will obey.
- 2 There 's room in God's eternal love
To save thy precious soul ;
Room in the Spirit's grace above
To heal and make thee whole.
- 3 There 's room within the church, redeemed
With blood of Christ divine ;
Room in the white-robed throng, convened
For that dear soul of thine.
- 4 There 's room in heaven among the choir,
And harps and crowns of gold,
And glorious palms of victory there,
And joys that ne'er were told.

- 5 There's room around thy Father's board
 For thee, and thousands more:
 Oh, come and welcome to the Lord;
 Yea, come this very hour.

836 C. P. M. C. WESLEY.

Christ Calls.

- CHRIST bids us knock and enter in;
 Come unto him, and rest from sin,
 The blessing seek and find;
 He bids us ask his grace, and have;
 Thou canst, thou wouldst, this moment save
 Both me and all mankind.
- 2 Shut up in unbelief, I groan,
 And blindly serve a God unknown,
 Till thou the veil remove;
 The gift unspeakable impart,
 And write thy Name upon my heart,
 And manifest thy love.

837 7s. MRS. BARBAULD.

The Sure Promise.

- COME, said Jesus' sacred voice,
 Come, and make my paths your choice;
 I will guide you to your home;
 Weary pilgrim, hither come.
- 2 Thou who, homeless and forlorn,
 Long hast borne the proud world's scorn;
 Long hast roamed the barren waste,
 Weary wanderer, hither haste.
- 3 Hither come, for here is found
 Balm that flows for every wound!
 Peace, that ever shall endure,
 Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

838

7s (Double).

CRABBE.

Knock, and it shall be Opened.

PILGRIM, burdened with thy sin,
Come the way to Zion's gate ;
There, till mercy speaks within,
Knock, and weep, and watch, and wait :
Knock — he knows the sinner's cry ;
Weep — he loves the mourner's tears ;
Watch, for saving grace is nigh ;
Wait, till the heavenly grace appears.

- 2 Hark, it is the Saviour's voice !
Welcome, pilgrim, to thy rest !
Now within the gate rejoice,
Safe, and owned, and bought, and blest :
Safe from all the lures of vice ;
Owned by joys the contrite know ;
Bought by love, and life the price ;
Blessed the mighty debt to owe.
- 3 Holy pilgrim ! what for thee
In a world like this remains ?
From thy guarded breast shall flee
Fear, and shame, and doubts, and pains :
Fear, the hope of heaven shall fly ;
Shame, from glory's view retire ;
Doubt, in full belief shall die ;
Pain, in endless bliss expire.

839

L. M.

WHITE.

Come unto Me.

WITH tearful eyes I look around ;
Life seems a dark and stormy sea ;
Yet midst the gloom I hear a sound,
A heavenly whisper, Come to me !

- 2 It tells me of a place of rest ;
It tells me where my soul may flee :
Oh, to the weary, faint, oppressed,
How sweet the bidding, Come to me !
- 3 Come, for all else must fail and die ;
Earth is no resting-place for thee ;
To heaven direct thy weeping eye ;
I am thy portion : Come to me !
- 4 O voice of mercy, voice of love !
In conflict, grief, and agony,
Support me, cheer me from above,
And gently whisper, Come to me !

840

C. M.

ANON.

The Ark of Safety.

- COME to the ark, come to the ark ;
To Jesus come away :
The pestilence walks forth by night,
The arrows fly by day.
- 2 Come to the ark : the waters rise,
The seas their billows rear ;
While darkness gathers o'er the skies,
Behold a refuge near !
 - 3 Come to the ark, all, all that weep
Beneath the sense of sin :
Without, deep calleth unto deep,
But all is peace within.
 - 4 Come to the ark, ere yet the flood
Your lingering steps oppose ;
Come, for the door which open stood
Is now about to close.

841

L. M.

STEELE.

The Great Physician.

DEEP are the wounds which sin has made:
Where shall the sinner find a cure?
In vain, alas! is nature's aid;

The work exceeds all nature's power.

2 There is a great Physician near:

Look up, O fainting soul! and live:
See, in his heavenly smiles appear
Such ease as nature can not give.

3 See, in the Saviour's dying blood

Life, health, and bliss abundant flow;
'Tis only this dear, sacred flood
Can ease thy pain and heal thy woe.

842

8s & 7s.

ANON.

Room and Welcome.

NOW the Saviour standeth pleading
At the sinner's bolted heart;
Now in heaven he's interceding,
Taking there the sinner's part.

2 Sinners, hear your God and Saviour,

Hear his gracious voice to-day;
Turn from all your vain behavior,
Oh, repent, return, and pray!

3 Now he's waiting to be gracious,

Now he stands and looks on thee:
See what kindness, love, and pity,
Shine around on you and me.

4 Come, for all things now are ready,

Yet there's room for many more:
O ye blind, ye lame and needy,
Come to wisdom's boundless store!

843

C. M. ALEX. CLARK.

Make Room for Jesus.

MAKE room for Jesus ! room, sad heart,
Beguiled and sick of sin ;
Bid every alien guest depart,
And rise and let him in.

2 Make room for Jesus ! room, make room !
His hand is at the door ;
He comes to banish guilt and gloom,
And bless thee more and more.

3 Make room for Jesus ! soul of mine,
He waits response to-day ;
His smile is peace ; his grace, divine,—
O turn him not away !

4 Make room for Jesus ! by and by,
'Midst saint and seraphim,
He'll welcome to his throne on high
The soul that welcomed him.

844

C. M.

ANON.

God the Portion of the Soul.

WHOM have we, Lord, in heav'n, but thee,
And whom on earth beside ?
Where else for succor can we flee,
Or in whose strength confide ?

2 Thou art our portion here below,
Our promised bliss above ;
Ne'er may our souls an object know
So precious as thy love.

3 When heart and flesh, O Lord, shall fail,
Thou wilt our spirits cheer ;
Support us through life's thorny vale,
And calm each anxious fear.

The Invitation.

COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
 Jesus ready stands to save you,
 Full of pity, love and power:
 He is able,
 He is willing, doubt no more!

2 Ho! ye thirsty, come and welcome,
 God's free bounty glorify;
 True belief, and true repentance —
 Every grace that brings you nigh —
 Without money,
 Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream;
 All the fitness he requireth
 Is to feel your need of him:
 This he gives you,
 'Tis the Spirit's glimmering beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
 Lost and ruined by the fall;
 If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all;
 Not the righteous —
 Sinners, Jesus came to call.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
 Lo! your Saviour prostrate lies!
 On the bloody tree behold him;
 Hear him cry, before he dies,
 It is finished!
 Sinners, will not this suffice?

INVITATIONS AND PROMISES.

- 6 Lo! th' incarnate God, ascending,
Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him, venture freely,
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.
- 7 Saints and angels, joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb,
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name;
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may do the same.

846

8s & 7s. P. MONTGOMERY.

The Healing Fountain.

- COME to Calvary's holy mountain,
Sinners, ruined by the fall!
Here a pure and healing fountain
Flows to you, to me, to all —
In a full, perpetual tide,
Opened when our Saviour died.
- 2 Come, in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent, and blind!
Here the guilty, free remission,
Here the troubled, peace may find;
Health this fountain will restore,
He that drinks shall thirst no more.
- 3 He that drinks shall live for ever;
'Tis a soul-renewing flood:
God is faithful; God will never
Break his covenant in blood,
Signed when our Redeemer died,
Sealed when he was glorified.

847

L. M.

WATTS.

Christ's Invitation to Sinners.

- COME hither, all ye weary souls,
 Ye heavy-laden sinners, come ;
 I'll give you rest from all your toils,
 And raise you to my heavenly home.
- 2 They shall find rest, who learn of me :
 I'm of a meek and lowly mind ;
 But passion rages like the sea,
 And pride is restless as the wind.
- 3 Blessed is the man whose shoulders take
 My yoke, and bear it with delight ;
 My yoke is easy to the neck,
 My grace shall make the burden light.
- 4 Jesus, we come at thy command ;
 With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,
 Resign our spirits to thy hand,
 To mould and guide us at thy will.

848

L. M.

GRIGG.

The Stranger at the Door.

- BEHOLD ! a Stranger's at the door !
 He gently knocks, has knocked before ;
 Has waited long, is waiting still ;
 You treat no other friend so ill.
- 2 Oh, lovely attitude ! he stands
 With melting heart and laden hands ;
 Oh, matchless kindness ! and he shows
 This matchless kindness to his foes.
- 3 Admit him ; for the human breast
 Ne'er entertained so kind a guest ;
 Admit him ; or the hour's at hand
 When at his door denied you'll stand.

- 4 Art thou a weeper? grief shall fly;
 For who can weep with Jesus by?
 No terror shall thy hopes annoy;
 No tear, except the tear of joy.
- 5 Sovereign of souls! thou Prince of peace!
 Oh, may thy gentle reign increase;
 Throw wide the door, each willing mind!
 And be his empire all mankind!

849

C. M. D.

WATTS.

Abundant Mercy.

- LET every mortal ear attend,
 And every heart rejoice;
 The trumpet of the Gospel sounds
 With an inviting voice.
 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
 Who feed upon the wind,
 And vainly strive with earthly toys
 To fill an empty mind,—
- 2 Eternal wisdom has prepared
 A soul-reviving feast,
 And bids your longing appetites
 The rich provision taste.
 Ho! ye who pant for living streams,
 And pine away, and die;
 Here you may quench your raging thirst
 With springs that never dry.
- 3 Rivers of love and mercy here
 In a rich ocean join;
 Salvation in abundance flows,
 Like floods of milk and wine.
 The happy gates of Gospel grace
 Stand open night and day;
 Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
 And drive our wants away.

850

IIS & IOS.

MOORE.

Consolation for the Penitent.

COME, ye disconsolate ! where'er ye languish,

Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel ;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell
your anguish ;

Earth has no sorrow that heaven can not
heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure !
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
Earth has no sorrow that heaven can not
cure.

3 Here see the bread of life : see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from
above :

Come to the feast of love ; come, ever knowing,
Earth has no sorrow, but heaven can re-
move.

851

C. M.

ANON.

Prayer for Revival.

RETIRE, vain world, awhile retire,
And leave us with the Lord :
Thy gifts ne'er fill one just desire,
Nor lasting bliss afford.

2 Behold and pity from above
Our cold and languid frame ;
Oh ! shed abroad thy quick'ning love,
And we'll adore thy name.

3 Make known thy power, victorious King,
Subdue each stubborn will ;
Then sovereign grace we'll join to sing
On Zion's sacred hill.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

852

8s, 7s, & 4s.

CLARK.

The Children's Saviour.

JESUS is our loving Saviour,
He, our best and constant Friend;
In his service life is pleasure,
For he loveth to the end.
Loving Saviour!
Here we at thy footstool bend.

- 2 Jesus is the children's Saviour!
'Twas for them he shed his blood;
Died, that poor and needy sinners
Might be reconciled to God.
Dying Saviour!
Bearing thus our sinful load.
- 3 Jesus is the children's Saviour!
Suffer them, he says, to come;
If they seek his face and favor,
They shall share his heavenly home.
Risen Saviour!
Nevermore from thee to roam.
- 4 Loving, suffering, dying Saviour!
Risen, glorious on thy throne,
Haste the day when every idol
Shall by truth be overthrown,
And the kingdoms
Of the earth to thee belong.

853

L. M. MONTGOMERY.

Sabbath-School Anniversary.

FROM year to year in love we meet;
 From year to year in peace we part;
 The tongues of children uttering sweet
 The thrilling joy of every heart.

2 But time rolls on; and, year by year,
 We change, grow up, or pass away;
 Not twice the same assembly here
 Have hailed the children's festal day.

3 Death, ere another year, may strike
 Some in our number marked to fall:
 Be, young and old, prepared alike;
 The warning is to each, to all.

4 Oft broke, our failing ranks renew;
 Send teachers, children, in our place,
 More humble, docile, faithful, true,
 More like thy Son, from race to race.

854

8s & 7s (Double).

ANON.

Children's Praises.

WHO shall sing, if not the children?
 Did not Jesus die for them?
 May they not, with other jewels,
 Sparkle in his diadem?
 Why to them were voices given,
 Bird-like voices, sweet and clear?
 Why, unless the song of heaven
 They begin to practice here?

2 There's a choir of infant songsters,
 White-robed, round the Saviour's throne:

Angels cease, and, waiting, listen :
 Oh ! 'tis sweeter than their own !
 Faith can hear the rapturous choral,
 When her ear is upward turned ;
 Is not this the same, perfected,
 Which upon the earth they learned ?

- 3 Jesus, when on earth sojourning,
 Loved them with a wondrous love ;
 And will he, to heaven returning,
 Faithless to his blessing prove ?
 Oh, they can not sing too early !
 Fathers, stand not in their way !
 Birds do sing while day is breaking —
 Tell me, then, why should not they ?

855

C. M.

HOULDRICH.

Children in Heaven.

AROUND the throne of God in heaven
 Thousands of children stand ;
 Children, whose sins are all forgiven, —
 A holy, happy band.

- 2 What brought them to that world above,
 That heaven so bright and fair —
 Where all is peace, and joy, and love ?
 How came those children there ?
- 3 Because the Saviour shed his blood
 To wash away their sin ;
 Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
 Behold them white and clean !
- 4 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
 On earth they loved his name ;
 So now they see his blessèd face,
 And stand before the Lamb.

856

11S & 8s. P.

LUKE.

Sweet Story.

I THINK, when I read that sweet story of
old,

When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children as lambs to his
fold,

I should like to have been with them then.

2 I wish that his hands had been placed on my
head,

That his arm had been thrown around me;
And that I might have seen his kind look
when he said,

Let the little ones come unto me.

3 Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in his love :

And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above, —

4 In that beautiful place he has gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven ;

And many dear children are gathering there,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

857

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

The Children's Song.

HOSANNA, be the children's song,
To Christ, the children's King ;
His praise, to whom our souls belong,
Let all the children sing.

2 From little ones, to Jesus brought,
Hosanna now be heard ;

Let little infants now be taught
To lisp that lovely word.

- 3 Hosanna, sound from hill to hill,
And spread from plain to plain,
While louder, sweeter, clearer still,
Woods echo to the strain.
- 4 Hosanna, on the wings of light,
O'er earth and ocean fly,
Till morn to eve, and noon to night,
And heaven to earth reply.
- 5 Hosanna, then, our song shall be ;
Hosanna to our King :
This is the children's jubilee ;
Let all the children sing.

858

8s & 7s.

LEVY.

Hymn of Welcome.

NOW unite our hearts and voices
In a song of joy and praise ;
Each one gathered here rejoices,
And a welcome note we raise.

Chorus.—Welcome, welcome, singing welcome,
Welcome home.

- 2 Gladly, gladly, now we greet thee,
And a hearty welcome bring ;
Teachers, children joy to meet thee,
And a loving welcome sing.

Chorus.—Welcome, welcome, &c.

- 3 Now to God, our heavenly Father,
Thanks from grateful hearts we pour —
He has kept thee safe from danger,
Brought thee back to us once more.

Chorus.—Welcome, welcome, &c.

859

S. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Christ Blessing Children.

THE Saviour kindly calls
 Our children to his breast;
 He folds them in his gracious arms;
 Himself declares them blest.

- 2 Let them approach, he cries,
 Nor scorn their humble claim;
 The heirs of heaven are such as these;
 For such as these I came.
- 3 With joy we bring them, Lord,
 Devoting them to thee,
 Imploring that, as we are thine,
 Thine may our offspring be.

860

7s & 6s.

PHILLIPS.

Out of the Mouth of Babes, etc.

WE bring no glittering treasures,
 No gems from earth's deep mine:
 We come, with simple measures,
 To chant thy love divine.
 Children, thy favors sharing,
 Their voice of thanks would raise;
 Father, accept our off'ring,
 Our song of grateful praise.

- 2 The dearest gift of heaven,
 Love's written word of truth,
 To us is early given,
 To guide our steps in youth;
 We hear the wondrous story,
 The tale of Calvary;
 We read of homes in glory,
 From sin and sorrow free.

- 3 Redeemer, grant thy blessing !
 Oh, teach us how to pray,
 That each, thy fear possessing,
 May tread life's onward way ;
 Then, where the pure are dwelling,
 We hope to meet again,
 And, sweeter numbers swelling,
 For ever praise thy Name.

861

7s & 6s. T. H. STOCKTON.

The Sunday-School.

- I F, while the Jewish ages
 Still added to the word,
 Kings, prophets, priests, and sages
 Looked vainly for the Lord ;
 How blest are we who know him
 So early in our youth ;
 How gladly should we show him
 Our love in deed and truth !
- 2 If, when he came from glory,
 The angels flew to sing
 Redemption's opening story —
 The birthday of the King :
 Well may we lift our voices,
 Rememb'ring how he died,
 While every heart rejoices
 To praise the Crucified.
- 3 So all who ever sought him
 Have had their sins forgiven ;
 And even children brought him
 Are welcomed home to heaven :
 Look, look we all above us,
 And lift our hymn on high,
 For he who doth so love us
 Is smiling from the sky.

862

. 7s & 6s.

KIDDER.

We are Coming, Blessed Saviour.

WE are coming, blessèd Saviour,
 We hear thy gentle voice ;
 We would be thine for ever,
 And in thy love rejoice.

Chorus. — We are coming, we are coming,
 We are coming, blessèd Saviour ;
 We are coming, we are coming,
 We hear thy gentle voice.

2 We are coming, blessèd Saviour,
 To meet that happy band,
 And sing with them for ever,
 And in thy presence stand.

Chorus. — We are coming, &c.
 To meet that happy band.

3 We are coming, blessèd Saviour,
 Our Father's house we see —
 A glorious mansion ever
 For children young as we.

Chorus. — We are coming, &c.
 Our Father's house we see.

4 We are coming, blessèd Saviour,
 That happy home is ours ;
 If here we gain thy favor,
 We'll reach those fragrant bowers.

Chorus. — We are coming, &c.
 That happy home is ours.

5 We are coming, blessèd Saviour,
 To crown our Jesus King,
 And then with angels ever
 His praises we will sing.

Chorus. — We are coming, &c.
 To crown our Jesus King.

YOUTH AND AGE.

863

C. M.

BAXTER.

Casting all your Care upon Him.

LORD, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live ;
To love and serve thee is my share,
And this thy grace must give.

- 2 If life be long, I will be glad
That I may long obey ;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day ?
- 3 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than he went through before ;
No one into his kingdom comes,
But through his opened door.
- 4 Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet
Thy bless'd face to see ;
For if thy work on earth be sweet,
What will thy glory be ?
- 5 Then shall I end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days,
And join with all triumphant saints
Who sing Jehovah's praise.
- 6 My knowledge of that life is small ;
The eye of faith is dim ;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with him.

864

8s & 7s.

ANON.

Christ's Presence in the Evening of Life.

TARRY with me, O my Saviour,
 For the day is passing by;
 See, the shades of evening gather,
 And the night is drawing nigh.

2 Many friends were gathered round me
 In the bright days of the past,
 But the grave has closed above them,
 And I linger here at last.

3 Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,
 Paler now, the glowing west,
 Swift the night of death advances,
 Shall it be the night of rest?

4 Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
 Lord, I cast myself on thee;
 Tarry with me through the darkness,
 While I sleep, still watch by me.

865

10s.

LYTE.

Abide with Me.

ABIDE with me! Fast falls the eventide,
 The darkness deepens — Lord, with me
 abide!

When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
 Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
 Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
 Change and decay in all around I see;
 O thou, who changest not, abide with me!

- 3 I need thy presence every passing hour:
 What but thy grace can foil the tempter's
 power?
 Who, like thyself, my guide and stay can be?
 Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with
 me!
- 4 Not a brief glance I long, a passing word,
 But as thou dwell'st with thy disciples, Lord,—
 Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
 Come, not to sojourn, but t' abide with me.

866

L. M.

ANON.

As thy Days, so shall thy Strength be.

WHILE foes are strong, and danger near,
 A voice falls gently on my ear;
 My Saviour speaks, he says to me,
 That as my days, my strength shall be.

- 2 With such a promise need I fear
 For all that now I hold most dear?
 No: I will never anxious be,
 For, as my days, my strength shall be.
- 3 When storms of trouble on me fall,
 And when my cup is mixed with gall,
 This promise will be sweet to me,
 That as my days, my strength shall be.
- 4 And when, at last, I'm called to die,
 Still on this promise I'll rely;
 Yes, Lord, I then will trust in thee,
 That as my days, my strength shall be.

LIFE AND DEATH.

867

C. M.

BONAR.

Be not Dismayed, for I am thy God.

THOU must go forth alone, my soul !
Thou must go forth alone,
To other scenes, to other worlds,
That mortal hath not known.

2 Thou must go forth alone, my soul,
To tread the narrow vale ;
But he, whose word is sure, hath said,
His mercy shall not fail.

3 Thou must go forth alone, my soul,
To meet thy God above :
But shrink not ; he has said, my soul,
He is a God of love !

4 His rod and staff shall comfort thee
Across the dreary road,
Till thou shalt join the blessed ones
In heaven's serene abode.

868

C. M.

STENNETT.

Death of Children.

THY life I read, my gracious Lord,
With transport all divine ;
Thine image trace in every word,
Thy love in every line.

2 Methinks I see a thousand charms
Spread o'er thy lovely face,
While infants in thy tender arms
Receive the smiling grace.

- 3 I take these little lambs, said he,
And lay them in my breast;
Protection they shall find in me,
In me be ever blest.
- 4 Death may the bands of life unloose,
But can't dissolve my love;
Millions of infant souls compose
The family above.
- 5 His words the happy parents hear,
And shout, with joys divine,
O Saviour, all we have and are
Shall be for ever thine.

869

C. H. M.

J. TAYLOR

What is your Life?

- OH, what is life? — 'tis like a flower
That blossoms and is gone;
It flourishes its little hour,
With all its beauty on:
Death comes, and, like a wintry day,
It cuts the lovely flower away.
- 2 Oh, what is life? — 'tis like the bow
That glistens in the sky:
We love to see its colors glow;
But, while we look, they die:
Life fails as soon, — to-day 'tis here;
To-morrow it may disappear.
- 3 Lord, what is life? — if spent with thee,
In humble praise and prayer,
How long or short our life may be,
We feel no anxious care:
Though life depart, our joys shall last
When life and all its joys are past.

870

L. M.

S. WESLEY.

Sown in Weakness, Raised in Power.

- T**HE morning flowers display their sweets,
 And gay their silken leaves unfold,
 As careless of the noontide heats,
 As fearless of the evening cold.
- 2 Nipped by the wind's untimely blast,
 Parched by the sun's directer ray,
 The momentary glories waste,
 The short-lived beauties die away.
- 3 So blooms the human face divine,
 When youth its pride of beauty shows;
 Fairer than spring the colors shine,
 And sweeter than the virgin rose.
- 4 Or worn by slowly-rolling years,
 Or broke by sickness in a day
 The fading glory disappears,
 The short-lived beauties die away.
- 5 Yet these, new rising from the tomb,
 With luster brighter far shall shine!
 Revive with ever-during bloom,
 Safe from diseases and decline.
- 6 Let sickness blast, let death devour,
 If heaven must recompense our pains;
 Perish the grass, and fade the flower,
 If firm the word of God remains.

871

C. M.

HEBER.

Warnings Everywhere.

BENEATH our feet and o'er our head
 Is equal warning given;
 Beneath us lie the countless dead,
 Above us is the heaven.

- 2 Death rides on every passing breeze,
And lurks in every flower ;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour.
- 3 Turn, mortal, turn ! thy danger know ;
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead.
- 4 Turn, Christian, turn ! thy soul apply
To truths divinely given ;
The forms which underneath thee lie
Shall live, for hell or heaven.

872

L. M.

WATTS.

At the Grave.

UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb !
Take this new treasure to thy trust ;
And give these sacred relics room
To seek a slumber in the dust.

- 2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
Invade thy bounds ; no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.
- 3 So Jesus slept ; God's dying Son
Passed through the grave, and blessed the
bed ;
Rest here, blessed saint ! till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.
- 4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn !
Attend, O earth ! his sovereign word ;
Restore thy trust ; a glorious form
Shall then ascend and meet the Lord.

873

C. M.

WATTS.

Death and Burial of a Saint.

- W**HY do we mourn departing friends?
 Or shake at death's alarms?
 'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
 To call them to his arms.
- 2 Why should we tremble to convey
 Their bodies to the tomb?
 'Twas there the bleeding Saviour lay,
 And left a rich perfume.
- 3 Thence he arose, and, upward borne,
 In triumph led the way;
 The sleeping saints, at his return,
 Shall hail the glorious day.
- 4 Are we not tending upward, too,
 As fast as time can move?
 And can we wish the hours more slow
 That keep us from our Love?
- 5 Soon shall the last loud trumpet sound,
 And bid the saints arise;
 Millions shall leave the trembling ground,
 And mount the lofty skies.

874

C. M.

HOUGHTON.

I shall go to Him.

- B**LESSED hour, when righteous souls shall
 meet,
 Shall meet to part no more;
 And with celestial welcome greet
 On an immortal shore!
- 2 The parent finds his long-lost child;
 Brothers on brothers gaze:

- The tear of resignation mild
Is changed to joy and praise.
- 3 Each tender tie, dissolved with pain,
With endless bliss is crowned :
All that was dead revives again,
All that was lost is found.
- 4 Congenial minds, arrayed in light,
High thoughts shall interchange ;
Nor cease, with ever new delight,
On wings of love to range.
- 5 Their Father marks their generous flame,
And looks complacent down :
The smile that owns their filial claim,
Is their immortal crown.

875

8s & 4s. MONTGOMERY.

The Grave.

- THERE is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found ;
They softly lie, and sweetly sleep,
Low in the ground.
- 2 The storm that sweeps the wintry sky
No more disturbs their deep repose
Than summer evening's latest sigh
That shuts the rose.
- 3 Then, traveler in the vale of tears,
To realms of everlasting light,
Through time's dark wilderness of years
Pursue thy flight.
- 4 Thy soul, renewed by grace divine,
In God's own image, freed from clay,
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine,
A star of day.

876

C. M.

WHITTIER.

Another Call.

ANOTHER hand is beckoning us,
 Another call is given ;
 And glows once more with angel steps
 The path that leads to heaven.

- 2 Unto our Father's will alone,
 One thought hath reconciled ;
 That he whose love exceedeth ours
 Hath taken home his child.
- 3 Fold her, O Father, in thine arms,
 And let her henceforth be
 A messenger of love between
 Our human hearts and thee.
- 4 Still let her mild rebukings stand
 Between us and the wrong,
 And her dear memory serve to make
 Our faith in goodness strong.

877

6s.

PHEBE CARY.

Nearing Home.

ONE sweetly solemn thought
 Comes to me o'er and o'er :
 I'm nearer home to-day
 Than I have been before.

- 2 Nearer my Father's house,
 Where many mansions be ;
 Nearer the great white throne ;
 Nearer the crystal sea.
- 3 Nearer the bound of life,
 Where burdens are laid down ;
 Nearer to leave the cross,
 Nearer to gain the crown.

4 But lying dark between,
And winding through the night,
The deep and unknown stream!
Crossed ere we reach the light.

5 Jesus, confirm my trust;
Strengthen the hand of faith,
To feel thee when I stand
Upon the shore of death.

6 Be near me when my feet
Are slipping o'er the brink,
For I am nearer home,
Perhaps, than now I think.

878

8s & 7s.

S. F. SMITH.

On the Death of a Sister.

SISTER, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer's breeze,
Pleasant as the air of evening,
When it floats among the trees.

2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber,
Peaceful in the grave so low:
Thou no more wilt join our number,
Thou no more our song shalt know.

3 Dearest sister, thou hast left us,
Here thy loss we deeply feel;
But 'tis God that hath bereft us,
He can all our sorrows heal.

4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled;
Then in heaven with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

879

8s & 7s. P.

KELLY.

Life a Vapor.

WHAT is life? 'tis but a vapor;
 Soon it vanisheth away;
 Life is but a dying taper;

Oh, my soul! why wish to stay?
 Why not spread thy wings and fly
 Straight to yonder world of joy?

2 See that glory, how resplendent!

Brighter far than fancy paints;
 There, in majesty transcendent,
 Jesus reigns, the King of saints.
 Spread thy wings, my soul! and fly
 Straight to yonder world of joy.

3 Joyful crowds, his throne surrounding,

Sing with rapture of his love,
 Through the heavens his praises sounding,
 Filling all the courts above.
 Spread thy wings, my soul! and fly
 Straight to yonder world of joy.

4 Go, and share his people's glory;

'Mid the ransomed crowd appear;
 Thine's a joyful, wondrous story,
 One that angels love to hear.
 Spread thy wings, my soul! and fly
 Straight to yonder world of joy.

880

C. M.

WATTS.

Voice from the Grave.

HARK! from the tombs a doleful sound!
 My ears attend the cry:—
 Ye living men! come view the ground
 Where you must shortly lie.

- 2 Princes ! this clay must be your bed,
 In spite of all your towers ;
 The tall, the wise, the reverend head
 Must lie as low as ours.
- 3 Great God ! is this our certain doom ?
 And are we still secure ?
 Still walking downward to our tomb,
 And yet prepare no more !
- 4 Grant us the powers of quickening grace
 To fit our souls to fly ;
 Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
 We'll rise above the sky.

881

7s & 8s. P.

POPE.

The Dying Christian to his Soul.

- VITAL spark of heavenly flame,
 Quit, oh, quit this mortal frame !
 Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying !
 Oh, the pain, the bliss of dying !
 Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
 Let me languish into life !
- 2 Hark ! they whisper — angels say,
 Sister spirit, come away !
 What is this absorbs me quite,
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
 Drowns my spirits, draws my breath ?
 Tell me, soul, can this be death ?
- 3 The world recedes ; it disappears ;
 Heaven opens on my eyes ; my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring :
 Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !
 O grave, where is thy victory ?
 O death, where is thy sting ?

882

8s & 9s.

BACON.

Death of a Missionary.

WEEP not for the saint that ascends
 To partake of the joys of the sky ;
 Weep not for the seraph that bends
 With the worshiping chorus on high ;
 Weep not for the spirit now crowned
 With the garland to martyrdom given ;
 Oh, weep not for him : he has found
 His reward and his refuge in heaven.

- 2 But weep for their sorrows who stand
 And lament o'er the dead by his grave ;
 Who sigh when they muse on the land
 Of their home far away o'er the wave ;
 And weep for the nations that dwell
 Where the light of the truth never shone,
 Where anthems of peace never swell,
 And the love of the Lord is unknown.

883

8s (Double).

MORRIS.

The Grave Disarmed of its Terrors.

MAN dieth and wasteth away,
 And where is he? — hark! from the
 skies

I hear a voice answer and say,
 The spirit of man never dies !
 His body, which came from the earth,
 Must mingle again with the sod ;
 His soul, which in heaven had birth,
 Returns to the bosom of God.

- 2 No terror has death, or the grave,
 To those who believe in the Lord —
 Who know the Redeemer can save,
 And lean on the faith of his word :

While ashes to ashes, and dust
 We give unto dust, in our gloom
 The light of salvation we trust,
 Which hangs like a lamp in the tomb.

- 3 O Lord God Almighty, to thee
 We turn as our solace above ;
 The waters may fail from the sea,
 But never thy fountains of love :
 Oh, teach us thy will to obey,
 And sing with one heart and accord, —
 He gave, and he taketh away,
 And praised be the name of the Lord.

884

S. M.

WATTS.

My Redeemer Liveth.

AND must this body die ?
 This mortal frame decay ?
 And must these active limbs of mine
 Lie moldering in the clay ?

- 2 God my Redeemer lives,
 And often from the skies
 Looks down and watches all my dust,
 Till he shall bid it rise.
- 3 Arrayed in glorious grace
 Shall these vile bodies shine ;
 And every shape and every face
 Look heavenly and divine.
- 4 These lively hopes we owe
 To Jesus' dying love ;
 We would adore his grace below,
 And sing his power above.
- 5 Dear Lord ! accept the praise
 Of these our humble songs,
 Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
 With our immortal tongues.

885

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

The Christian's Farewell.

- YE golden lamps of heaven, farewell,
 With all your feeble light;
 Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
 Pale empress of the night.
- 2 And thou, refulgent orb of day,
 In brighter flames arrayed,
 My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,
 No more demands thy aid.
- 3 Ye stars are but the shining dust
 Of my divine abode,
 The pavement of those heavenly courts
 Where I shall see my God.
- 4 The Father of eternal light
 Will there his beams display;
 Nor shall one moment's darkness blend
 With that unvaried day.

886

C. M.

ALICE CARY.

Dying Hymn.

- EARTH, with its dark and dreadful ills,
 Recedes and fades away;
 Lift up your heads, ye heavenly hills,
 Ye gates of death, give way!
- 2 My soul is full of whispered song;
 My blindness is my sight;
 The shadows that I feared so long
 Are all alive with light.
- 3 The while my pulses faintly beat
 My faith doth so abound,
 I feel grow firm beneath my feet
 The green, immortal ground.

- 4 That faith to me a courage gives,
 Low as the grave to go ;
 I know that my Redeemer lives ;
 That I shall live, I know.
- 5 The palace walls I almost see,
 Where dwells my Lord and King ;
 O grave, where is thy victory ?
 O death, where is thy sting ?

887 8s (Double). C. WESLEY,
A Home in Heaven.

- R**EJOICE for a brother deceased ;
 Our loss is his infinite gain ;
 A soul out of prison released,
 And freed from its bodily pain !
 With songs let us follow his flight,
 And mount with his spirit above ;
 Escaped to the mansions of light,
 And lodged in the Eden of love.
- 2 Our brother the haven hath gained ;
 Outflying the tempest and wind,
 His rest he hath sooner obtained,
 And left his companions behind ;
 Still toss'd on a sea of distress ;
 Hard-toiling to make the blest shore,
 Where all is assurance and peace,
 And sorrow and sin are no more.
- 3 There all the ship's company meet,
 Who sailed with the Saviour beneath ;
 With shouting each other they greet,
 And triumph o'er sorrow and death :
 The voyage of life 's at an end,
 The mortal affliction is past :
 The age that in heaven they spend,
 For ever and ever shall last.

888

L. M. MRS. BARBAULD.

The Dying Disciple.

HOW blest the righteous when he dies,
 When sinks a weary soul to rest!
 How mildly beam the closing eyes!
 How gently heaves the expiring breast!

- 2 So fades a summer cloud away;
 So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
 So gently shuts the eye of day;
 So dies a wave along the shore.
- 3 A holy quiet reigns around,
 A calm which life nor death destroys;
 Nothing disturbs that peace profound
 Which his unfettered soul enjoys.
- 4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears!
 Where lights and shades alternate dwell;
 How bright the unchanging morn appears!
 Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

889

H. M. MONTGOMERY.

Departing Friends.

FRIEND after friend departs:
 Who has not lost a friend?
 There is no union here of hearts
 That finds not here an end.
 Were this frail world our only rest,
 Living or dying, none were blest.

- 2 Beyond the flight of time,
 Beyond this vale of death,
 There surely is some blessed clime
 Where life is not a breath,
 Nor life's affections transient fire,
 Whose sparks fly upward to expire.

- 3 There is a world above
 Where parting is unknown ;
 A whole eternity of love
 Formed for the good alone ;
 And faith beholds the dying here
 Translated to that happier sphere.
- 4 Thus star by star declines
 Till all are passed away,
 As morning high and higher shines
 To pure and perfect day.
 Nor sink those stars in empty night ;
 They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

890

C. M. VILLAGE HYMNS.

The Same.

- F**AR from affliction, toil, and care,
 The happy soul is fled ;
 The breathless clay shall slumber here,
 Among the silent dead.
- 2 The Gospel was his joy and song,
 E'en to his latest breath ;
 The truth he had proclaimed so long
 Was his support in death.
- 3 Now he resides where Jesus is,
 Above this dusky sphere :
 His soul was ripened for that bliss
 While yet he sojourned here.
- 4 The church's loss we all deplore,
 And shed the falling tear ;
 Since we shall see his face no more,
 Till Jesus shall appear.
- 5 But we are hasting to the tomb ;
 Oh, may we ready stand ;
 Then, bless'd Lord, receive us home,
 To dwell at thy right hand.

891

S. M. MONTGOMERY.

Death of a Pastor.

- REST from thy labor, rest;
 Soul of the just, set free!
 Blessed be thy memory, and blest
 Thy bright example be!
- 2 Faith, perseverance, zeal,
 Language of might and power,
 Love — prompt to act, and quick to feel —
 Marked thee till life's last hour.
- 3 Now, toil and conflict o'er,
 Go, take with saints thy place:
 But go, as each hath gone before,
 A sinner saved by grace.
- 4 Lord Jesus! to thy hands
 Our pastor we resign;
 And now we wait thine own commands,—
 We were not his, but thine.
- 5 Thou art thy church's head;
 And when the members die,
 Thou raisest others in their stead:
 To thee we lift our eye:
- 6 On thee our hopes depend;
 We gather round our Rock;
 Send who thou wilt; but condescend
 Thyself to feed thy flock.

892

8s & 7s.

C. WESLEY.

Soul-Release.

HAPPY soul, thy days are ended,
 All thy mourning days below;
 Go, by angel guards attended,
 To the sight of Jesus go!

- 2 Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo! the Saviour stands above,
Shows the purchase of his merit,
Reaches out the crown of love.
- 3 Struggle through thy latest passion
To thy dear Redeemer's breast,
To his uttermost salvation,
To his everlasting rest.
- 4 For the joy he sets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain ;
Die, to live the life of glory ;
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

893

L. M.

BATHURST.

The Christian's Parting Hour.

- H**OW sweet the hour of closing day,
When all is peaceful and serene,
And when the sun, with cloudless ray,
Sheds mellow luster o'er the scene!
- 2 Such is the Christian's parting hour;
So peacefully he sinks to rest ;
When faith, endued from heaven with power,
Sustains and cheers his languid breast.
 - 3 Mark but that radiance of his eye,
That smile upon his wasted cheek :
They tell us of his glory nigh,
In language that no tongue can speak.
 - 4 A beam from heaven is sent to cheer
The pilgrim on his gloomy road ;
And angels are attending near,
To bear him to their bright abode.
 - 5 Who would not wish to die like those
Whom God's own Spirit deigns to bless,
To sink into that soft repose,
Then wake to perfect happiness ?

894

C. M.

ANON.

Death of a Teacher.

FAREWELL, dear friend! a long farewell!
 For we shall meet no more
 Till we are raised with thee to dwell
 On Zion's happy shore.

- 2 Our friend and brother, lo! is dead!
 The cold and lifeless clay
 Has made in dust its silent bed,
 And there it must decay.
- 3 Farewell, dear friend, again farewell,—
 Soon we shall rise to thee;
 And when we meet, no tongue can tell
 How great our joys shall be.
- 4 No more we'll mourn thee, parted friend,
 But lift our ardent prayer,
 And every thought and effort bend
 To rise and join thee there.

895

L. M.

MRS. MACKAY.

Them which Sleep in Jesus.

A SLEEP in Jesus! bless'd sleep,
 From which none ever wakes to weep—
 A calm and undisturbed repose,
 Unbroken by the last of foes.

- 2 Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet
 To be for such a slumber meet!
 With holy confidence to sing,
 That death has lost its venom'd sting.
- 3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
 Whose waking is supremely blest:
 No fear, no woe, shall dim the hour
 That manifests the Saviour's power.

- 4 Asleep in Jesus ! oh, for me
 May such a blissful refuge be :
 Securely shall my ashes lie,
 And wait the summons from on high.
- 5 Asleep in Jesus ! time nor space
 Affects this precious hiding-place :
 On Indian plains or Lapland snows
 Believers find the same repose.
- 6 Asleep in Jesus ! far from thee
 Thy kindred and their graves may be :
 But thine is still a blessed sleep,
 From which none ever wakes to weep.

896

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

The Crowning Hour.

- SERVANT of God, well done !
 Thy glorious warfare 's past ;
 The battle 's fought, the race is won,
 And thou art crowned at last.
- 2 In condescending love,
 Thy ceaseless prayer he heard ;
 And bade thee suddenly remove
 To thy complete reward.
- 3 With saints enthroned on high,
 Thou dost the Lord proclaim,
 And still to God salvation cry —
 Salvation to the Lamb !
- 4 Oh, happy, happy soul !
 In ecstasies of praise,
 Long as eternal ages roll,
 Thou seest thy Saviour's face.
- 5 Redeemed from earth and pain,
 Ah ! when shall we ascend,
 And all in Jesus' presence reign
 With our translated friend ?

897

L. M.

WATTS.

No Fear of Death.

WHY should we start, and fear to die?
 What timorous worms we mortals are!
 Death is the gate of endless joy,
 And yet we dread to enter there.

- 2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife
 Fright our approaching souls away;
 Still, we shrink back again to life,
 Fond of our prison and our clay.
- 3 Oh, if my Lord would come and meet,
 My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
 Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
 Nor feel the terrors as she passed.
- 4 Jesus can make a dying bed
 Feel soft as downy pillows are,
 While on his breast I lean my head,
 And breathe my life out sweetly there.

898

C. M.

ANON.

Death of a Child.

AN early summons Jesus sends,
 To call a child above,
 Yet whispers to the weeping friends,
 'Tis all the fruit of love.

- 2 To save your darling child from woe,
 And sin-alluring charms,
 From all the griefs you feel below,
 I take it to my arms.
- 3 Then do not rashly with me strive,
 Nor vainly fast nor weep;
 The child, though dead, is still alive,
 Its body does but sleep.

- 4 'Tis where the pure in heart see God,
 It feels no sorrow there ;
 'Tis by a heavenly parent fed,
 And needs no more your care.
- 5 I loaned it for a little space ;
 While mortal it was thine ;
 Then took it to my fond embrace ;
 It lives for ever mine.
- 6 Now seek the Lord with all your heart,
 And know your sins forgiven ;
 Then you shall meet, and never part,
 With those you love in heaven.

899

S. M. MRS. HOWITT.

The Freed Spirit.

- O** SPIRIT, freed from earth,
 Rejoice ! thy work is done ;
 The weary world 's beneath thy feet,
 Thou brighter than the sun.
- 2 Arise, put on the robes
 That the redeem'd win ;
 Now sorrow hath no part in thee,
 Thou sanctified within.
- 3 Awake, and breathe the air
 Of the celestial clime ;
 Awake to love which knows no change,
 Thou who hast done with time.
- 4 Awake, lift up thine eyes ;
 See, all heaven's host appears !
 And be thou glad exceedingly,—
 Thou who hast done with tears.
- 5 Ascend ! thou art not now
 With those of mortal birth ;
 The living God hath touched thy lips,
 Thou who hast done with earth.

Gone to the Grave.

THOU art gone to the grave! but we will
not deplore thee,

Though sorrows and darkness encompass
the tomb:

The Saviour hath passed through its portals
before thee,

And the lamp of his love is thy guide
through the gloom.

2 Thou art gone to the grave! we no longer
behold thee,

Nor tread the rough paths of the world by
thy side;

But the wide arms of mercy are spread to
enfold thee,

And sinners may die, for the Sinless hath
died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave! and, its mansion
forsaking,

What though thy weak spirit in fear lingered
long:

The sunshine of Paradise beamed on thy
waking,

And the sound which thou heardst was the
seraphim's song.

4 Thou art gone to the grave! but we will not
deplore thee,

For God was thy ransom, thy Guardian,
and Guide:

He gave thee, he took thee, and he will re-
store thee;

And death has no sting, for the Saviour
hath died.

TIME AND ETERNITY.

901

C. P. M.

C. WESLEY.

Time and Eternity.

L O! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Yet how insensible!

A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to yon heavenly place,
Or — shuts me up in hell.

2 O God, my inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And save me ere it be too late;
Wake me to righteousness.

3 Before me place, in bright array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar:
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom?

4 Be this my one great business here,
With holy trembling, holy fear,
To make my calling sure!
Thine utmost counsel to fulfill,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure!

5 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale to live
And reign with thee above;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full supreme delight
And everlasting love.

902

C. M.

WATTS.

Man's Frailty and God's Power.

O GOD! our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Our shelter from the stormy blast,
 And our eternal home!

- 2 Before the hills in order stood,
 Or earth received her frame,
 From everlasting thou art God,
 To endless years the same.
- 3 A thousand ages in thy sight
 Are like an evening gone —
 Short as the watch that ends the night
 Before the rising sun.
- 4 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
 Bears all its sons away;
 They fly, forgotten, as a dream
 Dies at the opening day.
- 5 O God! our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Be thou our guide while troubles last,
 And our eternal home.

903

S. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Importance of To-Day.

TO-MORROW, Lord, is thine,
 Lodged in thy sovereign hand;
 And if its sun arise and shine,
 It shines by thy command.

- 2 The present moment flies,
 And bears our life away;
 Oh, make thy servants truly wise,
 That they may live to-day.

- 3 Since on this fleeting hour
Eternity is hung,
Awake, by thine almighty power,
The aged and the young.
- 4 One thing demands our care ;
Oh, be that still pursued,
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.
- 5 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young, golden beams should die
In sudden, endless night.

904

C. P. M.

GREEN.

The Swiftness of Time.

- M**Y days, my weeks, my months, my years,
Fly rapid as the whirling spheres
Around the steady pole :
Time, like the tide, its motion keeps,
Till I must launch through boundless deeps,
Where endless ages roll.
- 2 The grave is near the cradle seen :
The moments swiftly pass between,
And whisper as they fly :
Unthinking man, remember this,
Though fond of sublunary bliss,
Thou soon must gasp and die.
 - 3 My soul, attend the solemn call :
Thine earthly tent must quickly fall,
And thou must take thy flight
Beyond the vast expansive blue,
To sing and love as angels do,
Or sink in endless night.

905

C. M.

TAYLOR.

Time and Eternity Compared.

HOW long, sometimes, a day appears !
 And weeks, how long are they !
 Months move on slow, as if the years
 Would never pass away.

- 2 But even years are passing by,
 And soon must all be gone ;
 For day by day, as minutes fly,
 Eternity comes on.
- 3 Days, months, and years must have an end :
 Eternity has none ;
 'Twill always have as long to spend
 As when it first begun.
- 4 Great God ! a creature cannot tell
 How such a thing can be ;
 I only pray that I may dwell
 That long, long time with thee.

906

C. M. (Double.)

CLARK.

Flight of Time.

SWIFT as the arrow cuts its way
 Through the soft yielding air,
 Or as the sun's more subtle ray,
 Or lightning's sudden glare :
 Or as an eagle to the prey,
 Or shuttle through the loom,
 So haste our fleeting lives away,
 So pass we to the tomb.

- 2 Like airy bubbles, lo ! we rise,
 And dance upon life's stream ;

Till soon the air that caused, destroys
 Th' attenuated frame.
 Down the swift stream we glide apace,
 And carry death within ;
 Then break, and scarcely leave a trace
 To show that we have been.

- 3 The man, the wisest of our kind,
 Who length of days had seen,
 To birth and death a time assigned,
 But none to life between ;
 Yet, oh, what consequences close
 This transient state below !
 Eternal joys, or, losing those,
 Interminable woe !

907

S. M.

DODDRIDGE.

The Departed.

HOW swift the torrent rolls
 That bears us to the sea ;
 The tide that hurries thoughtless souls
 To vast eternity.

- 2 Our fathers, where are they,
 With all they called their own ?
 Their joys and griefs, and hopes and cares,
 And wealth and honor gone.
- 3 God of our fathers ! hear,
 Thou everlasting Friend !
 While we, as on life's utmost verge,
 Our souls to thee commend.
- 4 Of all the pious dead
 May we the footsteps trace,
 Till with them, in the land of light,
 We dwell before thy face.

908

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Shortness of Time.

BEHOLD, my soul, the narrow bound
 Of the revolving year:
 How swift the weeks complete their round,
 How short the months appear.

- 2 So fast eternity comes on,
 And that important day,
 When all that mortal life has done
 God's judgment shall survey.
- 3 Yet, like an idle tale, we spend
 The swift-advancing year;
 And study artful ways to mend
 The speed of its career.
- 4 Waken, O God! my trifling heart,
 Its great concern to see;
 That I may act the Christian part,
 And give the year to thee.
- 5 So shall their course more grateful roll,
 If future years arise;
 Or this shall bear my happy soul
 To joy that never dies.

909

7s & 6s P.

J. BURTON.

Life a Winter's Day.

TIME is winging us away
 To our eternal home:
 Life is but a winter's day —
 A journey to the tomb:
 Youth and vigor soon will flee,
 Blooming beauty lose its charms:
 All that's mortal soon shall be
 Enclosed in death's cold arms.

- 2 Time is winging us away
 To our eternal home :
 Life is but a winter's day —
 A journey to the tomb ;
 But the Christian shall enjoy
 Health and beauty soon above,
 Where no worldly griefs annoy,
 Secure in Jesus' love.

910

7s & 6s.

SMITH.

The Stream of Life.

- A**S flows the rapid river,
 With channel broad and free,
 Its waters rippling ever,
 And hastening to the sea,
 So life is onward flowing ;
 And days of offered peace,
 And man is swiftly going
 Where calls of mercy cease.
- 2 As moons are ever waning,
 As hastes the sun away,
 As stormy winds, complaining,
 Bring on the wintry day ;
 So fast the night comes o'er us,
 The darkness of the grave ;
 And death is just before us —
 God takes the life he gave.
- 3 Say, hath thy heart its treasure
 Laid up in worlds above ?
 And is it all thy pleasure
 Thy God to praise and love ?
 Beware ! lest death's dark river
 Its billows o'er thee roll,
 And thou lament for ever
 The ruin of thy soul.

911

C. M.

ANON.

Shortness of Time.

THE time is short! — sinners, beware!
 Nor trifle time away;
 The word of great salvation hear,
 While yet 'tis called to-day.

2 The time is short! — O sinners, now
 To Christ the Lord submit;
 To mercy's golden scepter bow,
 And fall at Jesus' feet.

3 The time is short! — ye saints, rejoice,
 The Lord will quickly come:
 Soon shall you hear the Saviour's voice,
 To call you to your home.

4 The time is short! — it swiftly flies —
 The hour is just at hand,
 When we shall mount above the skies,
 And reach the wished-for land.

5 The time is short! — the moment near,
 When we shall dwell above;
 And be for ever happy there,
 With Jesus, whom we love.

912

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Redeeming the Time.

GOD of eternity! from thee
 Did infant time its being draw;
 Moments and days, and months and years,
 Revolve by thine unvaried law.

2 Silent and swift they glide away;
 Steady and strong the current flows,
 Lost in eternity's wide sea,
 The boundless gulf from whence it rose.

- 3 With it the thoughtless sons of men
Before the rapid stream are borne
On to their everlasting home,
Whence not one soul can e'er return.
- 4 Great Source of wisdom ! teach our hearts
To know the price of every hour,
That time may bear us on to joys
Beyond its measure and its power.

913

C. M.

ALICE CARY.

The Stream of Life.

THE stream of life is going dry ; .
Thank God, that more and more
I see the golden sands, which I
Could never see before.

- 2 The banks are dark with graves of friends ;
Thank God, for faith sublime
In the eternity that send
Its shadows into time.
- 3 The flowers are gone that with their glow
Of sunshine filled the grass ;
Thank God, they were but dim and low
Reflections in a glass.
- 4 The autumn winds are blowing chill ;
The summer warmth is done ;
Thank God, the little dew-drop still
Is drawn into the sun.
- 5 Strange stream, to be exhaled so fast
In cloudy cares and tears ;
Thank God, that it should shine at last,
Along the immortal years.

914

L. M.

COXE.

Eternity's Duration.

ETERNITY! eternity!
 How long art thou, eternity!
 Yet onward still to thee we speed,
 As to the fight th' impatient steed.

2 As ship to port, or shaft from bow,
 Or swift as couriers homeward go;
 Mark well, O man, eternity!
 Eternity! eternity!

3 Eternity! eternity!
 How long art thou, eternity!
 As in a ball's concentric round
 No starting-point nor end is found;

4 So thou, eternity, so vast,
 No entrance and no exit hast;
 Mark well, O man, eternity!
 Eternity! eternity!

915

C. M.

JANE TAYLOR.

What is Life?

O H, what is life? 'tis like a flower
 That blossoms and is gone:
 It flourishes its little hour,
 With all its beauty on;
 Death comes, and like a wintry day
 It cuts the lovely flower away.

2 Lord, what is life? if spent with thee
 In humble praise and prayer,
 How long or short our life may be,
 We feel no anxious care:
 Though life depart, our joys shall last
 When life and all its joys are past.

RESURRECTION AND JUDGMENT.

916

7s & 6s. P. C. WESLEY.

Security of the Righteous.

STAND, th' Omnipotent decree,
Jehovah's will be done !
Nature's end we wait to see,
And hear her final groan.
Let this earth dissolve, and blend
In death the wicked and the just ;
Let those pond'rous orbs descend,
And grind us into dust.

- 2 Rests secure the righteous man ;
At his Redeemer's beck,
Sure t' emerge and rise again,
And mount above the wreck ;
Lo ! the heavenly spirit towers
Like flames o'er nature's funeral pyre ;
Triumphs in immortal powers,
And claps his wings of fire.
- 3 Nothing hath the just to lose
By worlds on worlds destroyed ;
Far beneath his feet he views,
With smiles, the flaming void ;
Sees this universe renewed —
The grand millennial reign begun ;
Shouts, with all the sons of God,
Around the eternal throne.
- 4 Resting in this glorious hope,
To be at last restored,
Yield we now our bodies up
To earthquake, plague, or sword ;
Listening for the call divine,
The latest trumpet of the seven,
Soon our soul and form shall join,
And both fly up to heaven.

917

5s.

CH. BEECHER.

Rest in the Grave.

THERE'S rest in the grave,
 Life's toils are all past,
 Night cometh at last :
 How calmly I rest
 In the sleep of the blest,
 Nor hear life's storm rave
 O'er my green, grassy grave.

- 2 No rest in the grave —
 Heaven's dawn purples fast,
 Morn's splendors are cast
 Like shafts through the gloom
 Of the dark, silent tomb ;
 Heaven's fair bowers wave —
 No rest in the grave !
- 3 Arise from the grave !
 Heaven's bright, burning throng
 Come rushing along ;
 They gird me about,
 And triumphant shout,
 As myriad palms wave,
 Ascend from the grave.

918

7s.

MONTGOMERY.

Clothed with Immortality.

SPIRIT, leave thy house of clay ;
 Lingering dust, resign thy breath ;
 Spirit, cast thy chains away ;
 Dust, be thou dissolved in death !
 Thus the mighty Saviour speaks,
 While the faithful Christian dies ;
 Thus the bonds of life he breaks,
 And the ransomed captive flies.

- 2 Prisoner, long detained below,
Prisoner, now with freedom blest,
Welcome from a world of woe;
Welcome to a land of rest:
Thus the choir of angels sing,
As they bear the soul on high,
While with hallelujahs ring
All the regions of the sky.
- 3 Grave! the guardian of our dust,
Grave! the treasury of the skies,
Every atom of thy trust
Rests in hope again to rise!
Hark! the judgment-trumpet calls —
Soul, rebuild thy house of clay:
Immortality thy walls,
And eternity thy day.

919

S. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Preparation for the Judgment.

- AND will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?
- 2 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven, before his face,
Astonished, shrink away?
 - 3 But, ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark! from the gospel's cheering sound
What joyful tidings spread!
 - 4 Come, sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

920

C. M.

WHITE.

The Soul never Sleeps.

THROUGH sorrow's night and danger's
path,

Amid the deepening gloom,
We, followers of our suff'ring Lord,
Are marching to the tomb.

- 2 There, when the turmoil is no more,
And all our powers decay,
Our cold remains, in solitude,
Shall sleep the years away.
- 3 Our labors done, securely laid
In this our last retreat,
Unheeded, o'er our silent dust,
The storms of earth may beat.
- 4 Yet not thus buried, or extinct,
The vital spark shall lie;
For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise
To seek its kindred sky.
- 5 These ashes, too, this little dust,
Our Father's care shall keep,
Till the last angel rise and break
The long and dreary sleep.

921

L. M.

C. WESLEY.

The Second Advent.

HE comes! he comes! the Judge severe!
The seventh trumpet speaks him near;
His lightnings flash, his thunders roll;
How welcome to the faithful soul!

- 2 From heaven angelic voices sound;
See the almighty Jesus crowned;
Girt with omnipotence and grace,
And glory decks the Saviour's face.

- 3 Descending on his great white throne,
He claims the kingdoms for his own ;
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord.
- 4 Shout, all the people of the sky,
And all the saints of the Most High ;
Our Lord, who now his right obtains,
For ever and for ever reigns.

922

8s, 7s & 4s.

OLIVER.

Christ Coming to Judgment.

LO! he comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favored sinners slain ;
Thousand thousand saints, attending,
Swell the triumph of his train :
Hallelujah !

Jesus shall for ever reign.

- 2 Every eye shall now behold him
Robed in dreadful majesty :
Those who set at naught and sold him,
Pierced, and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

- 3 When the solemn trump has sounded,
Heaven and earth shall flee away ;
All who hate him must, confounded,
Hear the summons of that day —
Come to judgment !
Come to judgment — come away !

- 4 Now the Saviour, long expected,
See, in solemn pomp, appear ;
All his saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air :
Hallelujah !
See the day of God appear.

923

8s & 7s.

ANON.

The Day of Judgment.

SINNERS, take the friendly warning ;
 Soon that awful day shall break,
 And the trumpet, with its dawning,
 All the slumbering millions wake.

- 2 See assembled every nation ! —
 Lofty cities, temples, towers,
 Wrapt in dreadful conflagration,
 Earth and sea the flame devours.
- 3 Ye who to the world dissemble,
 While you practice deeds of night,
 Sinners, now behold and tremble ;
 All your crimes are brought to light.
- 4 Ye who now, conviction stifling,
 Waste your time, the loss deplore ;
 Hear the angel — cease your trifling —
 Time, he cries, shall be no more.
- 5 Pause and hear the voice of reason,
 Catch the moments as they fly ;
 You who lose the present season,
 You must all find time to die.

924

C. M.

WATTS.

Certainty of the Judgment.

THAT awful day will surely come,
 Th' appointed hour makes haste,
 When I must stand before my Judge,
 And pass the solemn test.

- 2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,
 Thou Sovereign of my heart !

RESURRECTION AND JUDGMENT.

How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the sound, depart!

3 Oh, wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love!

4 Oh, tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands;
Show me some promise in thy Book,
Where my salvation stands.

925

L. M.

DEWITT.

Day Dawns on the Night of the Grave.

SHALL man, O God of light and life,
For ever molder in the grave?

Canst thou forget thy glorious work,
Thy promise and thy power to save?

2 In those dark, silent realms of night
Shall peace and hope no more arise?
No future morning light the tomb,
Nor day-star gild the darksome skies?

3 Cease, cease, ye vain, desponding fears:
When Christ, our Lord, from darkness
sprang,

Death, the last foe, was captive led,
And heaven with praise and wonder rang.

4 Faith sees the bright, eternal doors
Unfold, to make his children way;
They shall be clothed with endless life,
And shine in everlasting day.

5 The trump shall sound, the dead shall wake;
From the cold tomb the slumb'ers spring;
Through heaven, with joy, their myriads rise,
And hail their Saviour and their King.

The Chariot.

- THE chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll
 in fire,
 As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of
 his ire;
 Self-moving, it drives on its pathway of
 cloud,
 And the heavens with the burden of God-
 head are bowed.
- 2 The glory! the glory! around him are
 poured
 Mighty hosts of the angels to wait on their
 Lord;
 And the glorified saints and the martyrs are
 there,
 And there all who the palm-wreath of victory
 wear.
- 3 The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have
 all heard;
 Lo, the depths of the stone-covered charnel
 are stirred!
 From the sea, from the land, from the south,
 from the north,
 All the vast generations of men are come
 forth.
- 4 The judgment! the judgment! the thrones
 are all set,
 Where the Lamb and the white-vested elders
 are met.
 There all flesh is at once in the sight of the
 Lord,
 And the doom of eternity hangs on his word.

- 5 O mercy! O mercy! look down from above,
Great Creator, on us, thy sad children, with
love;
When beneath to their darkness the wicked
are driven,
May our sanctified souls find a mansion in
heaven.

927

8s, 7s & 4s.

NEWTON.

The Judgment Day.

DAY of judgment! day of wonders!
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round!
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!

- 2 See the Judge, our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine!
You who long for his appearing
Then shall say, This God is mine.
Gracious Saviour!
Own me in that day for thine.

- 3 At his call, the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature, shaken
By his looks, prepare to flee.
Careless sinner!
What then will become of thee?

- 4 But to those who have confess'd,
Loved and served the Lord below,
He will say, Come near, ye bless'd!
See the kingdom I bestow;
You for ever
Shall my love and glory know.

928

8s, 7s & 4s.

ANON.

The Falling Stars.

SEE the stars from heaven falling!
 Hark! on earth the doleful cry!
 Men on rocks and mountains calling,
 While the frowning Judge draws nigh:
 Hide us! hide us!

Rocks and mountains, from his eye!

- 2 Lo! 'tis He! our heart's desire,
 Come for his espoused below;
 Come to join us with the choir,
 Come to make our joys o'erflow;
 Palms of victory,
 Crowns of glory to bestow.

929

C. M.

WATTS.

The Rising of the Saints.

HEAR what the voice from heaven pro-
 For all the pious dead: [claims
 Sweet is the savor of their names,
 And soft their dying-bed.

- 2 They die in Jesus, and are blest;
 How calm their slumbers are!
 From sufferings and from woes released,
 And freed from every snare.
- 3 Till that illustrious morning come,
 When all thy saints shall rise,
 And, decked in full immortal bloom,
 Attend thee to the skies.
- 4 Their tongues, great Prince of life, shall join
 With their recovered breath,
 And all th' immortal host ascribe
 Their victory to thy death.

930 S. M. (Double.) C. WESLEY.

The Solemn Midnight Cry.

THOU Judge of quick and dead,
 Before whose bar severe,
 With holy joy or guilty dread,
 We all shall soon appear;
 Our cautioned souls prepare
 For that tremendous day,
 And fill us now with watchful care,
 And stir us up to pray:

2 To pray, and wait the hour,
 That awful hour unknown,
 When, robed in majesty and power,
 Thou shalt from heaven come down.

Th' immortal Son of man,
 To judge the human race,
 With all thy Father's dazzling train,
 With all thy glorious grace.

3 To damp our earthly joys, EF
 To increase our gracious fears,
 For ever let the archangel's voice
 Be sounding in our ears
 The solemn midnight cry,—
 Ye dead, the Judge is come;
 Arise, and meet him in the sky,
 And meet your instant doom.

4 Oh, may we all be found
 Obedient to thy word,
 Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
 And looking for our Lord.
 Oh, may we thus ensure
 A lot among the blest;
 And watch a moment to secure
 An everlasting rest.

HEAVEN.

931

8s & 7s.

C. COLLINS.

Song of Heaven.

FAR beyond this world of sorrow,
Where the ransomed millions rest,
There's a glorious endless morrow
In the mansions of the blest.

2 There, 'neath bowers of deathless glory,
Ev'ry heart, with peace possessed,
Sweetly chants redemption's story
In the mansions of the blest.

3 There are those we've loved and cherished,
Leaning on our Saviour's breast;
They're at home — not dead or perished,
In the mansions of the blest.

4 There the day knows no declining,
Neither shade nor twilight rest,
But a sunlight brightness shining
In the mansions of the blest.

932

L. M.

ANON.

The World to Come.

THERE is a world we have not seen,
That wasting time can ne'er destroy,
Where mortal footstep hath not been,
Nor ear hath caught its sounds of joy.

2 That world to come! and, oh, how blest! —
Fairer than prophets ever told;
And never did an angel-guest
One half its blessedness unfold.

- 3 It is all holy and serene,—
The land of glory and repose ;
And there, to dim the radiant scene,
No tear of sorrow ever flows.
- 4 It is not fanned by summer gale ;
'Tis not refreshed by vernal showers
It never needs the moonbeam pale,
For there are known no evening hours.
- 5 There forms unseen by mortal eye,
Too glorious for our sight to bear,
Are walking with their God on high,
And waiting our arrival there.

933

7s.

RAFFLES.

The Saints in Glory.

- HIGH, in yonder realms of light,
Dwell the raptured saints above,
Far beyond our feeble sight,
Happy in Immanuel's love.
- 2 Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Once they knew, like us below,
Gloomy doubts, distressing fears,
Torturing pain, and heavy woe.
 - 3 Happy spirits, ye are fled
Where no grief can entrance find,
Lulled to rest the aching head,
Soothed the anguish of the mind.
 - 4 'Mid the chorus of the skies,
'Mid th' angelic lyres above,
Hark! their songs melodious rise —
Songs of praise to Jesus' love.

934

P. M.

TAPPAN.

The Peaceful Hour.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest
 To mourning wanderers given;
 There is a joy for souls distressed,
 A balm for every wounded breast,—
 'Tis found alone in heaven.

- 2 There is a home for weary souls,
 By sin and sorrow driven,
 When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
 Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
 And all is drear but heaven.
- 3 There faith lifts up her cheerful eye,
 To brighter prospects given,
 And views the tempest passing by,
 The evening shadows quickly fly,
 And all serene in heaven.
- 4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
 And joys supreme are given;
 There rays divine disperse the gloom;
 Beyond the confines of the tomb
 Appears the dawn of heaven.

935

S. M.

DODDRIDGE.

The Bright Path to Heaven.

NOW let our voices join
 To form a sacred song;
 Ye pilgrims in Jehovah's ways,
 With music pass along.

- 2 There flowers of paradise
 In rich profusion spring;
 The Sun of glory gilds the path,
 And dear companions sing.

3 There Salem's golden spires
 In beauteous prospect rise ;
 And brighter crowns than mortals wear,
 Which sparkle through the skies.

4 All honor to his name
 Who marks the shining way ;
 To him who leads the wand'ers on
 To realms of endless day.

936 7s (Double). TOPLADY.

The Spirit Immortal.

DEATHLESS principle, arise ;
 Soar, thou native of the skies ;
 Pearl of price, by Jesus bought,
 To his glorious likeness wrought,
 Go to shine before his throne,
 Deck his mediatorial crown ;
 Go, his triumphs to adorn,
 Born of God — to God return.

2 Burst thy shackles, drop thy clay,
 Sweetly breathe thyself away ;
 Singing, to thy crown remove,
 Swift of wing, and fired with love.
 Shudder not to pass the stream ;
 Venture all thy care on him ;
 Him, whose dying love and power
 Stilled its tossing, hushed its roar.

3 Saints in glory perfect made,
 Wait thy passage through the shade ;
 Ardent for thy coming o'er,
 See, they throng the blissful shore ;
 Mount, their transports to improve,
 Join the longing choir above ;
 Swiftly to their wish be given,
 Kindle higher joy in heaven.

937

S. M. MONTGOMERY.

Heavenly Aspirations.

MY Father's house on high,
 Home of my soul, how near
 At times to Faith's illumined eye
 Thy golden gates appear !

- 2 My thirsty spirit faints
 To reach the land I love,
 The bright inheritance of saints,—
 Jerusalem above.
- 3 Yet clouds will intervene,
 And all my prospect flies ;
 Like Noah's dove, I flit between
 Rough seas and stormy skies.
- 4 Anon the clouds depart,
 The winds and waters cease,
 While sweetly o'er my gladdened heart
 Expands the bow of peace.

938

8s & 7s. P. KELLY.

Termination of the Christian Warfare.

WHEN we pass through yonder river,
 When we reach the farther shore,
 There's an end of war for ever ;
 We shall see our foes no more :
 All our conflicts then shall cease,
 Followed by eternal peace.

- 2 After warfare, rest is pleasant :
 Oh, how sweet the prospect is !
 Though we toil and strive at present,
 Let us not repine at this :
 Toil and pain and conflict past,
 All endear repose at last.

- 3 When we gain the heavenly regions,
 When we touch the heavenly shore,—
 Bless'd thought! — no hostile legions
 Can alarm or trouble more :
 Far beyond the reach of foes,
 We shall dwell in sweet repose.
- 4 Oh, that hope! how bright, how glorious !
 'Tis his people's blessed reward ;
 In the Saviour's strength victorious,
 They at length behold their Lord :
 In his kingdom they shall rest,
 In his love be fully blest.

939

8s.

DE FLEURY.

Songs of Heaven.

- Y**E angels, who stand round the throne,
 And view my Immanuel's face,
 In rapturous songs make him known ;
 Oh, tune your soft harps to his praise.
- 2 Ye saints, who stand nearer than they,
 And cast your bright crowns at his feet,
 His grace and his glory display,
 And all his rich mercy repeat.
- 3 He snatched you from hell and the grave ;
 He ransomed from death and despair ;
 For you he is mighty to save,
 And faithful to bring you safe there.
- 4 Oh, when will the moment appear,
 When I shall unite in your song ?
 I'm weary of lingering here ;
 For I to your Saviour belong.
- 5 I'm fettered and chained here in clay ;
 I struggle and pant to be free ;
 I long to be soaring away,
 My God and my Saviour to see.

Praise to Jesus.

BURST, ye emerald gates, and bring
 To my raptured vision
 All th' ecstatic joys that spring
 Round the bright elysian :
 Lo ! we lift our longing eyes ;
 Break, ye intervening skies ;
 Sun of righteousness, arise,
 Ope the gates of paradise !

2 Floods of everlasting light
 Freely flash before him ;
 Myriads, with supreme delight,
 Instantly adore him :
 Angel trumps resound his fame ;
 Lutes of lucid gold proclaim
 All the music of his name ;
 Heaven is heightened by the theme.

3 Four and twenty elders rise
 From their princely station —
 Shout his glorious victories,
 Sing the great salvation ;
 Cast their crowns before his throne,
 Cry, in reverential tone,
 Glory be to God alone,
 Holy ! holy ! holy One.

4 Hark ! the thrilling symphonies
 Seem, methinks, to seize us ;
 Join we, too, the holy lays,
 Jesus, Jesus, Jesus !
 Sweetest sound in seraph's song,
 Sweetest note on mortal tongue,
 Sweetest carol ever sung,
 Jesus, Jesus, flow along.

The Music of Heaven.

THERE'S music in the upper heaven —
 The choral notes that swell
 Are sweeter, fuller, richer far
 Than human lips can tell,
 When rings the gush of golden harps,
 And heavenly lutes are swept,
 To tell the quenchless love of him
 Who o'er a lost world wept.

- 2 The gliding rush of countless wings,
 Borne on the swelling breeze,
 That wafts the rustling music by
 Amid embowered trees ;
 The echo of the myriad feet
 That fall on pavements fair,
 Of glittering, dazzling gold, that gleams
 In untold brightness there.
- 3 The music of the pearly gates,
 When back by angels flung,
 Admitting there a ransomed soul,
 Their sinless bands among :
 The silvery sound that 's swelling up
 When flows the stream of life ;
 The rustle of the emerald leaf
 With healing virtues rife.
- 4 And then the tide of melody
 That swells and bursts, when rings
 The new song in that far-off world,
 That thrilling rapture brings :
 But, awed, we may not note its power,
 Its depths we may not sound ;
 Unfathomed, fathomless, it rolls
 In glorious might around.

942

8s (Double). C. WESLEY.

Having a Desire to Depart.

I LONG to behold him arrayed
 With glory and light from above —
 The King in his beauty displayed,
 His beauty of holiest love ;
 I languish and sigh to be there,
 Where Jesus hath fixed his abode ;
 Oh, when shall we meet in the air,
 And fly to the mountain of God !

2 With him I on Zion shall stand,
 For Jesus hath spoken the word,
 The breadth of Immanuel's land
 Survey by the light of my Lord ;
 But when, on thy bosom reclined,
 Thy face I am strengthened to see,
 My fullness of rapture I find,
 My heaven of heavens in thee.

3 How happy the people that dwell
 Secure in the city above !
 No pain the inhabitants feel,
 No sickness or sorrow shall prove :
 Physician of souls, unto me
 Forgiveness and holiness give ;
 And then from the body set free,
 And then to the city receive.

943

C. H. M. MUHLENBERG.

Magnificence of Heaven.

SINCE o'er thy footstool here below
 Such radiant gems are strown,
 Oh, what magnificence must glow,
 Great God, about thy throne !

So brilliant here these drops of light ;
 There the full ocean rolls, how bright !

- 2 If night's blue curtain of the sky,—
 With thousand stars inwrought,
 Hung like a royal canopy
 With glittering diamonds fraught,—
 Be, Lord, thy temple's outer vail,
 What splendor at the shrine must dwell!
- 3 The dazzling sun at noonday hour,—
 Forth from his flaming vase
 Flinging o'er earth the golden shower
 Till vale and mountain blaze,—
 But shows, O Lord, one beam of thine;
 What, then, the day where thou dost shine?
- 4 Oh, how shall these dim eyes endure
 That noon of living rays!
 Or how our spirits, so impure,
 Upon thy glory gaze!
 Anoint, O Lord, anoint our sight,
 And fit us for that world of light.

944

L. M.

NEWTON.

Heaven in Anticipation.

- AS when the weary traveler gains
 The height of some o'erlooking hill,
 His heart revives, if, 'cross the plains,
 He eyes his home, though distant still.
- 2 So when the Christian pilgrim views,
 By faith, his mansion in the skies,
 The sight his fainting strength renews,
 And wings his speed to reach the prize.
- 3 'Tis there, he says, I am to dwell
 With Jesus in the realms of day;
 Then shall I bid my cares farewell,
 And he will wipe my tears away.

945

C. M.

ANON.

The Moment after Death.

IN vain the fancy strives to paint
 The moment after death,
 The glories that surround a saint
 When yielding up his breath.

- 2 One gentle sigh the bondage breaks ;
 We scarce can say he's gone,
 Before the willing spirit takes
 Its mansion near the throne.
- 3 Faith strives, but all its efforts fail
 To trace the spirit's flight ;
 No eye can pierce within the veil
 Which hides the world of light.
- 4 Thus much, and 'tis enough to know,
 Saints are completely blest ;
 Have done with sin, and care, and woe,
 And with their Saviour rest.
- 5 On harps of gold they praise his name,
 And see him face to face ;
 Oh, let us catch the heavenly flame,
 And live in his embrace !

946

C. M. (Double.)

ANON.

Glimpses of Glory.

SWEET rivers of redeeming love
 Lie just before mine eye,
 Had I the pinions of a dove,
 I'd to those rivers fly —
 I'd rise superior to my pain,
 With joy outstrip the wind ;
 Would cross cold Jordan's stormy main,
 And leave the world behind.

- 2 I view the monster death, and smile,
 Now he has lost his sting ;
 Though Satan rages all the while,
 I still in triumph sing ;
 By faith I see the radiant throne,
 The crown of life for me,
 By faith I claim it as my own,
 And wait my Lord to see.
- 3 In a few toilsome years, at most,
 My sorrows will be o'er ;
 Then shall I join the heavenly host
 On Canaan's happy shore,
 My raptured soul with joy shall drink
 Of love's unbounded sea,
 And only live to speak and think
 Of him who died for me.

947 7s (Double). C. WESLEY.
The Redeemed Multitude.

WHO are these arrayed in white,
 Brighter than the noonday sun ?
 Foremost of the sons of light ;
 Nearest the eternal throne ?
 These are they that bore the cross ;
 Nobly for their Master stood ;
 Sufferers in his righteous cause ;
 Followers of the dying God.

- 2 Out of great distress they came ;
 Washed their robes, by faith below,
 In the blood of yonder Lamb —
 Blood that washes white as snow ;
 Therefore are they next the throne,
 Serve their Maker day and night ;
 God resides among his own,
 God doth in his saints delight.

948

S. M. MONTGOMERY.

At Home in Heaven.

FOR ever with the Lord!
 Amen, so let it be!
 Life from the dead is in that word,
 'Tis immortality.

- 2 Here, in the body pent,
 Absent from him I roam;
 Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
 A day's march nearer home.
- 3 For ever with the Lord!
 Father, if 'tis thy will,
 The promise of that faithful word
 E'en here to me fulfill.
- 4 So when my latest breath
 Shall rend the vail in twain,
 By death shall I escape from death,
 And life eternal gain.
- 5 Knowing as I am known,
 How shall I love that word,
 And oft repeat before the throne,
 For ever with the Lord!

949

8s & 7s. P.

ANON.

To Meet Again.

WHEN forced to part from those we love,
 Though sure to meet to-morrow,
 We still a painful anguish prove —
 We feel a pang of sorrow.

- 2 But who can e'er describe the tears
 We shed when thus we sever,
 If doomed to part for months, for years —
 To part, perhaps, for ever?

- 3 Yet, if our aims are fixed aright,
A sacred hope is given,
Though here our prospects end in night,
We'll meet again in heaven.
- 4 Then let us form those bonds above
Which time can ne'er dissever,
Since, parting in a Saviour's love,
We part to meet for ever.

950 7s (Double). MONTGOMERY.

The Redeemed in Heaven.

WHO are these in bright array,
This exulting, happy throng,
Round the altar night and day
Hymning one triumphant song? —
Worthy is the Lamb, once slain,
Blessing, honor, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
New dominion every hour.

- 2 These through fiery trials trod;
These from great affliction came;
Now, before the throne of God,
Sealed with his almighty name:
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,
Through their great Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.
- 3 Hunger, thirst, disease, unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb, amidst the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead:
Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispels all fears;
And for ever from their eyes
God shall wipe away their tears.

951

C. M. W. B. TAPPAN.

The Peace and Repose of Heaven.

THERE is an hour of hallowed peace
For those with cares oppressed,
When sighs and sorrowing tears shall cease,
And all be hushed to rest.

- 2 'Tis then the soul is freed from fears
And doubts which here annoy;
Then they that oft had sown in tears
Shall reap again in joy.
- 3 There is a home of sweet repose,
Where storms assail no more;
The stream of endless pleasure flows
On that celestial shore.
- 4 There purity with love appears,
And bliss without alloy;
There they that oft had sown in tears
Shall reap again in joy.

952

I I S. MUHLENBERG.

I Would not Live Alway.

I WOULD not live alway; I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er
the way;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
Are enough for life's joys, full enough for its
cheer.

- 2 I would not live alway; no — welcome the
tomb!
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its
gloom:
There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise,
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

- 3 Who, who would live alway, away from his
 God —
 Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
 Where rivers of pleasure flow bright o'er the
 plains,
 And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?
- 4 There saints of all ages in harmony meet,
 Their Saviour and brethren transported to
 greet;
 While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
 And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the
 soul.

953

C. M.

STEELE.

Glories of Heaven.

- FAR from these narrow scenes of night,
 Unbounded glories rise,
 And realms of joy and pure delight,
 Unknown to mortal eyes.
- 2 Fair, distant land! could mortal eyes
 But half its charms explore,
 How would our spirits long to rise,
 And dwell on earth no more!
- 3 No cloud those blissful regions know,—
 Realms ever bright and fair;
 For sin, the source of mortal woe,
 Can never enter there.
- 4 Oh, may the heavenly prospect fire
 Our hearts with ardent love,
 Till wings of faith and strong desire
 Bear every thought above.
- 5 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
 For thy bright courts on high;
 Then bid our spirits rise and join
 The chorus of the sky.

954

S. M. D.

C. WESLEY.

A House not Made with Hands.

WE know, by faith we know,
 If this vile house of clay,
 This tabernacle, sink below
 In ruinous decay,
 We have a house above,
 Not made with mortal hands,
 And firm as our Redeemer's love
 That heavenly fabric stands.

- 2 It stands securely high,
 Indissolubly sure —
 Our glorious mansion in the sky
 Shall evermore endure :
 Oh, were we entered there,
 To perfect heaven restored !
 Oh, were we all caught up to share
 The triumph of our Lord !
- 3 For this in faith we call,
 For this we weep and pray :
 Oh, might the tabernacle fall !
 Oh, may we 'scape away !
 Full of immortal hope,
 We urge the restless strife,
 And hasten to be swallowed up
 In everlasting life.

955

7s & 6s.

COLEWALL.

The Beautiful of Lands.

THERE is a land immortal,
 The beautiful of lands ;
 Beside its ancient portal
 A silent sentry stands ;

He only can undo it,
And open wide the door;
And mortals who pass through it,
Are mortals nevermore.

2 Though dark and drear the passage
That leadeth to the gate,
Yet grace comes with the message
To souls that watch and wait;
And at the time appointed,
A messenger comes down,
And leads the Lord's anointed
From cross to glory's crown.

3 Their sighs are lost in singing,
They 're bless'd in their tears;
Their journey heavenward winging,
They leave on earth their fears:
Death like an angel seemeth:
We welcome thee, they cry;
Their face with glory beameth —
'Tis life for them to die!

656

P. M.

ANON.

The Sweet By-and-by.

THERE'S a land that is fairer than day,—
And by faith we may see it afar;
For the Father waits over the way
To prepare us a dwelling-place there.

2 We shall sing on that beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the blest;
And our spirits shall sorrow no more,—
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

3 To our bountiful Father above,
We will offer the tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of his love,
And the blessings that hallow our days.

957

L. P. M.

ANON.

Beautiful Zion.

BEAUTIFUL Zion, built above,
 Beautiful city that I love,
 Beautiful gates of pearly white,
 Beautiful temple, — God its light!
 He who was slain on Calvary
 Opens those pearly gates to me.

- 2 Beautiful heaven, where all is light,
 Beautiful angels clothed in white,
 Beautiful strains that never tire,
 Beautiful harps through all the choir:
 There shall I join the chorus sweet,
 Worshiping at the Saviour's feet.
- 3 Beautiful crowns on every brow,
 Beautiful palms the conquerors show,
 Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,
 Beautiful all who enter there!
 Thither I press with eager feet;
 There shall my rest be long and sweet.
- 4 Beautiful throne for Christ our King,
 Beautiful songs the angels sing,
 Beautiful rest, all wanderings cease,
 Beautiful home of perfect peace!
 There shall my eyes the Saviour see:
 Haste to this heavenly home with me!

958

7s & 6s.

CENNICK.

Pressing Toward the Mark for the Prize.

RISE, my soul! and stretch thy wings,
 Thy better portion trace;
 Rise, from transitory things,
 Toward heaven, thy native place:

HEAVEN.

Sun and moon and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove ;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above !

- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course ;
Fire ascending, seeks the sun,—
Both speed them to their source ;
So a soul that's born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.
- 3 Cease, ye pilgrims ! cease to mourn,—
Press onward to the prize ;
Soon your Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies :
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All your sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

959

C. M.

ANON.

Celestial Prospects.

ALL hail ! ye fair celestial shores,
Ye lands of endless day ;
Swift on my view your prospects pour,
And drive my griefs away.

- 2 There's a delightful clearness now —
My clouds of doubt are gone ;
Fled is my former darkness too,
My fears are all withdrawn.
- 3 Short is the passage, short the space,
Between my home and me ;
Then, then, behold the radiant place !
How near the mansions be !

960

8s (Double). C. WESLEY.

Desiring to be with Christ.

OH, when shall we sweetly remove,
 Oh, when shall we enter our rest,—
 Return to the Zion above,

The mother of spirits distressed;—
 That city of God the great King,
 Where sorrow and death are no more,
 Where saints our Immanuel sing,
 And cherub and seraph adore?

2 But angels themselves can not tell
 The joys of that holiest place,
 Where Jesus is pleased to reveal
 The light of his heavenly face:
 When, caught in the rapturous flame,
 The sight beatific they prove,
 And walk in the light of the Lamb,
 Enjoying the beams of his love.

3 Thou know'st in the spirit of prayer
 We long thy appearing to see,
 Resigned to the burden we bear,
 But longing to triumph with thee;
 'Tis good at thy word to be here;
 'Tis better in thee to be gone,
 And see thee in glory appear,
 And rise to a share in thy throne.

961

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

God shall Wipe away all Tears.

OH, what a mighty change
 Shall Jesus' suff'ers know,
 While o'er the happy plains they range,
 Incapable of woe!

No ill-requited love

Shall there our spirits wound :

No base ingratitude above,—

No sin in heaven is found.

2 There all our griefs are spent :

There all our sorrows end :

We can not there the fall lament

Of a departed friend ;

A brother dead to God,

By sin, alas ! undone :

No father there, in passion loud,

Cries, O my son ! my son !

3 No slightest touch of pain,

Nor sorrow's least alloy,

Can violate our rest, or stain

Our purity of joy :

In that eternal day

No clouds or tempests rise ;

There gushing tears are wiped away

For ever from our eyes.

962

L. M.

KELLY.

An Abiding City.

WE'VE no abiding city here :

Sad truth, were this to be our home ;

But let this thought our spirits cheer,—

We seek a city yet to come.

2 We've no abiding city here :

Then let us live as pilgrims do ;

Let not the world our rest appear,

But let us haste from all below.

3 We've no abiding city here :

We seek a city out of sight ;

Zion its name — the Lord is there ;

It shines with everlasting light.

963

C. M.

ALICE CARY.

The Enduring Inheritance.

- THERE never shall the sun go down
 From the lamenting day ;
 There storms shall never rise to beat
 The light of love away.
- 2 There living streams thro' deathless flowers
 Are flowing free and wide ;
 There souls that thirsted here below
 Drink, and are satisfied.
- 3 I know my longing shall be filled,
 When this weak, wasting clay
 Is folded like a garment, from
 My soul, and laid away.
- 4 Oh, what a blissful heritage
 On such as I to fall ;
 Possessed of thee, my Lord, my God,
 I am possessed of all.

964

7s.

MONTGOMERY.

Emblems of Victory.

- PALMS of glory, raiment bright,
 Crowns that never fade away,
 Gird and deck the saints in light ;
 Priests, and kings, and conquerors they.
- 2 Yet the conquerors bring their palms
 To the Lamb amid the throne,
 And proclaim, in joyful psalms,
 Victory through his cross alone.
- 3 Kings for harps their crowns resign,
 Crying, as they strike the chords,
 Take the kingdom ; it is thine,
 King of kings and Lord of lords !

- 4 Round the altar saints confess,
 If their robes are white as snow,
 'Twas the Saviour's wondrous grace,
 And his blood, that made them so.
- 5 Who were these? on earth they dwelt;
 Sinners once of Adam's race;
 Guilt, and fear, and suffering felt;
 But were saved by sovereign grace.
- 6 They were mortal, too, like us:
 Ah! when we, like them, must die,
 May our souls, translated thus,
 Triumph, reign, and shine on high!

965

C. M.

WATTS.

Prospect of Heaven.

- THERE is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign:
 Eternal day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
 And never-with'ring flowers:
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides
 This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
 Stand dressed in living green:
 So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,
 While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink
 From this cold, narrow sea;
 And linger shiv'ring on the brink,
 And fear to launch away.
- 5 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er,
 Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood
 Should fright us from the shore.

966

C. M.

STENNETT.

Heaven in Prospect.

- ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
 And cast a wishful eye
 To Canaan's fair and happy land,
 Where my possessions lie.
- 2 Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene,
 That rises to my sight! —
 Sweet fields, arrayed in living green,
 And rivers of delight.
- 3 O'er all those wide-extended plains
 Shines one eternal day;
 There God the Son for ever reigns,
 And scatters night away.
- 4 No chilling winds, nor poisonous breath,
 Can reach that healthful shore;
 Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
 Are felt and feared no more.
- 5 When shall I reach that happy place,
 And be for ever blest?
 When shall I see my Father's face,
 And in his bosom rest?
- 6 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
 Would here no longer stay;
 Though Jordan's waves should round me roll,
 I'd fearless launch away.

967

C. M.

DICKSON.

The Heavenly City.

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
 Name ever dear to me;
 When shall my labors have an end
 In joy and peace in thee?

- 2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold;
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?
- 3 Oh when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths never end?
- 4 Why should I shrink from sin and woe?
Or feel, at death, dismay?
Jerusalem I soon shall view,
In realms of endless day.
- 5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.
- 6 Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee;
There shall my labors have an end
When I thy joys shall see.

968

8s & 7s.

ANON.

The Farther Shore.

PARTING soul, the floods await thee,
And the billows round thee roar;
Yet rejoice, — the holy city
Stands on yon celestial shore.

- 2 There are crowns, and thrones of glory;
There the living waters glide;
There the just, in shining raiment,
Stand by our Immanuel's side.
- 3 Linger not — the stream is narrow —
Though its cold, dark waters rise;
He, who passed the floods before thee
Guides thy path to yonder skies.

REFORM, TEMPERANCE, ETC.

969

C. M.

ANON.

Ravages of Intemperance.

INTEMP'RANCE, like a raging flood,
Is sweeping o'er the land;
Its dire effects, in tears and blood,
Are traced on every hand.

- 2 It still flows on, and bears away
Ten thousands to their doom:
Who shall the mighty torrent stay,
And disappoint the tomb?
- 3 Almighty God! no hand but thine
Can check the flowing tide;
Stretch out thine arm of power divine,
And bid the flood subside.
- 4 Dry up the source from whence it flows,
Destroy its fountain-head:
That dire Intemp'rance and its woes
No more the earth o'erspread.

970

8s, 7s & 4s.

ANON.

For Temperance Meetings.

ROUND the temp'rance standard rally
All the friends of human kind;
Snatch the devotees of folly,
Wretched, perishing, and blind:
Loudly tell them
How they comfort now may find.

- 2 Bear the blissful tidings onwards,
Bear them all the world around;

Let the myriads thronging downwards,
Hear the sweet and blissful sound,
And, obeying,
In the paths of peace be found.

- 3 Plant the temp'rance standard firmly ;
Round it live and round it die ;
Young and old defend it sternly,
Till we gain the victory,
And all nations
Hail the happy jubilee.

971

S. M.

M. W. HALE.

For Success in Reform.

PRAISE for the glorious light
Which crowns this joyous day ;
Whose beams dispel the shades of night,
And wake our grateful lay !

- 2 Praise for the mighty band
Redeemed from error's chain,
Whose echoing voices, through our land,
Join our triumphant strain !
- 3 Ours is no conquest gained
Upon the tented field ;
Nor hath the flowing life-blood stained
The victor's helm and shield.
- 4 But the strong might of love,
And truth's all-pleading voice,
As angels bending from above,
Have made our hearts rejoice.
- 5 Lord, upward to thy throne
Th' imploring voice we raise ;
The might, the strength, are thine alone ;
Thine be our loftiest praise.

972

L. M.

SARGENT.

Bondage of Intemperance.

SLAVERY and death the cup contains ;
 Dash to the earth the poisoned bowl !
 Softer than silk are iron chains,
 Compared with those that chafe the soul.

- 2 Hosannas, Lord, to thee we sing,
 Whose power the giant fiend obeys :
 What countless thousands tribute bring
 For happier homes and brighter days !
- 3 Thou wilt not break the bruised reed,
 Nor leave the broken heart unbound ;
 The wife regains a husband freed !
 The orphan clasps a father found !
- 4 Spare, Lord, the thoughtless ; guide the blind ;
 Till man no more shall deem it just
 To live by forging chains to bind
 His weaker brother in the dust.

973

C. M.

H. WARE.

The Day of Perfect Liberty.

OPPRESSION shall not always reign,
 There comes a brighter day,
 When freedom, burst from every chain,
 Shall have triumphant sway.

- 2 Then right shall over might prevail,
 And truth, full armed in mail,
 The hosts of tyrant wrong assail,
 And hold eternal sway.
- 3 What voice shall bid the progress stay
 Of truth's victorious car ?
 What arm arrest the growing day
 Or quench the solar star ?

- 4 What soul shall dare, tho' stout and strong,
 Restore the ancient wrong;
 Oppression's guilty night prolong,
 And freedom's morning bar?
- 5 The hour of triumph comes apace,
 The fated, promised hour,
 When earth upon a ransomed race
 Her bounteous gifts shall shower.
- 6 Ring, Liberty, thy glorious bell,
 On high thy banner swell;
 Let trump on trump the triumph swell,
 Of heaven's redeeming power.

974

L. M.

LOGAN.

Blessing on the Temperance Cause.

- FOR all who love thee and thy cause,
 O Lord, thy blessing we implore;
 Who fear thy name, obey thy laws,
 From this to earth's remotest shore.
- 2 Oh, grant that, freed from low desire,
 And filled with joy, and love, and fear,
 Each breast may glow with holy fire,
 While seeking heaven, to serve thee here.
- 3 Pity, O God, the heedless wretch
 Who staggers to a dreadful grave:
 Thy arm of love around him stretch,
 And show that thou art strong to save.
- 4 Breathe upon those who scorn our cause,
 Thy cause, O Lord, for thou hast blest;
 Show them he honors most thy laws
 Who loves his God and neighbor best.

975

C. M.

SIGOURNEY.

Truth shall Triumph.

THE mighty angel, to whose hand
The word of life is given,
Waves his broad wing o'er sea and land,
And, soaring, cleaves the heaven.

- 2 And say, shall aught oppose his flight,
Or cloud his flaming scroll?
No! not till truth with holy light
Shall visit every soul.
- 3 Not till blessed Peace shall spring to birth,
And hatred sheathe his sword;
Not till the nations of the earth
Are subject to the Lord.

976

8—8s.

ANON.

Total Abstinence.

OH! turn from the wineglass away,
Nor look on the wine when it's red;
At last, like a serpent at play,
It stings, and the poison will spread.
The eyes it inflames with desire,
The heart with all manner of sin,
It setteth the bosom on fire,
Consuming the spirit within.

- 2 Oh! turn from the wineglass away,
Nor look on the wine when it's red;
Though urged by the wealthy and gay,
Remember the blood it has shed!
Touch not with the poison thy lips,
If thou wouldst be free from its pains;
For he is in danger who sips:
He only is safe who abstains.

977

C. M.

ANON.

Courage in Gospel Work.

SCORN not the slightest word or deed,
Nor deem it void of power;
There's fruit in each wind-wafted seed
That waits its natal hour.

- 2 A whispered word may touch the heart,
And call it back to life;
A look of love bid sin depart,
And still unholy strife.
- 3 No act falls fruitless; none can tell
How vast its power may be,
Nor what results enfolded dwell
Within it silently.
- 4 Work on, despair not, bring thy mite,
Nor care how small it be,—
God is with all that serve the right,
The holy, true, and free.

978

L. M.

ANON.

Gratitude for Success.

WE praise thee, Lord! if but one soul,
While the past year prolonged its flight,
Turned shuddering from the pois'nous bowl
To health, and liberty, and light.

- 2 We praise thee, if one clouded home,
Where broken hearts despairing pined,
Beheld the sire and husband come
Erect and in his perfect mind.
- 3 Still give us grace, Almighty King,
Unwavering at our posts to stand;
Till grateful at thy shrine we bring
The tribute of a ransomed land.

THE SEASONS.

979

H. M.

FREEMAN.

Gratitude.

L ORD of the worlds below !
On earth thy glories shine ;
The changing seasons show
Thy skill and power divine.
The rolling years Are full of thee :
In all we see A God appears.

2 In winter, awful thou !
With storms around thee cast ;
The leafless forests bow
Beneath thy northern blast.
While tempests lower, To thee, dread King,
We homage bring, And own thy power.

980

L. M.

CAMPBELL.

God's Bounty.

G REAT God, as seasons disappear,
And changes mark the rolling year,
As time with rapid pinions flies,
May every season make us wise.

2 Long has thy favor crowned our days,
And summer shed again its rays ;
No deadly cloud our sky has veiled ;
No blasting winds our path assailed.

3 Our harvest months have o'er us rolled,
And filled our fields with waving gold ;
Our tables spread, our garners stored !
Where are our hearts to praise the Lord ?

- 4 The solemn harvest comes apace,
The closing day of life and grace :
Time of decision, awful hour !
Around it let no tempests lower !
- 5 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
Like stars in heaven to rise and shine ;
Then shall our happy souls above
Reap the full harvest of thy love !

981

C. M. ANNA FLOWERDEW.

God's Bountiful Goodness.

FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,
How rich thy bounties are !
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim thy constant care.

- 2 When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.
- 3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was thine ;
The plants in beauty grew ;
Thou gavest refulgent suns to shine,
And the refreshing dew.
- 4 These various mercies from above
Matured the swelling grain ;
A kindly harvest crowns thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.
- 5 We own and bless thy gracious sway ;
Thy hand all nature hails :
Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,
Summer nor winter fails.

982

C. M.

WATTS.

The Passing Years.

'TIS by thy strength the mountains stand,
God of eternal power!

The sea grows calm at thy command,
And tempests cease to roar.

2 Thy morning light and evening shade
Successive comforts bring;

Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad;
Thy flowers adorn the spring.

3 Seasons and times, and moons and hours,
Heaven, earth, and air are thine;
When clouds distill in fruitful showers,
The author is divine!

4 Those wandering cisterns in the sky,
Borne by the winds around,
With watery treasures well supply
The furrows of the ground.

5 The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear;
Thy ways abound with blessings still —
Thy goodness crowns the year.

983

L. M.

HEGINBOTHAM.

The God of the Seasons.

GR EAT God! let all our tuneful powers
Awake, and sing thy mighty name;
Thy hand rolls on our circling hours,—
The hand from which our being came.

2 Seasons and moons revolving round
In beauteous order speak thy praise;
And years, with smiling mercy crowned,
To thee successive honors raise.

- 3 Each changing season on our souls
 Its sweetest, kindest influence sheds ;
 And every period, as it rolls,
 Showers countless blessings on our heads.
- 4 Our lives, our health, our friends, we owe
 All to thy vast, unbounded love ;
 Ten thousand precious gifts below,
 And hope of nobler joys above.

984

7s & 6s.

ANON.

Autumn.

- THE leaves, around me falling,
 Are preaching of decay ;
 The hollow winds are calling,
 Come, pilgrim, come away !
 The day, in night declining,
 Says I must, too, decline ;
 The year, its life resigning,—
 Its lot foreshadows mine.
- 2 The light my path surrounding,
 The loves to which I cling,
 The hopes within me bounding,
 The joys that round me wing,—
 All melt, like stars of even
 Before the morning's ray,—
 Pass upward into heaven,
 And chide at my delay.
- 3 The friends, gone there before me,
 Are calling from on high ;
 And joyous angels o'er me
 Tempt sweetly to the sky ;
 Why wait, they say, and wither
 'Mid scenes of death and sin ?
 Oh, rise to glory, hither,
 And find true life begin.

985

C. M.

MRS. STEELE.

Winter.

- STERN winter throws his icy chains
 Encircling nature round ;
 How bleak, how comfortless the plains,
 Late with gay verdure crowned.
- 2 The sun withdraws his vital beams,
 And light and warmth depart ;
 And drooping, lifeless nature seems
 An emblem of my heart.
- 3 Return, O blissful Sun, and bring
 Thy soul-reviving ray :
 This mental winter shall be spring,
 This darkness turn to day.
- 4 Oh, happy state ! divine abode !
 Where spring eternal reigns,
 And perfect day, the smile of God,
 Fills all the heavenly plains.
- 5 Great Source of light, thy beams display,
 My drooping joys restore !
 And guide me to the seats of day,
 Where winter frowns no more.

986

S. M.

WATTS.

Blessings of Spring.

- GOOD is the heavenly King,
 Who makes the earth his care,
 Visits the pastures every spring,
 And bids the grass appear.
- 2 Like rivers raised on high,
 The clouds, at thy command,
 Pour out their blessings from the sky,
 To cheer the thirsty land.

3 The hills, on every side,
 Rejoice at falling showers ;
 The meadows, dressed in all their pride,
 Perfume the air with flowers.

4 The ridges drink their fill,
 And ranks of corn appear ;
 Thy ways abound with blessings still,
 Thy goodness crowns the year.

987

C. M.

STEELE.

Spring.

WHEN verdure clothes the fertile vale,
 And blossoms deck the spray,
 And fragrance breathes in every gale,
 How sweet the vernal day !

2 Hark ! how the feathered warblers sing !
 'Tis nature's cheerful voice :
 Soft music hails the lovely spring,
 And woods and fields rejoice.

3 O God of nature and of grace,
 Thy heavenly gifts impart ;
 Then shall my meditation trace
 Spring blooming in my heart.

4 Inspired to praise, I then shall join
 Glad nature's cheerful song,
 And love and gratitude divine
 Attune my joyful tongue.

5 O God of nature, God of grace,
 Thy heavenly gifts impart,
 And bid sweet meditation trace
 Spring blooming in my heart.

988

C. M. T. RICHARDSON.

The Hymn of Summer.

HOW glad the tone when summer's sun
Wreathes the gay world with flowers,
And trees bend down with golden fruit,
And birds are in the bowers!

2 The moon sends silent music down
Upon each earthly thing;
And always, since creation's dawn,
The stars together sing.

3 Shall man remain in silence, then,
While all beneath the skies
The chorus joins? no, let us sing,
And, while our voices rise,

4 Oh, let our lives, great God, breathe forth
A constant melody;
And every action be a tone
In that sweet hymn to thee!

989

C. M.

ANON.

Winter.

SEE how rude winter's icy hand
Has stripped the verdant ground;
But spring will soon his rage withstand,
And spread new beauties round.

2 My soul a sharper winter mourns,
And fruitless I remain:
When will the gentle spring return
The graces grow again?

3 Jesus, my glorious Sun, arise,
This frozen heart remove;
Oh, hush these storms, and clear my skies,
And let me feel thy love.

THE NEW YEAR.

990

7s.

ANON.

Close of the Year.

THOU who roll'st the year around,
Crowned with mercies large and free,
Rich thy gifts to us abound,
Warm our praise shall rise to thee.

- 2 Kindly to our worship bow,
While our grateful thanks we tell,
That, sustained by thee, we now
Bid the parting year farewell !
- 3 All its numbered days are sped,
All its busy scenes are o'er,
All its joys for ever fled,
All its sorrows felt no more.
- 4 Mingled with the eternal past,
Its remembrance shall decay ;
Yet to be revived at last
At the solemn judgment-day.
- 5 All our follies, Lord, forgive !
Cleanse us from each guilty stain ;
Let thy grace within us live,
That we spend not years in vain.
- 6 Then, when life's last eve shall come,
Happy spirits, may we fly
To our everlasting home,
To our Father's house on high !

991

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

New Year's Day.

- G**REAT God, we sing that mighty hand
 By which, supported still, we stand:
 The opening year thy mercy shows;
 Let mercy crown it till the close.
- 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
 Still we are guarded by our God;
 By his incessant bounty fed,
 By his unerring counsel led.
- 3 With grateful hearts the past we own:
 The future, all to us unknown,
 We to thy guardian care commit,
 And peaceful leave before thy feet.
- 4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
 Be thou our joy and thou our rest:
 Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
 Adored through all our changing days.

992

C. M.

ANON.

The Old Year.

- T**HE year is gone beyond recall,
 With all its hopes and fears,
 With all its bright and gladdening smiles,
 With all its mourners' tears.
- 2 To thee we come, O gracious Lord!
 The new-born year to bless;
 Defend our land from pestilence;
 Give peace and plenteousness.
- 3 From evil deeds that stain the past,
 We now desire to flee;
 And pray that future years may all
 Be spent, good Lord, for thee.

- 4 O Father! let thy watchful eye
 Still look on us in love,
 That we may praise thee year by year,
 As angels do above.
- 5 All glory to the Father be ;
 All glory to the Son ;
 All glory, Holy Ghost, to thee,
 While endless ages run.

993

7s (Double).

NEWTON.

The Lessons of a Year.

WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun
 Hasted through the former year,
 Many souls their race have run,
 Never more to meet us here.
 Fixed in an eternal state,
 They have done with all below :
 We a little longer wait,
 But how little, none can know.

- 2 Spared to see another year,
 Let thy blessing meet us here ;
 Come, thy dying work revive,
 Bid thy drooping garden thrive :
 Sun of righteousness, arise !
 Warm our hearts and bless our eyes ;
 Let our prayer thy pity move,
 Make this year a time of love.
- 3 Thanks for mercies past receive ;
 Pardon of our sins renew ;
 Teach us henceforth how to live,
 With eternity in view ;
 Bless thy word to old and young ;
 Fill us with a Saviour's love ;
 When our life's short race is run,
 May we dwell with thee above.

994

P. M.

C. WESLEY.

New-Year Resolves.

COME, let us anew our journey pursue,
 Roll round with the year,
 And never stand still till the Master appear.
 His adorable will let us gladly fulfill,
 And our talents improve,
 By the patience of hope and the labor of
 love.

- 2 Our life is a dream ; our time, as a stream,
 Glides swiftly away,
 And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.
 The arrow is flown — the moment is gone ;
 The millennial year
 Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.
- 3 Oh that each, in the day of his coming, may
 say, —
 I have fought my way through ;
 I have finished the work thou didst give me
 to do.
 Oh that each from his Lord may receive the
 glad word, —
 Well and faithfully done !
 Enter into my joy, and sit down on my
 throne.

995

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Flight of Time.

A WAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
 And raise your voices high ;
 Awake, and praise the sovereign love
 That shows salvation nigh.

- 2 Swift on the wings of time it flies,
Each moment brings it near ;
Then welcome each declining day !
Welcome each closing year !
- 3 Not many years their round shall run,
Not many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand revealed
To our admiring eyes.
- 4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course ;
Ye mortal powers, decay ;
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

996

H. M.

C. WESLEY.

The Bridegroom Cometh.

- Y**E virgin souls, arise,
With all the dead awake !
Unto salvation wise,
Oil in your vessels take :
Upstarting at the midnight cry,
Behold the heavenly Bridegroom nigh.
- 2 He comes, he comes, to call
The nations to his bar,
And raise to glory all
Who fit for glory are ;
Make ready for your full reward,
Go forth with joy to meet your Lord.
 - 3 Go, meet him in the sky,
Your everlasting Friend ;
Your Head to glorify,
With all his saints ascend :
Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace
To see, without a vail, his face !

997

C. M.

NEWTON.

For Watch-Night.

NOW, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal,
 And make thy glory known ;
 Now let us all thy presence feel,
 And soften hearts of stone.

- 2 From all the guilt of former sin
 May mercy set us free ;
 And let the year we now begin,
 Begin and end with thee.
- 3 Send down thy Spirit from above, —
 That saints may love thee more,
 And sinners now may learn to love
 Who never loved before.
- 4 And when before thee we appear,
 In our eternal home,
 May growing numbers worship here,
 And praise thee in our room.

998

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

Renewing the Covenant.

COME, let us use the grace divine,
 And all, with one accord,
 In a perpetual cov'nant join
 Ourselves to Christ the Lord : —

- 2 'Give up ourselves, through Jesus' power,
 His name to glorify ;
 And promise, in this sacred hour,
 For God to live and die.
- 3 To each the cov'nant blood apply,
 Which takes our sins away ;
 And register our names on high,
 And keep us to that day.

BENEVOLENCE.

999

L. M.

ANON.

Our Gold and Silver the Lord's.

THE gold and silver are the Lord's ;
And every blessing earth affords,
All come from his propitious hand,
And must return at his command.

- 2 The blessings which I now enjoy,
I must for Christ and souls employ ;
For if I use them as my own,
My Lord will soon call in his loan.
- 3 When I to him in want apply,
He never does my suit deny ;
And shall I then refuse to give,
Since I from him so much receive ?
- 4 Shall Jesus leave the realms of day,
And clothe himself in humble clay ?
Shall he become despised and poor,
To make me rich for evermore ?

1000

C. M.

ANON.

Sympathy for the Sick.

GO to the pillow of disease,
Where night gives no repose,
And on the cheek where sickness preys
Bid health to plant the rose.

- 2 Go where the friendless stranger lies ;
To perish is his doom ;
Snatch from the grave his closing eyes,
And bring his blessing home.
- 3 Thus what our heavenly Father gave
Shall we as freely give ;
Thus copy him who lived to save,
And died that we might live.

1001

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

Charitable Appropriations.

JESUS our Lord! how rich thy grace!
 Thy bounties — how complete!
 How shall we count the wondrous sum,
 Or pay the mighty debt?

- 2 High on a throne of radiant light
 Dost thou exalted shine;
 What can our poverty bestow,
 Since all the world is thine?
- 3 But thou hast brethren here below,
 The children of thy grace,
 Whose humble names thou wilt confess
 Before thy Father's face.
- 4 In them thou mayst be clothed and fed,
 Be visited and cheered;
 And, in their accents of distress,
 The Saviour's voice be heard.
- 5 Whate'er our willing hearts can give,
 Lord, at thy feet we lay;
 Grace will the humble gift receive,
 And grace at length repay.

1002

C. M.

PEABODY.

For a Charitable Occasion.

WHO is thy neighbor? he whom thou
 Hast power to aid or bless;
 Whose aching heart or burning brow
 Thy soothing hand may press.

- 2 Thy neighbor? 'tis the fainting poor,
 Whose eye with want is dim;
 Oh, enter thou his humble door,
 With aid and peace for him.

- 3 Thy neighbor? he who drinks the cup
 When sorrow drowns the brim;
 With words of high, sustaining hope,
 Go, thou, and comfort him.
- 4 Thy neighbor? 'tis the weary slave,
 Fettered in mind and limb;
 He hath no hope this side the grave;
 Go, thou, and ransom him.
- 5 Thy neighbor? pass no mourner by;
 Perhaps thou canst redeem
 A breaking heart from misery;
 Go, share thy lot with him.

1003

C. M. W. CROSSWELL.

Imitation of Christ's Kindness.

- L ORD, lead the way the Saviour went,
 By lane and cell obscure,
 And let our treasures still be spent,
 Like his, upon the poor.
- 2 Like him, through scenes of deep distress,
 Who bore the world's sad weight,
 We, in their gloomy loneliness,
 Would seek the desolate.
- 3 For thou hast placed us side by side
 In this wide world of ill;
 And that thy followers may be tried,
 The poor are with us still.
- 4 Small are the offerings we can make;
 Yet thou hast taught us, Lord,
 If given for the Saviour's sake,
 They lose not their reward.

THE PRISONER.

1004

L. M. MISS EDGARTON.

In the Cell.

OH, shut not out sweet pity's ray
From souls now clouded o'er by sin;
Touch their deep springs, and let the day
Of Christian love flow freely in.

- 2 Send them kind missions, though their feet
No more again the world may tread;
Some pulse of better life may beat
In hearts that seem unmoved and dead.
- 3 'Tis just that they should bear the pain
Of keen remorse and guilty shame;
But scorn may drive to crime again —
'Tis only love that can reclaim.

1005

S. M. MISS FLETCHER.

The Criminal.

WE come to thee, O God,
With hushed and solemn strain;
We come to plead for those who lie
Bound with the prisoner's chain.

- 2 Oh, give them contrite hearts
To feel their fearful sin,
And give to us a patient faith
Those erring ones to win.
- 3 Give us to love thy law,
The paths of vice to shun,
But never harshly dare to spurn
The suffering, sinful one.

1006

L. M. MISS FLETCHER.

For the Prisoner.

- FATHER! we pray for those who dwell
 Within the prison's gloomy cell!
 For those whose souls are bending low
 Beneath the weight of guilt and woe.
- 2 Thy love hath kept our thorny way,
 And saved us from sin's iron sway;
 Our brethren in a weaker hour
 Have yielded to temptation's power.
- 3 Teach us, with humble hearts, to feel
 How darkly on our brows the seal
 Of guilt might now perchance be set,
 Had we the same temptation met.
- 4 Then while the error we would shun,
 We still would aid the erring one
 To turn from sin's unpitying sway
 To virtue's fair and pleasant way.

1007

L. M.

ANON.

Prisoners of Sin.

- PRISONERS of sin, and Satan, too,
 The Saviour calls, he calls for you;
 Ye who have sold yourselves for naught,
 Jesus your liberty hath bought.
- 2 He came to set the captive free,
 He came to publish liberty;
 To bind the broken-hearted up,
 And give despairing pris'ners hope.
- 3 Prisoners of hope, why will you die?
 Why from the only refuge fly?
 Jesus, our hiding-place and tower,
 Invites the guilty and the poor.

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Several of the hymns in this department are inserted more because they are general favorites, and for their spiritual excellence and hallowed associations, than by reason of their intrinsic poetic merit.

1008

P. M. Wm. HUNTER.

A Home in Heaven.

A HOME in heaven! what a joyful thought,
As the poor man toils in his weary lot!
His heart oppressed, and with anguish driven
From his home below to his home in heaven.

- 2 A home in heaven! as the sufferer lies
On his bed of pain, and uplifts his eyes
To that bright home, what a joy is given
With the blessed thought of his home in
heaven.
- 3 A home in heaven! when our pleasures fade,
And our wealth and our fame in the dust are
laid,
And strength decays, and our health is riven,
We are happy still with our home in heaven.
- 4 A home in heaven! when the faint heart
bleeds
By the Spirit's strokes for its evil deeds,
Oh, then what bliss in that heart forgiven
Does the hope inspire of a home in heaven.
- 5 A home in heaven! when our friends are fled
To the cheerless gloom of the mouldering
dead,
We wait in hope of the promise given:
We will meet up there in our home in heaven.

- 6 A home in heaven ! when the wheel is broke,
And the golden bowl by the terror stroke ;
When life's bright sun sinks in death's dark
even,
We will then fly up to our home in heaven.
- 7 Our home in heaven ! oh, the glorious home,
And the Spirit, joined with the Bride, says
come :
Come, seek his face, and your sins forgiven,
And rejoice in the hope of your home in
heaven.

1009

8s & 7s P.

NELSON.

The Shining Shore.

MY days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,
Those hours of toil and danger.

Chorus. — For, oh, we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over,
And, just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

- 2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our heavenly home discerning ;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.
- 3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing :
That perfect rest naught can molest
Where golden harps are ringing.
- 4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each chord on earth to sever ;
Our King says, Come, and there's our home,
For ever, oh, for ever.

1010

7s & 6s.

ANON.

The Holy City.

THERE is a holy city,
 A happy world above,
 Beyond the starry regions,
 Built by the God of love ;
 An everlasting temple,
 And saints arrayed in white,
 There serve their great Redeemer,
 And dwell with him in light.

- 2 The meanest child of glory
 Outshines the radiant sun :
 But who can speak the splendor
 Of that eternal throne,
 Where Jesus sits exalted
 In godlike majesty ?
 The elders fall before him,
 The angels bend the knee.
- 3 Is this the Man of sorrows,
 Who stood at Pilate's bar
 Condemned by haughty Herod,
 And by his men of war ?
 He seems a mighty conqueror,
 Who spoiled the powers below,
 And ransomed many captives
 From everlasting woe !
- 4 The hosts of saints around him
 Proclaim his work of grace ;
 The patriarchs and prophets,
 And all the godly race,
 Who speak of fiery trials
 And tortures on their way —
 They came from tribulation
 To everlasting day.

5 And what shall be my journey,
 How long I'll stay below,
 Or what shall be my trials,
 Are not for me to know;
 In every day of trouble,
 I'll raise my thoughts on high;
 I'll think of the bright temple,
 And crowns above the sky.

1011

108 & 118.

WARE.

The Saviour is Risen.

LIFT your glad voices in triumph on high,
 For Jesus hath risen, and man can not
 die;

Vain were the terrors that gathered around
 him,

And short the dominion of death and the
 grave.

He burst from the fetters of darkness that
 bound him,

Resplendent in glory to live and to save.

Loud was the chorus of angels on high —
 The Saviour hath risen, and man shall not die.

2 Glory to God, in full anthems of joy:
 The being he gave us, death can not destroy.
 Sad were the life we must part with to-
 morrow,

If tears were our birthright, and death
 were our end;

But Jesus hath cheered the dark valley of
 sorrow,

And bade us, immortal, to heaven ascend.
 Lift, then, your voices in triumph on high,
 Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die.

1012

12S.

THORNBY.

Passing over Jordan.

THE voice of free grace cries, — Escape
to the mountain!

For Adam's lost race Christ hath opened a
fountain;

For sin and uncleanness, and every trans-
gression,

His blood flows most freely in streams of
salvation.

Chorus.

Hallelujah to the Lamb, who hath pur-
chased our pardon;

We'll praise him again when we pass over
Jordan.

2 Ye souls that are wounded! oh, flee to the
Saviour;

He calls you in mercy, — 'tis infinite favor;
Your sins are increasing, — escape to the
mountain;

His blood can remove them, it flows from
the fountain.

Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

3 O Jesus, ride onward, triumphantly glorious,
O'er sin, death, and hell thou art more than
victorious;

Thy name is the theme of the great congre-
gation,

While angels and men raise the shout of
salvation.

Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

4 With joy shall we stand, when escaped to
the shore;

With harps in our hands, we will praise him
the more;

We'll range the sweet plains on the bank of
the river,
And sing of salvation for ever and ever !
Hallelujah to the Lamb, &c.

1013

IOS. WM. HUNTER.

The Pilgrim's Progress.

JOYFULLY, joyfully, onward I move,
Bound to the land of bright spirits above ;
Angelic choristers, sing as I come,
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home !
Soon, with my pilgrimage ended below,
Home to the land of delight will I go ;
Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I roam ;
Joyfully, joyfully resting at home.

2 Friends, fondly cherished, have passed on
before ;
Waiting, they watch me approaching the
shore ;
Singing, to cheer me through death's chilling
gloom,
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.
Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear ;
Harps of the blessèd, your voices I hear !
Rings with the harmony heaven's high dome ;
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.

3 Death, with thy weapons of war, lay me low ;
Strike, king of terrors ! I fear not the blow ;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb ;
Joyfully, joyfully will I go home.
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be banished, his scepter be gone ;
Joyfully, then, shall I witness his doom,
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

1014

8s & 7s.

ANON.

Watchman, Tell Me.

WATCHMAN, tell me, does the morning
 Of fair Zion's glory dawn?
 Have the signs that mark its coming,
 Yet upon thy pathway shone?
 Pilgrim, yes! arise, look round thee;
 Light is breaking in the skies;
 Gird thy bridal robes around thee;
 Morning dawns, arise, arise!

- 2 Watchman, see, the light is beaming
 Brighter still upon the way;
 Signs through all the earth are gleaming,
 Omens of the coming day,
 When the jubal trumpet sounding,
 Shall awake from earth and sea,
 And the saints of God now sleeping,
 Clad in immortality.
- 3 Watchman, hail the light ascending
 Of the grand Sabbatic year;
 All with voices loud proclaiming
 That the kingdom's very near:
 Pilgrim, yes, I see just yonder
 Canaan's glorious heights arise,
 Salem too appears in grandeur,
 Towering 'neath its sunlit skies.
- 4 Watchman, in the golden city,
 Seated on his jasper throne,
 Zion's King, enthroned in beauty,
 Reigns in peace from zone to zone;
 There on sunlit hills and mountains,
 Golden beams serenely glow;
 Purling streams and crystal fountains,
 On whose banks sweet flow'rets blow.

- 5 Watchman, see, the land is nearing,
 With its vernal fruits and flowers,
 On just yonder, oh, how cheering,
 Bloom for ever Eden's bowers!
 Hark! the choral strains are ringing,
 Wafted on the balmy air;
 See the millions, hear them singing,
 Soon the pilgrim will be there.

1015

6s & 4s.

BONAR.

Jesus is Mine.

FADE, fade each earthly joy,
Chorus. Jesus is mine;

Break every tender tie,
Chorus. Jesus is mine;

Dark is the wilderness,
 Earth has no resting-place,
 Jesus alone can bless,

Chorus. Jesus is mine.

- 2 Tempt not my soul away, *Chorus.*
 Here would I ever stay; *Chorus.*
 Perishing things of clay,
 Born but for one brief day,
 Pass from my heart away. *Chorus.*

- 3 Farewell, ye dreams of night, *Chorus.*
 Lost in this dawning light, *Chorus.*
 All that my soul has tried,
 Left but a dismal void,
 Jesus has satisfied. *Chorus.*

- 4 Farewell, mortality, *Chorus.*
 Welcome, eternity, *Chorus.*
 Welcome, oh loved and blest,
 Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,
 Welcome, my Saviour's breast. *Chorus.*

1016

L. M.

ANON.

For Blessing on the Camp.

- CAMP-MEETINGS with thy presence
crown,
And shower, O Lord, thy blessings down;
Fill every heart with holy zeal,
And all thy righteousness reveal.
- 2 O'er all our hosts do thou preside,
And all our various movements guide;
The praying companies attend,
And show thyself the sinner's Friend.
- 3 Pour out thy Spirit on thy sons,
And visit thine anointed ones;
May every virgin trim her lamp,
And glory rest upon our camp.
- 4 May prayer and praise united rise,
Like holy incense, to the skies;
In all the camp display thy power,
That souls be saved each day and hour.

1017

S. M.

MRS. DANE.

Oh, Sing to Me of Heaven.

- OH, sing to me of heaven,
When I am called to die!
Sing songs of holy ecstasy,
To waft my soul on high!
- 2 When cold and sluggish drops
Roll off my marble brow,
Burst forth in strains of joyfulness,
Let heaven begin below!
- 3 When the last moment comes,
Oh, watch my dying face,

And catch the bright, seraphic gleam
Which o'er each feature plays.

- 4 Then, to my ravished ears,
Let one sweet song be given —
Let music charm me last on earth,
And greet me first in heaven.
- 5 Then close my sightless eyes,
And lay me down to rest,
And clasp my pale and icy hands
Upon my lifeless breast.
- 6 Then round my senseless clay
Assemble those I love,
And sing of heaven, delightful heaven,
My glorious home above.

1018

8s.

COWPER.

Farewell to Earth.

TO Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone :
Oh, bear me, ye cherubim, up,
And waft me away to his throne.

- 2 My Saviour, whom absent I love,
Whom not having seen, I adore,
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power,
- 3 Dissolve thou the bands that detain
My soul from her portion in thee ;
Oh, strike off the adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.
- 4 Then that happy era begins,
When arrayed in thy glory I shine,
And no longer pierce with my sins
The bosom on which I recline.

1019

C. M. S. M. HOOVER.

Close of a Camp-Meeting.

NOW, brethren, to your homes repair ;
 And, as you pass along,
 Employ your hearts in humble prayer,
 And raise the cheerful song.

2 Praise God for what your ears have heard,
 For what your eyes have seen ;
 Praise him for what has here occurred,
 For all you feel within.

3 Improve the strength you here have gained,
 To do God's holy will ;
 Improve the knowledge here attained,
 To love and serve him still.

4 Let not the world have cause to say
 You've served your God for naught ;
 But grow in grace, from day to day,
 As you have here been taught.

5 Farewell ! and to your homes repair ;
 And, as you pass along,
 Employ your hearts in humble prayer,
 And raise to God a song.

1020

C. P. M. J. WESLEY.

The Pilgrim's Lot.

HOW happy is the pilgrim's lot,
 How free from every anxious thought,
 From worldly hope and fear !
 Confined to neither court nor cell,
 His soul disdains on earth to dwell, —
 He only sojourns here.

2 No foot of land do I possess,
 No cottage in this wilderness ;

A poor wayfaring man,
 I lodge awhile in tents below,
 Or gladly wander to and fro,
 Till I my Canaan gain.

3 There is my house and portion fair,
 My treasure and my heart are there,
 And my abiding home ;
 For me my elder brethren stay,
 And angels beckon me away,
 And Jesus bids me come.

4 I come, thy servant, Lord, replies ;
 I come to meet thee in the skies,
 And claim my heavenly rest !
 Now let the pilgrim's journey end,
 Now, O my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
 Receive me to thy breast !

1021

P. M.

ANON.

Come to Jesus.

COME to Jesus, come to Jesus,
 Come to Jesus just now ;
 Just now come to Jesus,

Come to Jesus just now. [Matt. 11 : 28.]

2 He will save you just now. [Acts 16 : 31.]

3 He is able just now. [Heb. 7 : 25.]

4 He is willing just now. [2 Pet. 3 : 9.]

5 He'll receive you just now. [John 6 : 37.]

6 He'll forgive you just now. [1 John 1 : 9.]

7 He'll renew you just now. [2 Cor. 5 : 17.]

8 Don't reject him just now. [Isa. 53 : 3.]

9 Only trust him just now. [John 5 : 12.]

10 Hallelujah, Amen ! [Rev. 19 : 4.]

1022

8s & 7s.

ANON.

My Sabbath Song.

STRAINS of music often greet me
 As I join the busy throng,
 But there 's nothing half so pleasant
 As the holy Sabbath song.

Cho. — No fear of ill, no fear of wrong,
 While I can sing my Sabbath song;
 My Sabbath song, my Sabbath song;
 I love to sing my Sabbath song.

2 'Tis a song of love and mercy,
 Speaking peace to all mankind;
 Telling sinners, poor and needy,
 Where the Saviour they may find.

Chorus. — No fear of ill, &c.

3 Angels sweetly sing in glory
 Songs of praise to God their King;
 But the song of blessed redemption
 Man, redeemed, alone can sing.

Chorus. — No fear of ill, &c.

4 While I live, oh, may I ever
 Love the holy Sabbath song;
 And when death shall call me homeward,
 Join it with the blood-bought throng.

Chorus. — No fear of ill, &c.

1023

8s, P.

ANON.

I'm Going Home.

MY Father's house is built on high,
 Far, far above the starry sky:
 When from this earthly prison free,
 That heavenly mansion mine shall be.
 I'm going home, &c.

- 2 While here a stranger, far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam;
And though, like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure.
I'm going home, &c.
- 3 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour and waves o'erflow;
Be mine the happier lot to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.
I'm going home, &c.
- 4 Then fail this earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
All nature sink and cease to be,
That heavenly mansion stands for me.
I'm going home, &c.

1024

S. M.

C. WESLEY.

The Soul Given up to Christ.

- AND can I yet delay
My little all to give —
To tear my soul from earth away,
My Jesus to receive?
- 2 Nay, but I yield — I yield!
I can hold out no more:
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own thee conqueror.
- 3 Though late, I all forsake,
My friends, my all resign;
Gracious Redeemer, take, oh, take,
And seal me ever thine.
- 4 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove;
Settle and fix my wavering soul
With all thy weight of love.

1025

C. P. M.

HASTINGS.

Songs in the Night.

SONGS in the night full oft are given,
 Soft breathings from the air of heaven,
 Sweet zephyrs to the soul;
 The pilgrim's lonely heart to cheer,
 And bring celestial glories near,
 By their divine control.

- 2 Songs in the night kind heaven supplies,
 When cares and troubles round us rise,
 Our comfort to destroy;
 They bid the tempter far retire,
 And fill the soul with holy fire,
 Celestial peace and joy.
- 3 Songs in the night of sorrow's power,
 Affliction's tempest, death's dark hour,
 The pilgrim yet will sing;
 He'll shout with faith's uplifted eye,
 O grave, where is thy victory!
 O death, where is thy sting!

1026

P. M.

ANON.

Poor, Wildered, Weeping Heart.

POOR, wildered, weeping heart,
 What can relieve thee?
 Come, sinful as thou art,
 Christ will receive thee:
 Come, though with woes opprest,
 Soft is thy Saviour's breast,
 There mayst thou sweetly rest,
 There naught can grieve thee.

- 2 Come, trembling, timid soul,
 Why this delaying?

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Thunders that o'er thee roll,
 Fall on thee straying :
 Turn from destruction's ways,
 Turn to the throne of grace,
 There seek thy Father's face,
 Weeping and praying.

- 3 Hence, guilty fear and doubt,
 Leave me for ever :
 Lord, wilt thou cast me out ?
 Never, oh, never !
 From unbelief of mind,
 From thoughts to sin inclined,
 From flesh and hell combined,
 Thou wilt deliver.

1027

P. M.

ANON.

Farewell to a Vain World.

OH, tell me no more
 Of this world's vain store ;
 The time for such trifles with me is now o'er.

- 2 A country I've found
 Where true joys abound,
 To dwell I'm determined on that happy
 ground.

- 3 The souls which believe
 In paradise live,
 And me in that number will Jesus receive.

- 4 No longer I stay,
 He calls me away :
 I follow thee, Saviour, and bless the glad day.

- 5 And when I'm to die,
 Receive me, I'll cry,
 For life everlasting for me thou didst buy.

1028

8s, 7s & 3s. ELIZ. CODNER.

Even Me.

LORD, I hear of showers of blessings,
 Thou art scattering full and free,
 Showers the thirsty land refreshing:
 Let some droppings fall on me.

Even me, even me,
 Let some droppings fall on me.

2 Pass me not, O God my Father,
 Sinful though my heart may be;
 Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
 Let thy mercy fall on me.

Even me, &c.

3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour,
 Let me live and cling to thee:
 Fain I'm longing for thy favor;
 Whilst thou'rt calling, call for me.

Even me, &c.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit:
 Thou canst make the blind to see,
 Witnesses of Jesus' merit,
 Speak the word of power to me —

Even me, &c.

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless,
 Blood of Christ, so rich and free,
 Grace of God, so rich and boundless,
 Magnify it all in me, —

Even me, &c.

6 Pass me not, thy lost one bringing;
 Bind my heart, O Lord, to thee;
 Whilst the streams of life are springing,
 Blessing others, oh, bless me, —

Even me, &c.

1029

P. M.

ANON.

The Wonderful Cross.

WONDERFUL cross by faith I see
 Planted on Calvary for me ;
 Cross of the suffering Son of God,
 Under thy pressing weight he trod.
 Wonderful cross, so dear to me, —
 Wonderful cross of Calvary.

2 Wonderful faith that lifts me up,
 Where I may taste the bitter cup ;
 Wonderful faith that helps me bear
 Crosses and ills, his love to share ;
 Wonderful faith, when tempest-tossed,
 Wonderful faith in Jesus' cross.

3 Wonderful cross of Calvary,
 Oh how my spirit clings to thee !
 Wonderful faith that brings thee near ;
 Wonderful love that makes thee dear ;
 Wonderful cross and faith and love
 Sending me up to heaven above.

*4 Wonderful cross, by this I rise
 Into the rest of Paradise ;
 Wonderful cross and tears and blood,
 Making me king and priest to God ;
 Wonderful joy, at last, I'll share,
 Leaving the cross, the crown to wear.

* Added by A. C.

1030

11S & 8s.

SWAIN.

Confidence.

- O** THOU, in whose presence my soul takes
 delight,
 On whom, in affliction, I call ;
 My comfort by day, and my song in the
 night,
 My hope, my salvation, my all,
- 2 Where dost thou at noontide resort with thy
 sheep,
 To feed in the pasture of love ?
 For why, in the valley of death, should I
 weep,
 Or alone in the wilderness rove ?
- 3 Oh, why should I wander, an alien from thee,
 Or cry in the desert for bread ?
 Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they
 see,
 And smile at the tears I have shed.
- 4 Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have you seen
 The star that on Israel shone ?
 Say, if in your tents my belovèd has been,
 And where with his flock he has gone ?
- 5 His voice, as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,
 Is heard through the shadows of death ;
 The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,
 The air is perfumed with his breath.
- 6 His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow,
 To water the gardens of grace ;
 From which their salvation the Gentiles shall
 know,
 And bask in the smiles of his face.

- 7 He looks, and ten thousands of angels rejoice
 And myriads wait for his word ;
 He speaks, and eternity, filled with his voice,
 Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

1031 IOS & IIS. MUHLENBERG.

Shout the Glad Tidings.

SHOUT the glad tidings, exultingly sing ;
 Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King !
 Zion, the marvelous story be telling :

The Son of the Highest, how lowly his
 birth,
 The brightest archangel in glory excelling,
 He stoops to redeem thee, he reigns upon
 earth.

Chorus. — Shout the glad tidings, exultingly
 sing,
 Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is
 King !

Messiah is King, Messiah is King !

- 2 Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing :
 Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King !
 Tell how he cometh ; from nation to nation
 The heart-cheering news let the earth echo
 round :

How free to the faithful he offers salvation,
 How his people with joy everlasting are
 crowned.

- 3 Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing ;
 Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King !
 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,
 And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise ;
 Ye angels the full hallelujah be singing ;
 One chorus resound through the earth and
 the skies.

1032

S. M.

BONAR.

A Few More Years.

A FEW more years shall roll,
 A few more seasons come,
 And we shall be with those that rest
 Asleep within the tomb.

Chorus. — Then, O my Lord, prepare
 My soul for that great day;
 Oh, wash me in thy precious blood,
 And take my sins away!

2 A few more storms shall beat
 On this wild, rocky shore,
 And we shall be where tempests cease,
 And surges swell no more.

3 A few more struggles here,
 A few more partings o'er,
 A few more toils, a few more tears,
 And we shall weep no more.

4 A few more Sabbaths here
 Shall cheer us on our way,
 And we shall reach the endless rest,
 Th' eternal Sabbath day.

5 'Tis but a little while,
 And he shall come again
 Who died that we might live, who lives
 That we with him may reign.

1033

7s.

ANON.

It is I, be not Afraid.

BROTHER, on the troubled deep,
 When the wild winds round you sweep,
 And the waves in madness leap,
 Listen, 'tis the voice that said, —
 It is I, be not afraid.

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

- 2 When the storm has died away,
And the sun, with cheering ray,
Now illumes your prosperous way,
Trust, oh, trust in him who said, —
It is I, be not afraid.
- 3 Brother, far away from home,
Restless as the wave's light foam,
When temptations round you come,
Pray for strength to him who said, —
It is I, be not afraid.
- 4 Brother, when death draweth near,
And your spirit shrinks in fear
From its portals damp and drear,
Trust your soul to him who said, —
It is I, be not afraid.

1034

P. M.

ANON.

I Long to be There.

I HAVE read of a world of beauty,
Where there is no gloomy night,
Where love is the mainspring of duty,
And God the foundation of light.

Chorus. — And I long to be there, I long to be
there,

I long, I long, I long to be there.

- 2 I have read of its flowing river
That bursts from beneath the throne,
And the beautiful trees that ever
Are found on its banks alone.

Chorus. — And I long to be there, &c.

- 3 I long to rise to that world of light,
And to breathe its balmy air;
I long to walk with the Lamb in white,
And to shout with the angels there.

Chorus. — And I long to be there, &c.

1035

I I S.

WM. HUNTER.

The Rock that is Higher than I.

I N seasons of grief to my God I'll repair,
 When my heart is o'erwhelmed with sorrow and care ;

From the end of the earth unto thee will I
 cry, —

Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I,
 Higher than I, higher than I,
 Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.

2 When Satan, the tempter, comes in like a
 flood,

To drive my poor soul from the fountain of
 good,

I'll pray to the Lord, who for sinners did
 die,

Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.

3 And when I have finished my pilgrimage
 here,

Complete in Christ's righteousness I shall
 appear,

In the swellings of Jordan all dangers defy,
 And look to the Rock that is higher than I.

4 And when the last trumpet shall sound
 through the skies,

And the dead from the dust of the earth
 shall arise,

Transported, I'll join with the ransomed on
 high

To praise the great Rock that is higher than I,
 Higher than I, higher than I,

To praise the great Rock that is higher than I.

1036

S. M.

ANON.

Sorrow for the Inebriate.

MOURN for the thousands slain,
 The youthful and the strong ;
 Mourn for the wine-cup's fearful reign,
 And the deluded throng.

- 2 Mourn for the tarnished gem —
 For reason's light divine
 Quenched from the soul's bright diadem,
 Where God had bid it shine.
- 3 Mourn for the ruined soul —
 Eternal life and light
 Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,
 And turned to helpless night.
- 4 Mourn for the lost — but call,
 Call to the strong, the free ;
 Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,
 And to the refuge flee.
- 5 Mourn for the lost — but pray,
 Pray to our God above,
 To break the fell destroyer's sway,
 And show his saving love.

1037

L. M.

ANON.

The Sun of Righteousness.

O SUN of Righteousness, arise !
 With gentle beams on Zion shine ;
 Dispel the darkness from our eyes,
 And souls awake to life divine.

- 2 On all around let grace descend,
 Like heavenly dew or copious showers,
 That we may call our God our friend,
 That we may hail salvation ours.

1038

L. M.

ANON.

Parting Hymn.

COME, Christian brethren, ere we part,
 Join every voice and every heart;
 Our solemn hymn to God we raise,
 Our final song of grateful praise.

- 2 Christians, we here may meet no more,
 But there is yet a happier shore;
 And there, released from toil and pain,
 Dear brethren, we shall meet again.

1039

C. M. S. M. HOOVER.

The Tented Grove.

LET Zion's sons and Levi's tribe
 And Israel's army move;
 Come, now, prepare to offer prayer,
 While in the tented grove.

- 2 Leave all the busy cares of life,
 All worldly things behind,
 That you may gather strength of soul,
 And fortify the mind.
- 3 For Jesus surely will be here,
 To fire our souls with love;
 And we shall find our hearts inclined
 To love the tented grove.
- 4 By faith we claim thy promise, Lord,
 Thy faithfulness to prove;
 Draw near to us, thou sinner's friend,
 While in our tented grove.
- 5 Oh, sacred ground, delightful place,
 Where God appears to man!
 Like Moses, we behold his face
 With but a vail between.

6 But when we rise to paradise,
 To worship God above,
 Then happier ground we all shall find
 Than in the tented grove.

1040

L. M. D.

Jesus of Nazareth.

- J**ESUS of Nazareth passeth by!
 What means this eager, anxious throng,
 Pressing the busy streets along?
 These wondrous gatherings day by day?
 This strange commotion by the way?
 The voices of the throng reply:
 Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!
- 2 Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!
 Who is this Jesus? Why should he
 The city move so mightily?
 Ev'n children hear his gracious word,
 And hail him David's Son and Lord,
 Hosannas mingle with the cry,
 Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!
- 3 Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!
 Jesus! 'tis he who once below
 Man's pathway trod in pain and woe;
 And burdened ones, where'er he came,
 Brought out their sick, and deaf, and lame;
 Blind men rejoiced to hear the cry,
 Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!
- 4 Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!
 Again he comes; from place to place
 His holy footprints we can trace.
 Ho! all ye heavy-laden, come!
 Here's pardon, comfort, rest, a home;
 Lost wanderers, here's a refuge nigh;
 Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!

1041

P. M.

ANON.

Go and Tell Jesus.

GO and tell Jesus, weary, sin-sick soul,
He'll ease thee of thy burden, make
thee whole ;

Look up to him, he only can forgive ;
Believe on him, and thou shalt surely live.

Chorus. — Go and tell Jesus, he only can forgive ;

Go and tell Jesus, oh, turn to him
and live.

Go and tell Jesus, go and tell Jesus,
Go and tell Jesus, he only can forgive.

2 Go and tell Jesus, when your sins arise
Like mountains of deep guilt before your eyes :
His blood was spilt, his precious life he gave,
That mercy, peace, and pardon you might
have.

3 Go and tell Jesus, he'll dispel thy fears,
Will calm thy doubts and wipe away thy tears ;
He'll take thee in his arm, and on his breast
Thou mayest be happy, and for ever rest.

1042

P. M.

LEAVITT.

The Lovely Sonnet.

WHEN for th' eternal world I steer,
And seas are calm and skies are clear,
And faith in lively exercise,
And distant hills of Canaan rise,
My soul for joy then claps her wings,
And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
I'm going home.

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

- 2 With cheerful heart, her eyes explore
Each land-mark on the distant shore,
The tree of life, the pastures green,
The pearly gates, the crystal stream;
Again for joy she claps her wings,
And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
I'm almost home.
- 3 The nearer still she draws to land,
More eager all her powers expand;
With steady helm and free, bent sail,
Her anchor drops within the vail;
With holy joy she folds her wings,
And her celestial sonnet sings,
I'm safe at home.
- 4 Now, safely moored, no storm I fear,
My God, my Christ, my heaven is here;
And all the joys of paradise
In holiness and beauty rise:
'Tis now the soul, with folded wing,
Her thrilling notes of joy shall sing:
Glory to God!

1043

P. M.

PHILLIPS.

HE leads us on by paths we did not know;
Upward he leads us tho' our steps are
slow,
Though oft we faint and falter by the way,
Though storms and darkness oft obscure the
day.
But when the clouds are gone,
We know he leads us on,
He leads us on, he leads us on.

1044

H. M.

ANON.

A Camp-Meeting Hymn.

- WITHIN the tented grove,
 The followers of the Lamb
 Are met to sing his love,
 And glorify his name :
 Believers, let your prayers ascend
 To him who is the sinner's friend.
- 2 The Lord of hosts is here —
 His banner floats on high,
 He lends a listening ear
 To catch the feeblest cry :
 It will prevail ; ye need not fear,
 If uttered from a heart sincere.
- 3 Send every vain desire,
 Each trifling thought, away :
 And no unhallowed fire
 Upon the altar lay ;
 Let holy zeal and humble love
 In every Christian bosom move.
- 4 Oh, let the fervent prayer
 Like incense sweetly rise,
 And on its pinions bear
 Our offering to the skies ;
 Through every bosom let it thrill,
 And every heart with rapture fill.

1045

8s & 7s.

ANON.

The Home in Glory.

- IN the Christian's home in glory
 There remains a land of rest ;
 There my Saviour's gone before me,
 To fulfill my soul's request.

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Chorus. — ||: There is rest for the weary, : ||
 There is rest for you,-
 On the other side of Jordan,
 In the sweet fields of Eden,
 Where the tree of life is blooming,
 There is rest for you.

- 2 He is fitting up my mansion,
 Which eternally shall stand;
 For my stay shall not be transient
 In that holy, happy land.
- 3 Pain and sickness ne'er shall enter,
 Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
 But in that celestial center,
 I a crown of life shall wear,
- 4 And the grave shall then be conquered,
 And the sting of death be lost;
 And our bark, all safely anchored,
 Never more be tempest-tossed.
- 5 Sing, oh, sing, ye heirs of glory;
 Shout your triumph as you go;
 Zion's gate will ope before ye;
 You shall find an entrance through.

1046

L. M.

ANON.

Need of Christ.

WITH conscious guilt and bleeding heart,
 Near to thy throne of grace I fly;
 Oh, friend of friendless sinners, deign
 To hear my penitential cry.

- 2 My first, my only cry shall be,
 Thy sanctifying grace impart;
 And form my soul alike to thee,
 And dwell for ever in my heart.

1047

P. M.

TAYLOR.

Nothing but Leaves.

NOTHING but leaves! the Spirit grieves
 Over a wasted life,
 O'er sins indulged while conscience slept,
 O'er vows and promises unkept,
 That yield, from years of strife,
 || : Nothing but leaves. : ||

2 Nothing but leaves! no gathered sheaves
 Of life's fair ripening grain;
 We sow our seeds, lo! tares and weeds,
 Words, idle words, for earnest deeds!
 We reap with toil and pain,
 || : Nothing but leaves. : ||

3 Nothing but leaves! sad memory weaves
 No vail to hide the past;
 And as we trace our weary way,
 Counting each lost and misspent day,
 Sadly we find at last
 || : Nothing but leaves. : ||

4 Ah! who shall thus the Master meet,
 Bearing but withered leaves?
 Ah! who shall, at the Saviour's feet,
 Before the awful judgment-seat,
 Lay down, for golden sheaves,
 || : Nothing but leaves? : ||

1048

P. M.

ANON.

The Beautiful River.

SHALL we gather at the river,
 Where bright angel feet have trod;
 With its crystal tide for ever
 Flowing by the throne of God?

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Chorus. — Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river,
Gather with the saints at the river
That flows by the throne of God.

2 On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy, golden day.

3 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.

4 At the smiling of the river,
Mirror of the Saviour's face,
Saints whom death will never sever,
Lift their songs of saving grace.

5 Soon we'll reach the shining river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.

1049

S. M.

HART.

Parting Counsel.

ONCE more, before we part,
We'll bless the Saviour's name, —
Record his mercies, every heart,
Sing every tongue the same.

2 Receive his sacred word
And feed thereon and grow;
Go on to seek, to know the Lord,
And practice what you know.

1050

P. M. S. W. WIDNEY.

Faithfulness.

- F** AITHFULLY, faithfully, soldier, fight
on,
Soon will the vict'ry through Jesus be won;
Never a battle your leader has lost:
Faithfully, faithfully, stand to your post.
- 2 Tempest-tossed mariner, unfurl thy sails,
Jesus will fill them with heavenly gales;
Soon you'll cast anchor in heaven's broad
bay:
Faithfully, faithfully, hold on thy way.
- 3 Faithfully, faithfully, pilgrim, press on,
Soon will your wearisome journey be done;
Soon will you reach your bright home in the
skies:
Faithfully, faithfully, press to the prize.
- 4 Faithfully, faithfully, mourner, pray on,
Soon will the clouds that hang o'er thee be
gone;
Soon will thy darkness be turned into day:
Faithfully, faithfully, watch thou and pray.
- 5 Watchman of Zion, oh, lift up thy voice,
Say to the faithful in Israel, rejoice;
Call the poor sinner from ruin's dread verge:
Faithfully, faithfully, God's message urge.

1051

P. M.

O HOW happy are they,
Who their Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasures above!
Tongue can not express
The sweet comforts and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.

- 2 That sweet comfort was mine
 When the favor divine
 I found in the blood of the Lamb;
 When my heart it believed,
 What a joy I received,
 What a heaven in Jesus' name.
- 3 'Twas a heaven below,
 My Redeemer to know;
 The angels could do nothing more
 Than to fall at his feet,
 And the story repeat,
 And the lover of sinners adore.
- 4 Jesus, all the day long,
 Was my joy and my song:
 O that all his salvation might see!
 He hath loved me, I cried,
 He hath suffered and died,
 To redeem such a rebel as me.
- 5 On the wings of his love
 I was carried above
 All sin, and temptation, and pain:
 I could not believe
 That I ever should grieve —
 That I ever should suffer again.
- 6 I rode on the sky,
 Freely justified I,
 Nor envied Elijah his seat;
 My soul mounted higher
 In a chariot of fire,
 And the moon it was under my feet.
- 7 O the rapturous height
 Of that holy delight,
 Which I felt in the life-giving blood,
 Of my Saviour possessed,
 I was perfectly blest,
 As if filled with the fullness of God.

1052

P. M. GEORGE B. PECK.

Come to Jesus.

- COME, come to Jesus !
 He waits to welcome thee,
 O wand'rer, eagerly ;
 Come, come to Jesus !
- 2 Come, come to Jesus !
 He waits to welcome thee,
 O slave, eternally ;
 Come, come to Jesus !
- 3 Come, come to Jesus !
 He waits to lighten thee,
 O burdened, graciously ;
 Come, come to Jesus !
- 4 Come, come to Jesus !
 He waits to give thee,
 O blind, a vision free ;
 Come, come to Jesus !
- 5 Come, come to Jesus !
 He waits to shelter thee,
 O weary, blessedly ;
 Come, come to Jesus !
- 6 Come, come to Jesus !
 He waits to carry thee,
 O lamb, so lovingly ;
 Come, come to Jesus !

1053

L. M.

JESUS my all to heaven is gone,
 He whom I fix my hopes upon :
 His track I see, and I'll pursue
 The narrow way, till him I view.

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

- 2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's high way of holiness —
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not ;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not saved from sin.
- 4 The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more ;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
Come hither, soul, I am the way.
- 5 Lo ! glad I come, and thou blest Lamb
Shalt take me to thee, whose I am :
Nothing but sin have I to give ;
Nothing but love shall I receive !
- 6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found ;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, Behold the way to God !

CHANTS.

1

GLORY be to the Father, and | to the | Son,
And | to the | Holy | Ghost ;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever |
shall be,
World | without | end. A- | men.

2

THE Lord is my Shepherd ; I | shall not |
want ;
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures ;
he leadeth me beside the still | wa- | ters.
He restoreth my soul ; he leadeth me in the
paths of righteousness for his | name's |
sake ;
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the
shadow of death,
I will fear no evil, for thou art with me ;
Thy rod and thy staff they | comfort | me.
Thou preparest a table before me in the presence
of mine enemies ;
Thou anointest my head with oil ; my | cup
runneth | over ;
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all
the days of my life ;
And I will dwell in the house of the Lord for |
ev- | er. || Amen.

3

THERE were shepherds abiding in the field,
Keeping watch over their | flock by |
night.

2 And lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them,
And the glory of the Lord shone round about
them,

And | they were | sore a- | fraid.

3 And the angel said unto them, Fear not ;
For behold, I bring you good tidings
Of great joy, which shall be to | all— | people.

4 For unto you is born this day, in the city of
David,

A | Saviour, who is | Christ the | Lord.

5 And suddenly there was with the angel,
A multitude of the heavenly host, praising |
God, and | saying :

6 Glory to God in the highest,
And on earth | peace, good | will to | men.

4

The Lord's Prayer.

OUR Father who | art in | heaven,
Hallowed | be | thy | name ;

Thy | kingdom | come ; [en ;

Thy will be done in earth, | as it | is in | heav-

Give us this day our | daily | bread ;

And forgive us our trespasses, [us ;

As we forgive those who | trespass | against |

And lead us not | into temp- | tation,

But de- | liver | us from | evil :

For thine is the kingdom, and the | power,
and the | glory, for- | ever : | A- | men.

5

Baptismal Chant.

THE mercy of the Lord is from everlasting
to everlasting upon | them that | fear him,
And his righteousness | unto | children's |
children ;

2 To such as | keep his | covenant,
And to those that remember his com- | mand-
ments to | do | them.

3 For the promise is unto you,
And | to your | children ;
And to all that are afar off, even as many as
the | Lord our | God shall | call.

4 He shall feed his flock like a shepherd ;
He shall gather the lambs | with his | arm,
And | carry them in | his | bosom.

5 I will pour my Spirit up- | on thy | seed,
And my | blessing up- | on thine | offspring.

6 And Jesus said, Suffer little children to come
unto me,
And for- | bid them | not ;
For | of such is the | kingdom of | heaven.

7 All power is given | unto me | in | heaven
and in | earth :

8 Go ye, therefore, and | teach all | nations,
Baptizing them in the name of the
Father, and of the Son, and | of the | Holy |
Ghost ;

9 Teaching them to observe all things whatso-
ever I have | commanded | you ;

And lo, I am with you alway, even unto the |
end of | the | world. A- | men.

6

Funeral Chant.

I F a man die, shall he | live a- | gain ?
All the days of my appointed | time will
I | wait

Till | my change | come.

2 For there is hope of a tree, if it | be cut | down,
That it | will sprout a- | gain,
And that the tender branch thereof | will not
| cease.

3 Though the root thereof wax | old in the |
earth,
Yet through the scent of | water it will | bud,
And bring forth | boughs like a | plant.

4 But man dieth and | wasteth a- | way ;
Yea, man giveth | up the ghost,
And | where is | he ?

5 As the waters | fail from the | sea,
So man lieth down, and | riseth | not
Till the | heavens be no | more.

6 Oh, that thou would'st | hide me in the |
grave,
That thou would'st keep me in secret, till
thy | wrath be | past,
That thou would'st appoint me a set time,
and re- | member | me.

7 For I know that my Re- | deemer | liveth,
And that he shall stand in the latter day
up- | on the | earth,
And though worms destroy this body, yet in
my flesh shall I | see | God.

DOXOLOGIES.

1 L. M.

PRAISE God from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise him, all creatures here below ;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

2 L. M.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

3 C. M.

LET God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, be adored,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

4 C. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God, whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be ever more.

5 S. M.

YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
And bless the Spirit, too.

6

S. M.

TO God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, One in Three,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall for ever be.

7

L. M. (Double.)

WORTHY the Lamb of boundless sway,
In earth and heaven the Lord of all!
Let all the powers of earth obey,
And low before his footstool fall.

2 Higher, still higher swell the strain;
Creation's voice the note prolong!
Jesus, the Lamb, shall ever reign:
Let hallelujahs crown the song.

8

8s, 7s, & 4.

GREAT Jehovah, we adore thee —
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, joined in glory
On the same eternal throne;
Endless praises
To Jehovah, Three in One!

9

C. M. D.

WE raise our shouts, O God, to thee,
And send them to thy throne;
All glory to th' united Three,
The undivided One.
Hosanna! let the earth and skies
Repeat the joyful sound;
Rocks, hills, and vales reflect the voice
In one eternal round.

10

H. M.

TO God the Father's throne
 Your highest honors raise ;
 Glory to God the Son,
 To God the Spirit, praise ;
 With all our powers, Eternal King,
 Thy name we sing, while faith adores.

11

8s & 7s.

PRAISE the Father, earth and heaven,
 Praise the Son, the Spirit praise,
 As it was, and is, be given,
 Glory through eternal days.

12

8s & 7s.

PRAISE the God of all creation,
 Praise the Father's boundless love ;
 Praise the Lamb, our expiation ;
 Praise the Spirit from above ;
 Praise the fountain of salvation,
 Him by whom our spirits live ;
 Undivided adoration
 To the one Jehovah give.

13

7s.

SING we to our God above,
 Praise eternal as his love ;
 Praise him, all ye heavenly host —
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !

14

7s & 6s.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 One God, whom we adore,
 Join we with the heavenly host
 To praise thee ever more :

Live, by heaven and earth adored,
 Three in One, and one in Three :
 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
 All glory be to thee !

15

7s.

PRAISE the name of God most high ;
 Praise him, all below the sky ;
 Praise him, all ye heavenly host —
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !
 As through countless ages past
 Ever more his praise shall last.

16

11s.

O FATHER Almighty, to thee be ad-
 dressed,
 With Christ and the Spirit, one God ever blest,
 All glory and worship, from earth and from
 heaven,
 As was, and is now, and shall ever be given.

17

L. M.

NOW to the great and sacred Three,
 The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
 Eternal praise and glory given —
 Through all the worlds where God is known,
 By all the angels near the throne,
 And all the saints in earth and heaven.

18

10s.

TO Father, Son, and Spirit, ever blessed,
 Eternal praise and worship be addressed ;
 From age to age, ye saints, his name adore,
 And spread his fame, till time shall be no
 more.

19

C. P. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Be praise amid the heavenly host,
 And in the church below ;
 From whom all creatures draw their breath,
 By whom redemption blessed the earth,
 From whom all comforts flow.

20

6s & 4s.

TO God, the Father, Son,
 And Spirit, Three in One,
 All praise be given !
 Crown him in every song ;
 To him your hearts belong :
 Let all his praise prolong
 On earth, in heaven !

21

C. M.

THOU art the first, and thou the last ;
 Time centers all in thee,
 The Almighty God who was, and is,
 And ever more shall be.

2 To thee let every tongue be praise,
 And every heart be love ;
 All grateful honors paid on earth,
 And nobler songs above.

22

P. M.

TO Father, Son, and Spirit,
 Eternal praise be given,
 By all that earth inherit,
 And all that dwell in heaven —
 Thou Triune God, before thee
 Our inmost souls adore,
 Who art and hast been worthy,
 And shalt be ever more.

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[The Committee of Compilation acknowledge the valuable assistance of William G. Roberts, of the Pittsburgh Conference, in arranging this Index. It is intended to aid in finding hymns adapted to particular texts.

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4	13	58	4	14	915	I	I	457	5		219
4	14-16	240	4	14	994	I	7	380	5		223
4	16	309	5	8	877	I	7	390	5		243
4	16	425	5	11	707	I	7	390	5	9-14	218
6	19	624	5	17, 18	291	I	7	504	5	13	110
6	19	629	I PETER.			I	7	617	7	9, 12	219
6	19	739	I	5	683	2	I	666	7	9, 12	249
6	20	223	I	8	152	2	2	377	7	11-17	950
7	24, 25	242	I	8	386	2	2	383	7	11-17	953
7	25	240	I	8	625	2	6	174	8	3, 4	223
7	25	336	I	8	626	2	6	179	11	15	237
7	25	380	I	8	626	2	8	159	11	15	594
7	25	390	I	11	559	3	1, 2	466	11	15	775
7	25	810	I	15, 16	102	3	1, 2	467	14	3	223
7	26, 27	386	I	19	224	3	1, 2, 6	469	14	13	888
7	26, 27	390	I	19	377	3	16	94	14	13	929
9	12-14	139	I	19	386	3	16	165	15	3, 4	102
9	12-14	390	I	22	512	3	16	188	15	3, 4	219
9	24	232	2	6, 7	168	3	16	812	15	3, 4	355
9	24	240	2	6, 7	224	3	17	519	17	14	248
9	24	242	2	6, 7	252	4	8	63	19	6	115
9	27	871	2	6, 7	256	4	9	113	19	6	237
9	27	924	2	6, 7	260	4	9	150	20	12-15	924
10	7, 9	148	2	6, 7	626	4	10	473	20	12-15	927
10	14	380	2	9	223	4	11, 12	512	21		965
10	14	390	2	21	170	4	16	63	21		966
10	15	268	2	21	174	4	17	170	21	4	884
10	19-22	240	2	21	179	5	3	847	21	4	933
10	19-22	1053	2	24	383	5	4	676	21	27	953
10	23	71	2	24	386	5	6, 10	268	22	5	966
10	23	425	2	24	390	5	7	284	22	15	953
10	25	511	3	8	512	5	7	286	22	17	831
10	36	629	3	12	240	5	7	599	22	17	832
11	10-16	962	3	18	377	JUDE.			22	17	849
12	1	606	3	18	386	I	12	850	22	17	1012
12	2	733	4	7	693	I	14, 15	114	22	20	1018
12	2	827	4	7	924						

Rev M Shulze's Coll
Stop J. H. H. H.
18 May 1905
167 into at CS

Methodist Church

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PHILADELPHIA COMPANY

PITTSBURGH, Pa., May 1, 19

To the Holders of the PREFERRED FIVE PER CENT.

CAPITAL STOCK of the PHILADELPHIA COMPANY:

